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January 25, 1930

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

One Bark for "Yes"

A Short Story by

Jerome Beatty

FORTUNES
BY PLAYING CARDS

Cover by
Carroll M. Sexton

More than 2,200,000 Circulation

JAN. 25, 1930

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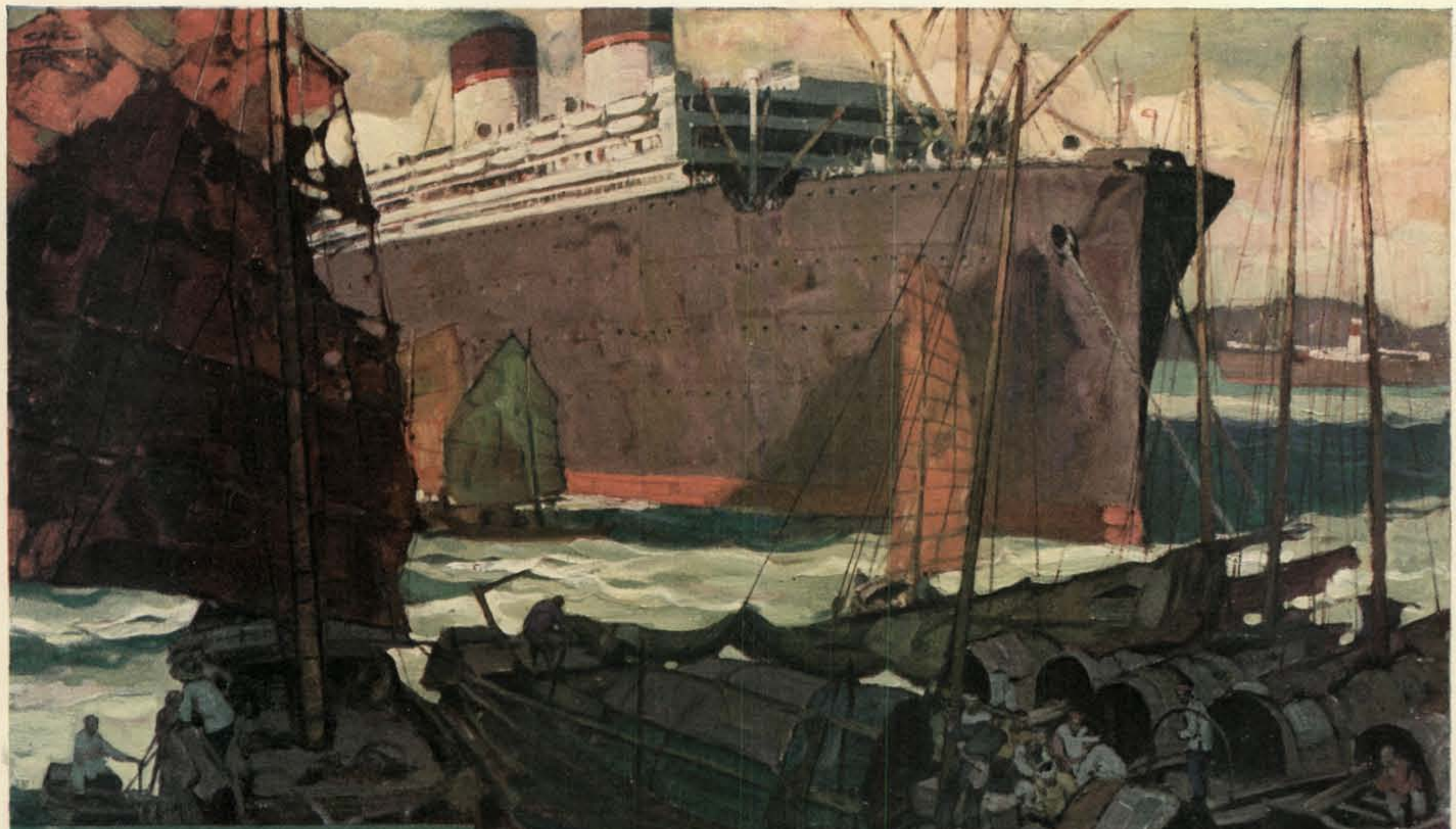

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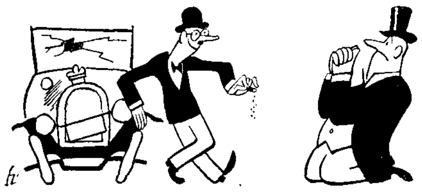
Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

WHEN you roll up to a shiny, colorful filling station and say "Fill 'er up," if you have that much money, little do you realize that you are visiting an outpost of one of the contending armies in an exceedingly bitter and far-flung commercial war.

John D. Rockefeller set out to make the oil business into a world monopoly some sixty years ago. Today, so futile are man's designs against nature and economics, that business is more savagely competitive than any other in the world. The more or less innocent bystander fares better than the witness of other brawls. In this one he is the motorist, and the privilege of filling his empty gasoline tank is the prize they fight for. Therefore, you will find "The Battle at the Pumps," by John T. Flynn, interesting and (we hope this next word won't turn you against it) informative.

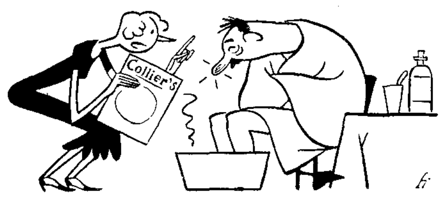


AND then we recommend that you read "Lillian," by Damon Runyon. There's a story which will give you no information at all except a little incidental news concerning the habits of ham actors who are crossed in love and take to drink thereafter. The diverting events which lead to the permanent reformation of the hero are given their chief impetus by Lillian, a black cat. Lillian might have been named more appropriately Herman or Sidney, and his appetites were what we call scandalous.

—

WE ANNOUNCED in conversation the other day that we would print some time this winter an article speaking slightingly of the common cold. "You did that last year," said the man who complains because we can't find space for his stuff often enough. Our reply, though brusque, was heavy with cosmic wisdom: "Catching cold is a process which will be repeated this winter by the majority of our otherwise careful and discerning readers, and we shall not be above telling them what to do about it."

Therefore, we prescribe "Cold Facts," by Dr. Wadsworth, a dose of scientific common sense to be taken as soon as possible without shaking.



THE beautiful love story of a moving picture idol, told by Adela Rogers St. Johns in "The Romance of a Great Man," is one you won't forget quickly. This is merely an announcement. If we tried to do more we might fill up the column with it and that would never do.

—

ESPECIALLY since we simply must mention the serials by John Erskine, E. Phillips Oppenheim and Arthur Somers Roche, and good things by Courtney Ryley Cooper, Richard Dent, Grantland Rice, the ubiquitous Gentleman at the Keyhole and others. Cheerful news.

THIS WEEK

January 25, 1930

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Any Week

IN a mail bag as prodigious as ours you are pretty sure to be asked questions for which you'd have no satisfactory answers (at least we're sure we wouldn't) were it not that this same huge bag almost invariably produces a rescue.

Here, for example, is Miss Martina Brewer of Salt Lake City demanding to know whether story ideas "just happen" to writers or whether they're evolved by "some process of rotation" or "taking a little here and picking up a little there."

We had just informed our secretary that Miss Brewer's letter was going to require more answering than we could at that moment command, when Courtney Ryley Cooper's letter popped into our hand.

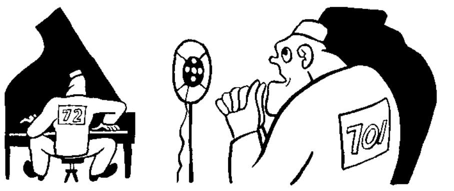
If you are amongst those wise people who have read Collier's consistently you will remember with much warmth Mr. Cooper's "Weary River" which, when we had finished publishing it, became a movie. Your radio still gives you the theme song.

"The first idea for Weary River," writes Mr. Cooper, "came to me in 1924 while listening over the radio to the piano-playing of Harry Snodgrass from Jefferson City Penitentiary. He played so beautifully that the whole Middle West requested his pardon. He walked forth free with a collection of several thousand dollars and a thousand-dollar-a-week job in vaudeville.

"I could see the drama in the situation, but I could not find the story. I tried it for a year, then gave it up. After another year, Mrs. Cooper one night apropos of nothing evinced wonderment as to whatever had become of Harry Snodgrass. That suggested my story.

"If you will remember, my story ended with his attempts to lose himself after disappointments and his reception into the hearts of his friends. Well, about the same time my story came out someone walked into a little music store in Tennessee and recognized the proprietor as Harry Snodgrass. He had come quietly into town and was running the store under another name. And he too was received into the hearts of friends—the town almost held a celebration for him. The last I heard he was still there with his family, an excellent citizen and happy."

Mr. Cooper's letter is one of the many answers available to Miss Brewer. And one of the best.



DR. RUTH F. WADSWORTH'S article on humanity's glands meets with the warmly written approval of a number of doctors. Dr. George M. Waters of Columbus, Ohio, seems to sum them all up with:

"The endocrine system has been a blank to laymen and much the same to 99 of our 100 doctors. You have given valuable information to both in a most attractive way."

—

TO MISS FRANCES SPOONER of Ely, Minnesota, who likes us but complains of the brevity of our serial installments, we introduce Mr. Fitz Gordon Lamb, of Talbot County, Maryland. Mr. Lamb was the father of twelve children, most of them dwarfs. Asked one day whether he regretted that all of his brood were not larger, he replied:

"Gosh, don't I git no credit for variety?"

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Does your city pay enough to get a competent man to accept the vitally important post of full-time Health Officer? Is your Health Department on duty all day and every day? Can you protect your own health and that of your family in a city which buys only part-time health-protection for its citizens?

HEALTH records show that cities which have able Health Departments and able Health Officers, and that counties with adequate health units, have lowered their deathrates and saved millions of dollars in reducing costs attendant upon unnecessary illness.

Does your own city employ the available scientific methods of preventing the spread of communicable diseases?

Does it inspect and protect milk, regulate health conditions in schools and factories? Does it support health centers which demonstrate educational measures for disease prevention and personal hygiene?

If you live in a city which does not have the full benefit of all modern precautions, you can do a great service by finding out all that should be done and bringing such influence to bear as is necessary to make health conditions in your city what they ought to be.

Your Board of Health and your Health Commissioner may need additional ordinances and appropriations in order to expand their work. Remember—they cannot work without tools! Back them up.

A digest of an Annual Report of the Board of Health in a city of 31,000 inhabitants which has an enviable health record will be sent to you without charge. With the report also will be sent a complete set of the Health Ordinances which should be in force in every properly governed city. Address Booklet Dept. 230-C.

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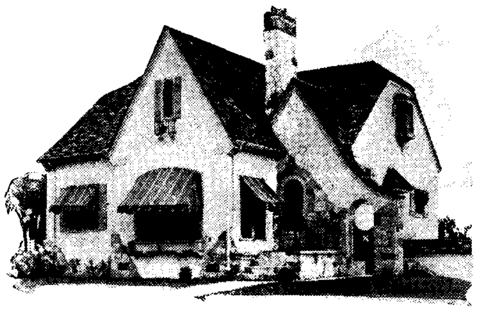

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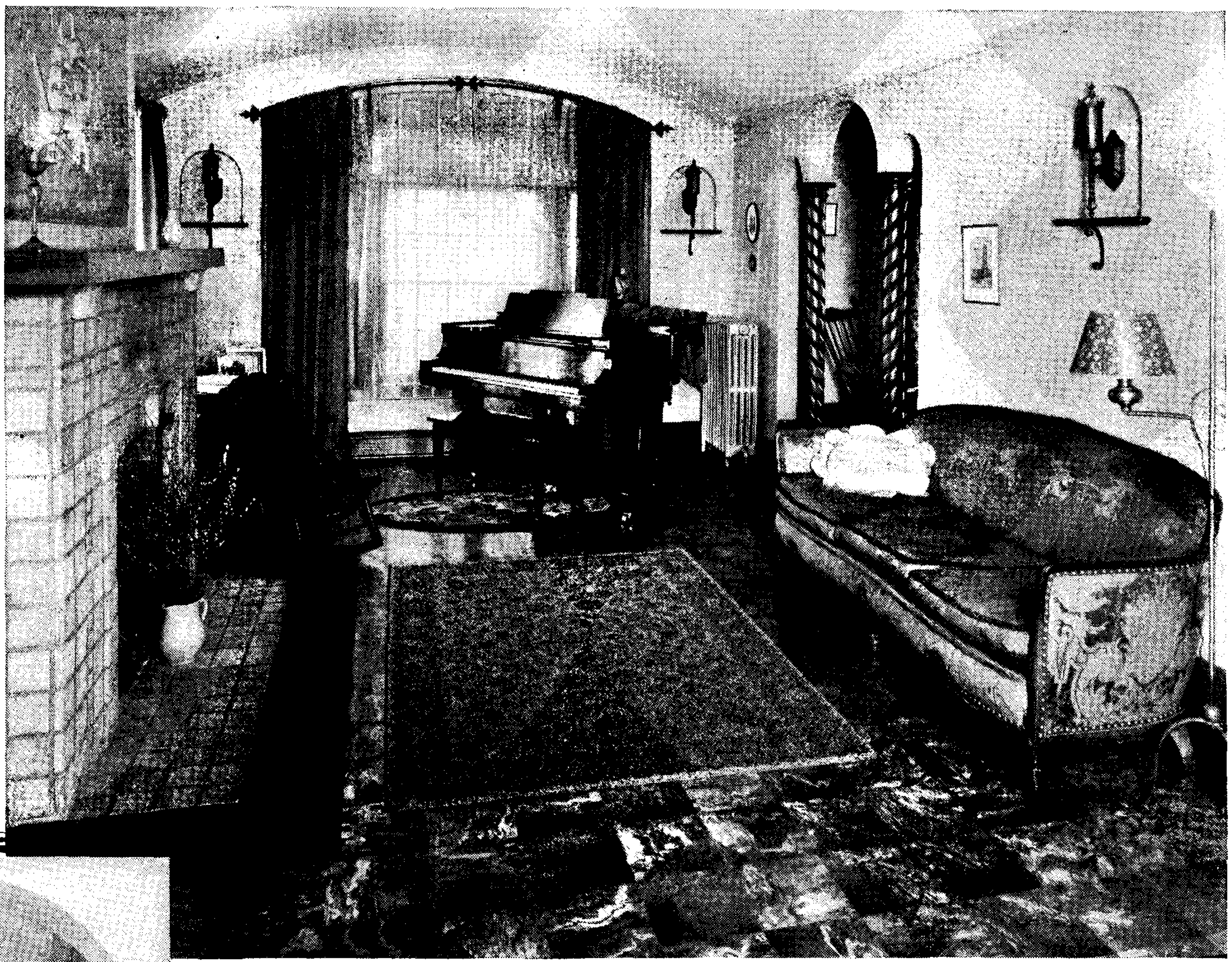

Any time of day this living-room floor in the home of Mr. Kenton R. Craven is ready to receive guests. Its surface is never spotted or stained, for it's Accolac Processed. Light waxing and polishing keeps it like new. Ask to see this fashionable yet easy-to-clean floor at your store—Handmade Marble Inlaid Design No. 90

TAKE a quick camera trip with us through the very modern home of Mr. Kenton R. Craven, Minneapolis, Minn. Here is a home so attractive, particularly in the treatment of floors, that the public was invited to see it.

Hundreds did. Yet today the Armstrong's Linoleum Floors, even to the camera's revealing eye, show not the slightest sign of this unusual traffic.

One thing we *do* see is a refreshing variety in floor design as we pass from room to room. This freedom of choice in fashionable floor effects is one of the outstanding advantages of modern Armstrong's Linoleum.

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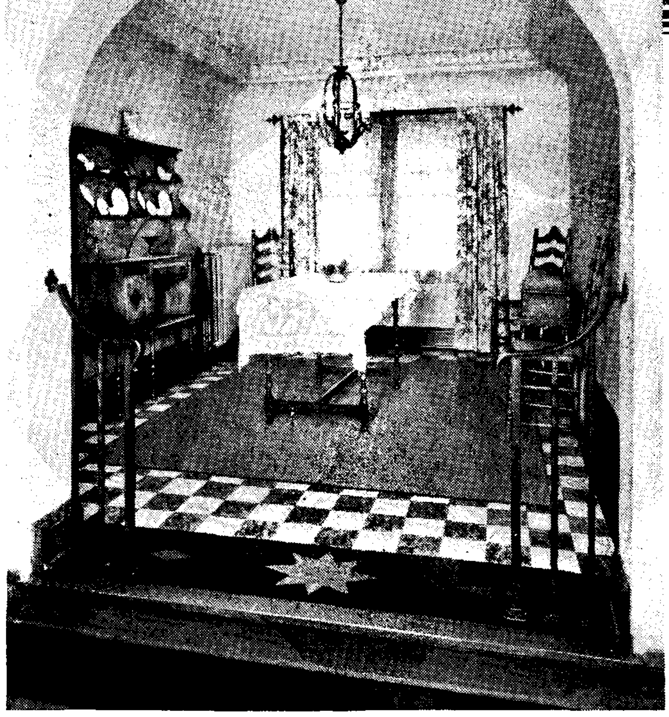

One step up into this inviting dining-room reveals another Armstrong Floor design—Marble Inlaid No. 83 with a feature border in black and tan. This and all the rest of the Armstrong Floors in Mr. Craven's fine home are cemented in place over linoleum lining felt—custom-laid for years of service.

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Collier's The National Weekly for January 25, 1930

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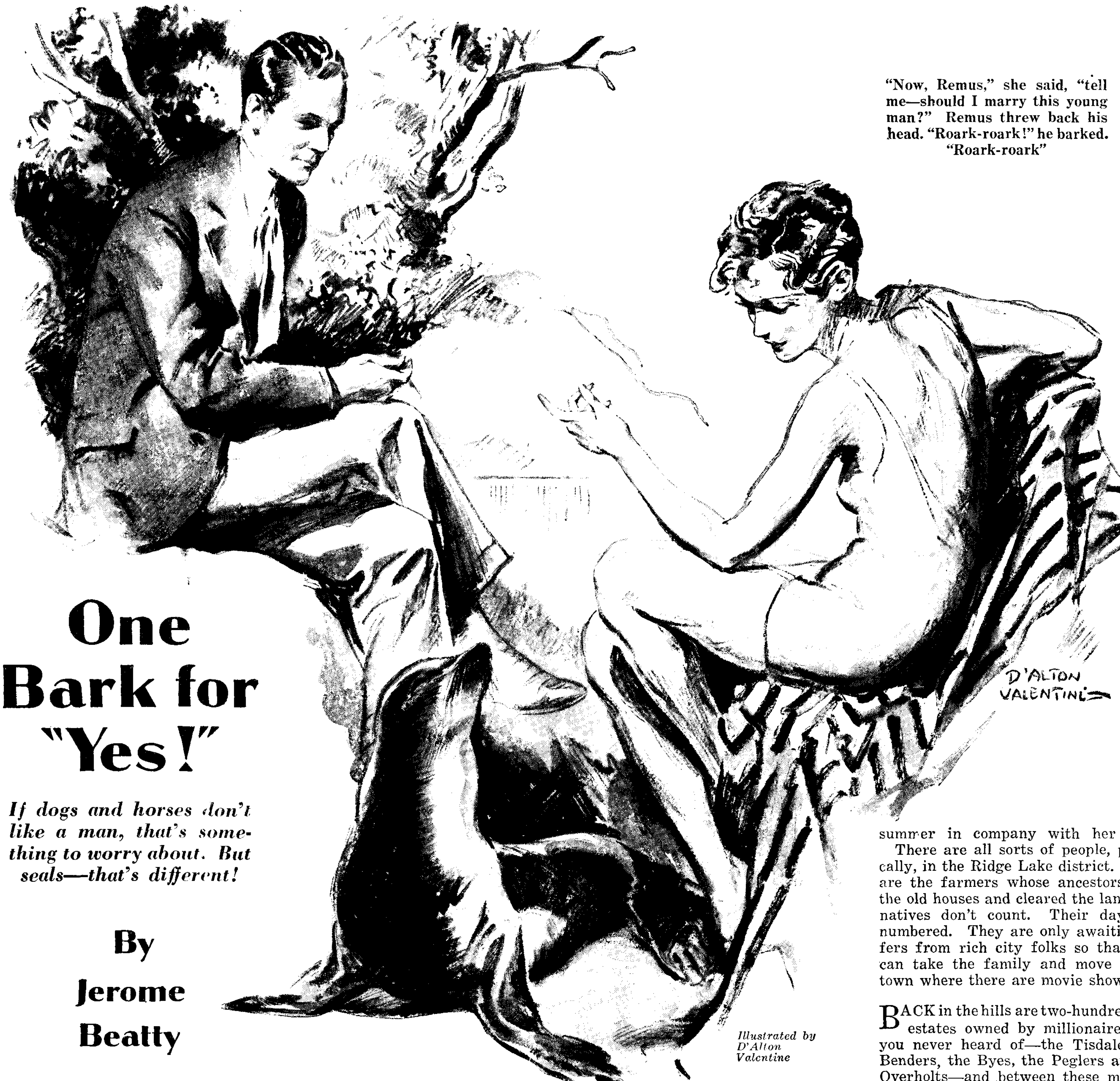
One Bark for "Yes!"

If dogs and horses don't like a man, that's something to worry about. But seals—that's different!

By Jerome Beatty



"Now, Remus," she said, "tell me—should I marry this young man?" Remus threw back his head. "Roark-roark!" he barked. "Roark-roark"

Illustrated by D'Alton Valentine

IT WAS not one of those huge marble swimming pools such as could be found on a dozen estates in the Connecticut hills near by. It was just a good place to swim, much like the old swimming hole back in Kansas except that it lacked a mud bank for a slippery slide.

A little dredging in the creek bed, some shoring around the edges, a stone dam and presto! there was the pool—ten feet deep at the dam. Trees came down close to the edge and there was soft grass and a diving tower, and at one side were two little houses like dog kennels, only larger, and over the door of one was painted the name *Romulus*, and over the other, *Remus*.

Fifty yards up the hill was a modest little white house and beyond that a rough dirt road that took its own sweet time in wandering a mile down to the state highway that led to Stamford.

Other pools in the Ridge Lake district cost thousands of dollars and had their pictures taken for the fashionable magazines but no right-thinking person would trade this one for all the other pools in the world, for sitting on the dam in a tiny little yellow bathing suit was Suzanne Morgan, and frisking in the pool were the nicest pets that anybody could ask for, Remus and Romulus, Suzanne's trained seals.

Suzanne was beautiful. Her hair was so golden that it tinkled rather than glistened in the sun. Her lithe body was as brown and as shiny as General Pershing's new boots and she had a perky little nose that told observers at once that Suzanne was in need of no correspondence courses designed to strengthen the backbone.

SUZANNE was throwing fish to the seals. She threw them fiercely, as a furious golfer throws his niblick after dubbing three shots in a sand trap. Suzanne was in a fix. She needed two prize fighters and a lot of money.

At first thought it would appear that a girl who had managed to acquire two seals that could balance red, white and blue balls on their noses would be so grounded in go-getting that the procuring of a pair of prize fighters would be a simple matter. But this was different.

She had inherited the seals, but nobody inherits prize fighters—at least not when one is in dire need of prize fighters.

Suzanne, as everybody knows, was a vaudeville headliner: Suzanne and Her Seals, a diving act so good that it played the Palace in New York City twice a year at $2,000 a week. She carried a glass tank and the seals did tricks and Suzanne dived from a platform higher than the proscenium arch. She was the only diving girl in the world who at no time in her act ate a banana under water.

The year before, she had bought the old farm house, with a brook in the back yard, and remodeled the house and built the swimming pool and there her father and mother lived the year around, and there Suzanne was now spending the summer in company with her seals.

There are all sorts of people, practically, in the Ridge Lake district. There are the farmers whose ancestors built the old houses and cleared the land; but natives don't count. Their days are numbered. They are only awaiting offers from rich city folks so that they can take the family and move into a town where there are movie shows.

BACK in the hills are two-hundred-acre estates owned by millionaires that you never heard of—the Tisdales, the Benders, the Byes, the Peglers and the Overholts—and between these magnificent summer playgrounds and the main highways, on narrow dirt roads, are the more modest homes owned by ordinary city dwellers who move out on May first and back to town when the first snow falls.

It is a two-hour trip to New York, so that most of the husbands come out only for the week end, which leaves things in the hands of the women—particularly things like raising three thousand dollars to build a women's locker-room and showers at the Ridge Lake Golf and Country Club.

That was where Suzanne Morgan's troubles began.

The aristocrats of the Ridge Lake district are democratic—up to a certain point. That point is a full stop which comes after the Ridge Lake Golf and Country Club and the Ridge Lake Property Owners Improvement and General Welfare League. Beyond that, trespassers beware! Members are needed to keep the modest country club on a paying basis and members are needed to impress the state and county officials with the importance of the R. L. P. O. I. G. W. L. when the league starts a movement for the improvement of roads.

So Suzanne, without question, became a member of both and, thus honored, was expected to sit quietly like the other members and take orders from Mrs. Kenyon Overholt, whose husband was a banker worth millions of dollars and who was one of those women who insist upon running things.

But Suzanne didn't sit quietly. She made a speech, and speeches, she realized, too late, shouldn't be made by golden-haired little girls when they have lost their temper.

MRS. OVERHOLT had called a meeting of the women members of the golf club to plan ways and also means of raising $3,000. She expected unanimous ratification of her plan to hold a Greek pageant on the lawn back of the tennis courts.

"Hey, wait!" Suzanne interrupted, as Mrs. Overholt was about to put the plan to a vote. "We need money and we won't get it with any Greek pageant. Nobody will come but women. What we need is a big swell entertainment that will get the men."

Mrs. Overholt rose grandly from her seat back of the chairman's table. She glared at the interloper.

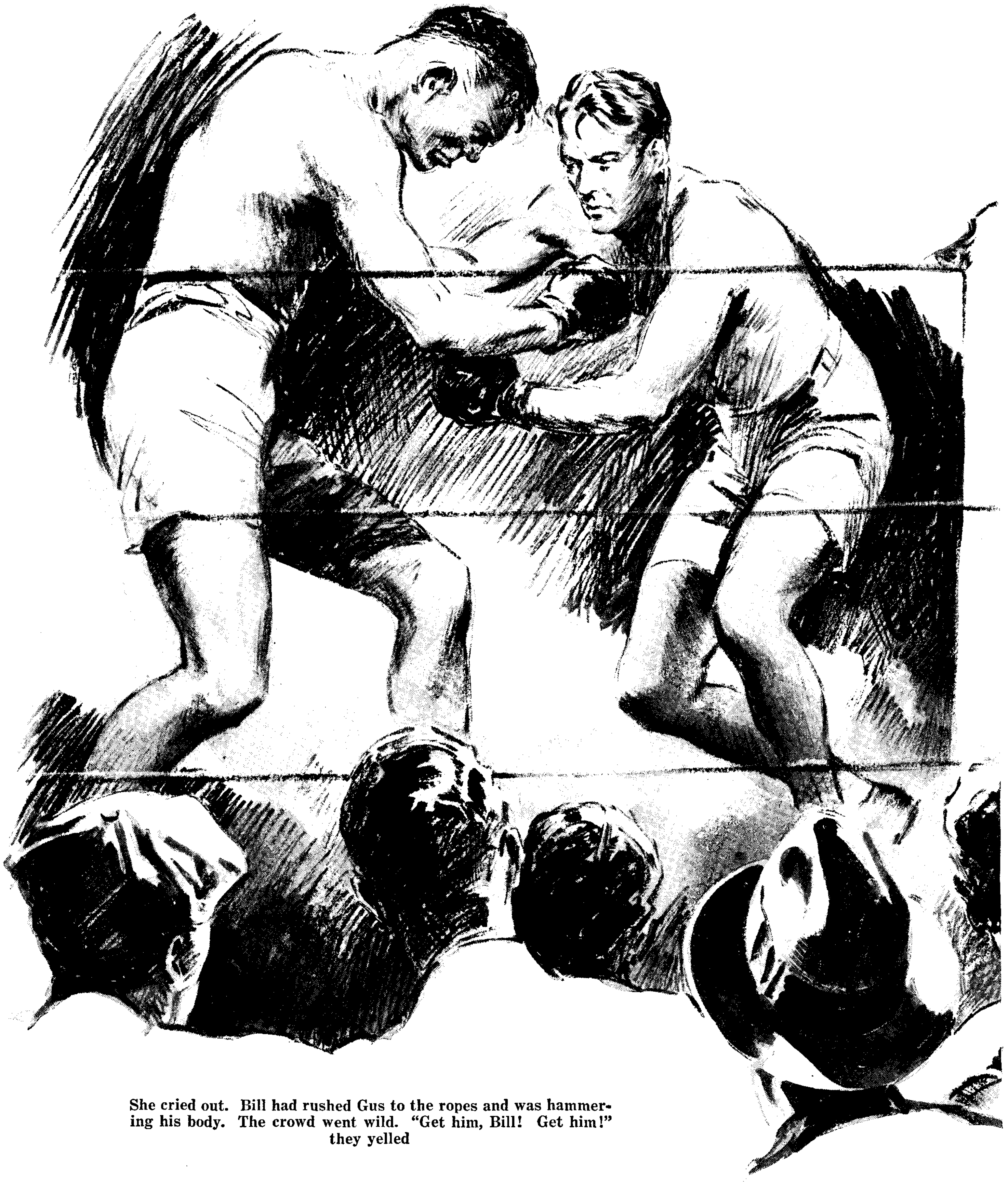
"We hardly can hope to compete with your vaudeville theaters," she said with sarcasm.

"We don't need to," Suzanne insisted. "We can get something—a prize fight, maybe?" She was angry, thinking out loud. She didn't really mean it, about the prize fight.

"Oh, let's!" exclaimed a plump woman back of Suzanne.

"That would be just dandy," a dozen others murmured.

Next to Mrs. Overholt, the most surprised person in the room was Suzanne, and her surprise was considerably augmented when Mrs. Overholt suavely assented to the plan and appointed Suzanne to run the fight.



She cried out. Bill had rushed Gus to the ropes and was hammering his body. The crowd went wild. "Get him, Bill! Get him!" they yelled

"Miss Morgan is so certain of the success of her prize fight," Mrs. Overholt purred, "that I am sure that she will be glad to guarantee the three thousand dollars that we need. If she will do that, I will duplicate all the net profit."

"Certainly!" Suzanne snapped, and the women applauded.

So here she was, a fight promoter without any fighters, sitting on the side of her pool, throwing fish to her seals.

She heaved a fish to the far side of the pool. Romulus and Remus started after it, then whirled and began to bark angrily at a young man who was coming down the hill.

Suzanne looked up. "Oh, my!" she exclaimed. "It's Bill! This will never, never do!" What would Bill's mother say!

Romulus and Remus were exhibiting frantic hostility. "Boys, be quiet!" she called sharply.

It was Bill Overholt, immaculate in buckskin shoes, white flannels, a blue coat and a gay Panama hat. He was big and tanned and there was an engaging twinkle in his brown eyes. He had played football at Yale, he was an excellent golfer and he could swim and dive almost as well as Suzanne.

SINCE he was the son of Kenyon Overholt, he had more money than he knew what to do with, and he spent it like an intoxicated navvy. One evening he would squander five hundred dollars at a night club and the next day, contrite, he would use his entire month's allowance to take a thousand kids to Coney Island. Some people attached themselves to him because he was rich and others admired him because he was just a darn' nice boy, in spite of his wildness. Everybody was fond of Bill.

But—more proof that money can't buy everything—Suzanne's seals had no use for him.

"Hello, Suzanne!" Bill called, casting uneasy glances at Romulus and Remus, who were clambering out of the pool.

"Hello," she said, without enthusiasm, rising.

Any other girl would have welcomed Bill as if she were a marooned sailor and he the Ile de France. But Suzanne had troubles on her mind and all she said was "Hello," like the telephone girl at the grocery store.

"I just came over," said Bill, "to ask you my regular Tuesday-morning question: When are you going to marry me?"

Suzanne shook her head vigorously. "My seals don't like you," she said.

"*You* like me, don't you?"

"You drink too much, Bill," she said thoughtfully. "And you never earned a dollar in your life."

"You're unreasonable. Everybody drinks. And nobody works, if they don't have to. And as to seals—if dogs and horses don't like a man, that's something to worry about. But seals—I'll bet that some of the finest people in history didn't get along with seals. Napoleon, George Washington, maybe. What difference does it make? Did you ever hear a campaign orator say, 'My candidate is a great fellow and you should vote for him because seals are very fond of him'?"

She laughed. "Let's ask Remus. Come, Remus, boy."

REMUS barked and, with a bitter look at Bill, crawled out of the pool beside Suzanne. She patted him on the head.

"Now, Remus," she said, "one bark for 'Yes' and two barks for 'No.' Tell me—should I marry this young man?"

Remus threw back his head. "Roark-roark!" he barked. "Roark-roark."

"Thank you, Remus. That's all." And Remus, still "roark-roarking," slipped into the pool.

"See?" She waved a hand at Remus. "He knows best."

"It's a trick," Bill protested. "I saw you touch him with your toe."

"Remus never tells me wrong."

"If he's so smart," he dared her, "ask him how you're going to put over the fight."

"Oh, Bill," she remembered her worries. "What a fix I'm in! Isn't it terrible? Even seals don't know that."

"I know, though. I've come over to reserve four hundred seats at ten dollars each—and"—he reached into his pocket—"here's a check for four thousand dollars!"

"Oh, my!" she exclaimed. "Bill, you're a darling!"

He offered the check, beaming.

"But it can't be done that way." She gave his hand a little pat and pushed it back. "Thanks, Bill. Sometimes I think you're just as nice as my seals. But I can't take it. That wouldn't be according to the rules. Ask your mother! Goodness me, Bill! I meant to tell you at first! You mustn't come to see me any more—not any more at all!"

"Not any more! What do you mean?"

"Well, not until the fight is over, anyway. Your mother and I are not exact—"

"I've told you over and over again that what my family says as far as you are concerned makes no difference. I want to marry you and go away and we'll get a little house and I'll get a job and—"

She shook her head. "You couldn't earn enough and I'd have to keep on the road with the seals and you'd get discouraged and drink a lot and we'd quarrel and, my, what a mess it would be!"

"But I'd stop drinking and—"

"THE important thing," she interrupted, "is my fight. I have to put on a prize fight and sell about five thousand dollars' worth of tickets legitimately. And to date I haven't even any fighters. It looks bad."

"Fighters are easy to get. You can—"

"I went down to see a man at Madison Square Garden yesterday, right after the meeting of the club, and told him I wanted a thousand dollars' worth of fighters, preferably Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney, but it seems you have to pay a great deal of money for good ones. And—"

Remus, or perhaps it was Romulus, glided through the water to the side of the pool at their feet.

"Groush-groush!" he barked.

Suzanne suddenly leaped to her feet. "That's it!" she cried.

Bill looked queerly from the seal to Suzanne. "Don't try to tell me that they talk to you!"

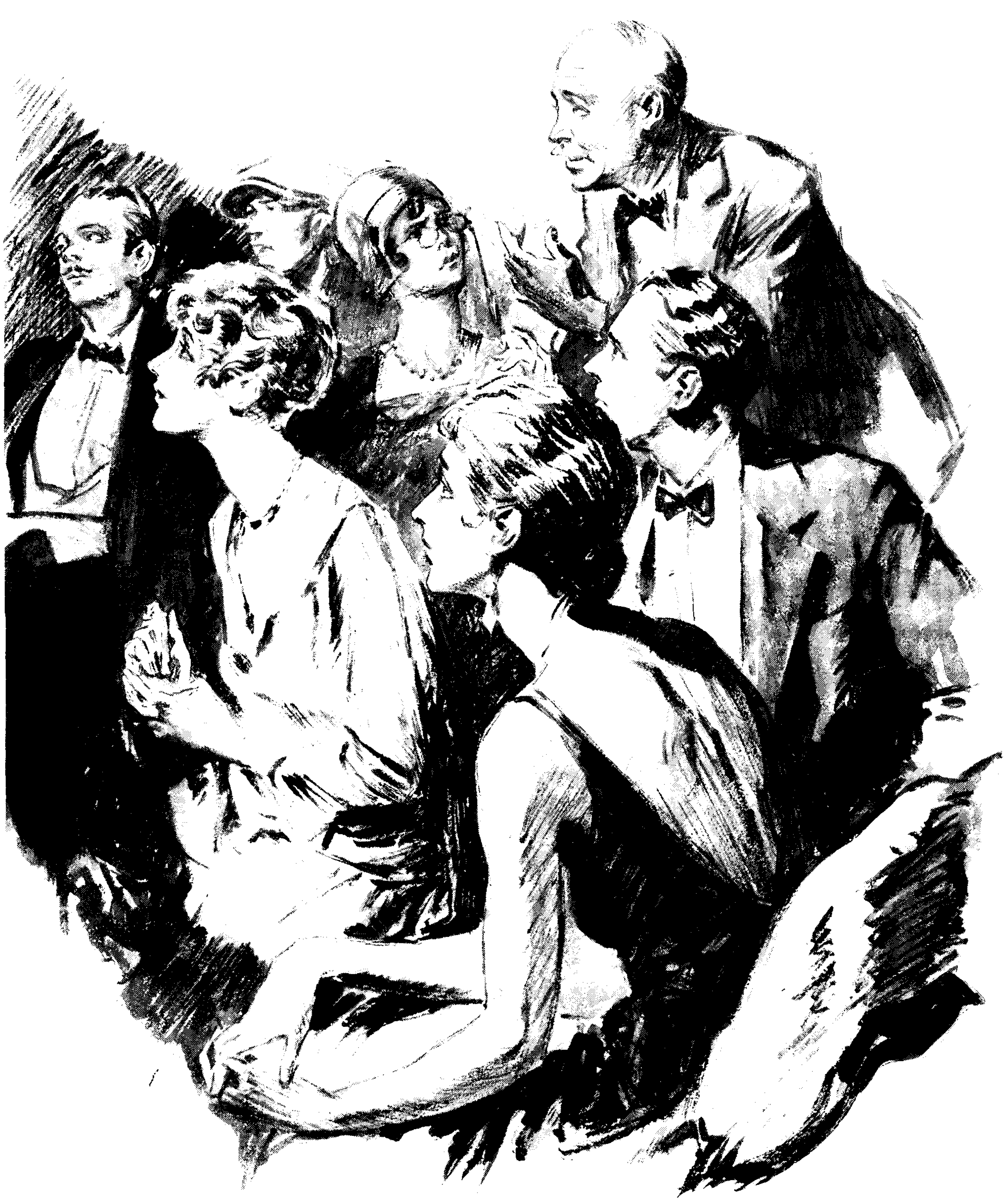
"At least he gave me an idea. Didn't you hear him? Maybe he didn't mean it, but it sounded to me like 'Gus.' That's the answer. I'll get Gus to be one of the fighters. Everybody for miles around will come to see Gus fight, hoping to see him knocked out. Now I have to get somebody that can do it."

"Hmm," said Bill. "Not bad. I'd like to take a punch at Gus myself."

"So would I and"—she brightened—"we'll put it over, Bill! They can't stop us!"

Suzanne put on her tiny yellow bathing sandals and they walked up toward the house together. Bill climbed into his big green roadster.

"You're marvelous, Suzanne," he said with enthusiasm.



"No, I'm not any such thing. I've got only half an idea. Where under the sun can I get the fellow to knock out Gus?"

"How about me?" he said, suddenly. "I used to be a pretty good boxer. Wouldn't people pay to see me fight Gus?"

SUZANNE shook her head. "You're a dear to offer, but it wouldn't do. He would knock you cold in one round."

"I'm not such a bad fighter. I could train and—"

"You've trained too long," she said accusingly, "on gin."

"But I'd cut that out and—"

"Don't be silly. Run along home."

"Very well. But the offer's open. By-bye."

She watched his car bounce recklessly down the rough road, then sat down on the porch and rested her chin in her hands.

Her mother came out and said, "Lunch is ready, honey. Has Mr. Overholt gone?"

Suzanne nodded toward the road where the car was disappearing in the dust.

"Mother," she said thoughtfully, "there goes a fine young man, but there's a whole lot the matter with him." She paused. "I don't think," she said slowly, "I don't think he has any nerve."

"Spoiled, that's all. What about your fight?"

Suzanne jumped up eagerly.

"I'm going to get Gus to be one of the fighters. I'll give him a hundred dollars—for that he'd shoot a man."

Her mother nodded in appreciation. "But where can you get a fighter who has any chance against Gus?"

"Bill Overholt offered."

Suzanne's mother smiled. "And you say he hasn't any nerve? Why not let him do it?"

"Gus would tear him to pieces—and I don't want to have a hand in anything like that."

"Maybe so. Come in to lunch."

SUZANNE drove down to Gus's place that afternoon and presented her proposition.

"Sure, kid, sure," he said. "Fer a hun'red bucks? Sure. Whoda I fight?"

"I think—" Suzanne paused, afraid. "Probably," she offered, "probably it will be someone in this section."

"Pretty soft! O. K., kid. When does this massacree come off?"

"We haven't set the date yet, but it will not be for a month or so."

"Any night, kid," he answered agreeably. "Any night at all."

"Good," said Suzanne. "Here is fifty dollars in advance and you get fifty dollars after the fight. Sign here, please." She presented a paper which Gus signed.

Gus, last name unknown, had a strange hold upon the residents of the district because he was the only man who would deliver daily newspapers. He had a little garage and a gas station which Ridge Lake residents avoided because they had no confidence in Gus's honesty. It was said that Gus sold gin to the farmer boys, too. His bills always erred on the up side and complaints were met with profanity and a threat that if the bill was not paid "as was," the newspaper service would be discontinued.

Children fled at the approach of his truck and he would leave it and thresh in towering rage through the woods after boys who would hide beside the road and yell at him, "Hey, Catfish!"

He almost killed a man, it was said, who called him that.

Gus was perhaps four inches more than six feet tall and carried more than

(*Continued on page 51*)

Crashing the Party

Exposing those prodigal politicians who pay their party respect once every four years at election time, just like school boys playing hooky all during the term, but never failing to show up for examinations

By Clinton W. Gilbert

THE Progressive Republicans of the West are all dressed up with nowhere to go. That is the best description one can give of the prospects of a new political alignment to spring out of the chasm between the East and West in the G. O. P. and the coalition between the agrarian Republicans and the Democrats in the session of the Senate now going on.

The elephant familiar to us in cartoons is now a stage "prop" with the actors who make up the hind legs of the beast walking in a direction opposite to that pursued by the thespians who make up the creature's front legs. But while the spectacle is disconcerting, the hide is tough. The stage "prop" holds together. On the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November, 1932, the hind legs and front legs will probably all march in the same direction, and on the first Wednesday after the first Tuesday after the first Monday in 1932 they will resume their strange effort to propel the great beast in two directions at once.

The Progressives and Democrats will coöperate more or less in the congressional election this year. The coalition looks that far ahead. It will be in good working order whenever an issue arises in which it can unite effectively during the rest of Mr. Hoover's term.

But it will probably be easier and safer for the Progressive Republicans to go on being Republicans in 1932 than it will be for them to form a third party or to hook up with the Democrats. Unless a political explosion takes place in the next three years, the Democrats won't be ready to nominate Senator Borah or any other leading Progressive for President, nor will the Progressives be ready to submerge themselves in the Democratic party, whether dominated by its Southern wing or by the urban followers of Al Smith in the North and East.

Senator Borah, who has done more than anyone else to make the coalition possible, has this to say of its purposes and achievements:

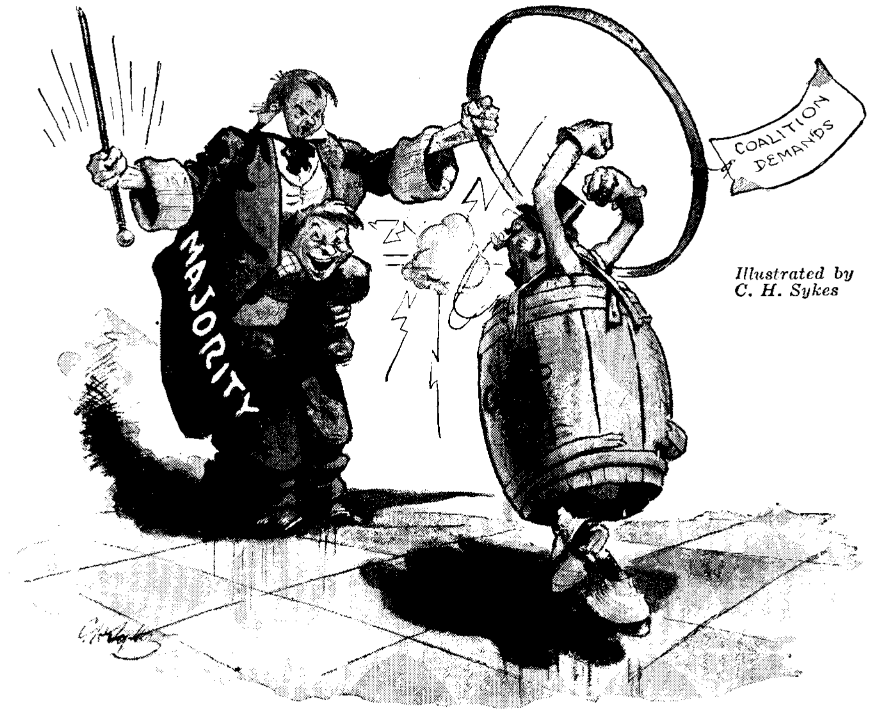
"The coalition, so called, is made up of those senators who are seeking to carry out the pledges made to the American farmer in the last campaign. These pledges were made by both political parties. And members of both political parties are now seeking to carry them out.

A Violation of Party Pledges

"We have at no time assailed the protective system. Our purpose has been to see that agriculture shares in that system. We made every effort in the beginning of the session to confine the tariff rates to the agricultural items. This would have left the industrial rates as they now are, and that is sufficiently high to shut out of the home market all foreign goods except about three per cent. This would also have shortened the term. We could have passed a tariff bill covering agricultural items in sixty days.

"The House bill was a violation of party pledges. The Senate bill was only a little less objectionable. When the program was thus outlined in these bills, it clearly indicated a disregard of the pledges made to agriculture. The senators who felt these pledges should be kept came together. I am of the opinion they will remain together until the program is completed.

"The question has been squarely raised: Shall the protective system include agriculture? And that issue will not down. The stock exchange may go crazy and lay its insanity upon the coalition, but it will not dispose of this issue. For years the East has asked for high protection on their manufactured articles and for free raw material and free foodstuffs. We are quite willing they shall have ample protection. But we insist that agriculture shall be placed on 'a basis of economic equality with other industries.' That issue has come to stay. And it may mean that other issues will spring from the situation. For the present we are dealing with that issue alone."



Illustrated by C. H. Sykes

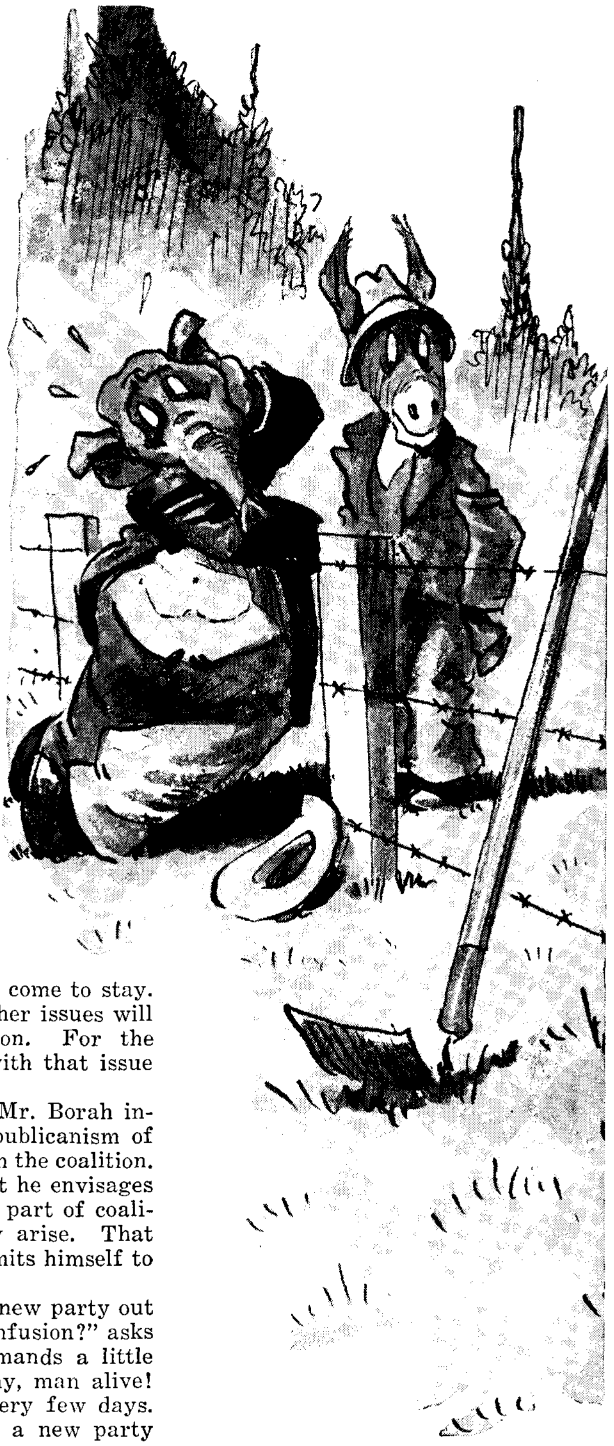
The good old Republican party, for the time being, is purple-faced with rage

You will observe that Mr. Borah insists upon the sound Republicanism of the Republican elements in the coalition. You will observe also that he envisages continued activity on the part of coalition as other issues may arise. That is as far ahead as he permits himself to look.

"Why don't we have a new party out of all this turmoil and confusion?" asks the weary voter who demands a little logic in his politics. Why, man alive! we have a new party every few days. Just before I wrote this a new party burst upon the Senate like a new star upon the firmament, the Young Turks. Their platform was terrapin at Ham Kean's feasts and plenty of it. It was a good platform and practicable. By the time this is read the Young Turks will probably be laid beside Abdul Az Was. But while they lasted they were a whale of a party.

Let us look at the number of parties we now have in Washington. There are the Progressive Republicans. There are the Joe Grundy Republicans, representing the Oliver Twists of small business, who pass their plates and ask for "More, more!" There are the larger-minded Republicans who represent bigger business. I can't think of any now in Washington, but when Dwight W. Morrow arrives as senator from New Jersey there will be one.

There are the Hoover Republicans, examples being Herbert Hoover, George Akerson, Walter Newton, Jim Burke, Claudius Huston, practically all the members of the Cabinet except such as happened to be Democrats, all the appointed officeholders and the unappointed who hope to be appointed, and in the House Franklin Fort, and in the Senate Frederick Walcott—not many of them got elected to the House or Senate. Then there are the Coolidge Republicans, consisting of Calvin Coolidge, Frank Stearns, William M. Butler and Andrew Mellon. Their motto is, "Coolidge, the white hope of the party."



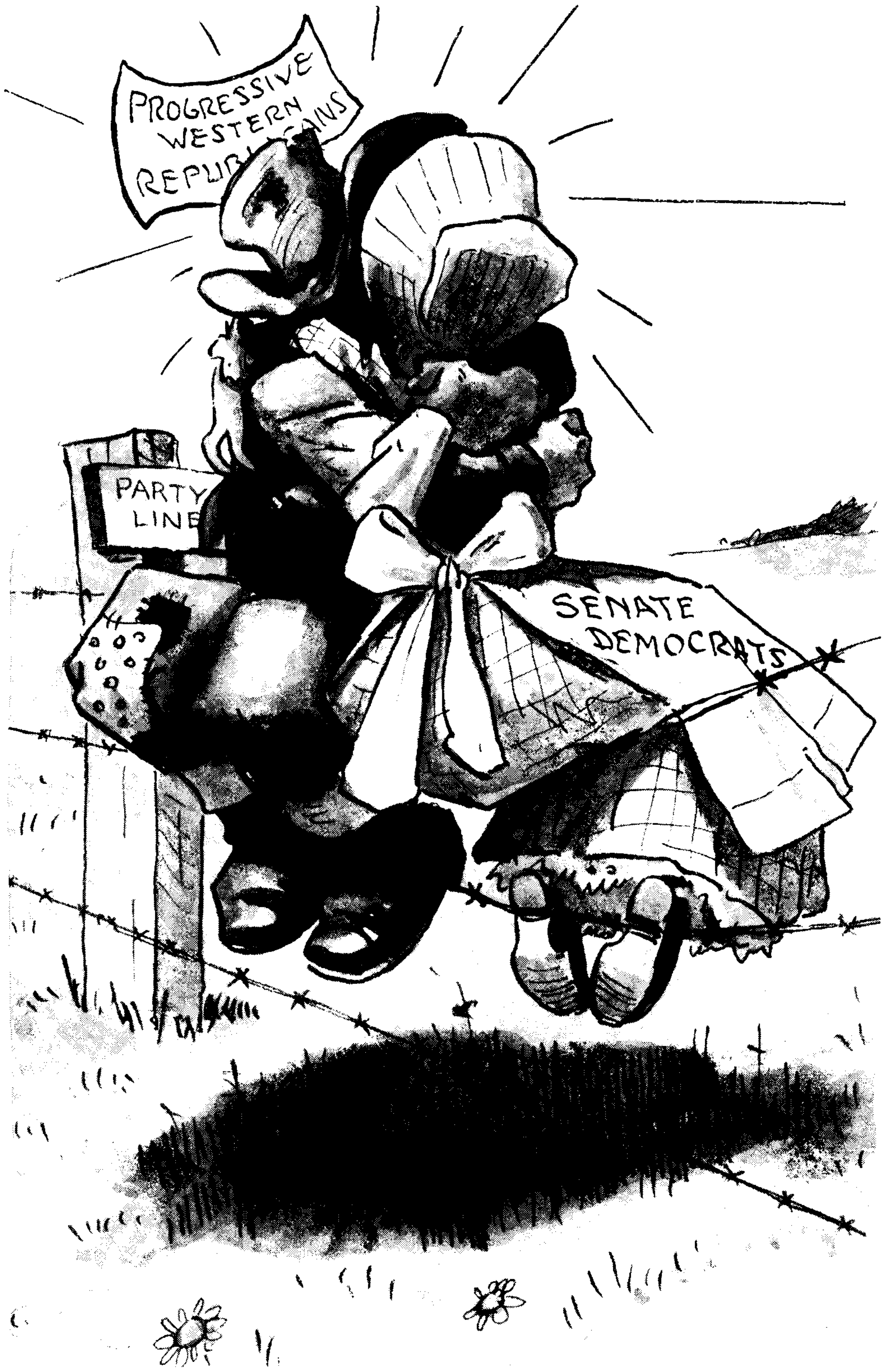
The Democratic-Progressive-Repub-

Then there is Hiram Johnson, who hates Senator Borah because he, not Hiram, leads the Progressives, and hates Herbert Hoover whatever he does, who can't be a conservative because he was a Bull Mooser, and who is remarkable for the way invitations to him from the White House miscarry.

The Coalition

There are almost as many Democratic parties. There are the Southern Democrats, who don't give two whoops what becomes of the Democratic party nationally so long as it ceases to be contaminated by the Al Smith crowd.

There are the Al Smith Democrats, who hate the Southern Democrats a great deal worse than they hate any one of the fifty-seven varieties of Republicans. And there are the Western Progressive Democrats, who are to be distinguished from the Western Progressive Republicans only by the fact that their names in the Congressional Directory are printed in italics while the names of the latter are printed in Roman type.



lican coalition party will probably control the Senate through Mr. Hoover's present term

And then there is the Democratic-Progressive-Republican coalition party, which had command of the Senate all through the special session, will probably have command of the Senate all through Mr. Hoover's present term in office, and which may have command of the House all through the second half of Mr. Hoover's administration.

This is a fact of prime political importance. There has never been anything else like it in the history of American politics. Let us see what it has accomplished. It has robbed the G. O. P. of its chief excuse for existence by rendering it impotent to pass tariff bills in the interests of industry. And it has led the old Democratic party so far away from its traditional point of view as to induce it to vote for sky-high protection on agricultural products. It has broken the industrialist control of the Senate, and it threatens to break the industrialist control of the House. In short, it has ended an era in Republican politics, the era that began with Mark Hanna.

About all that is left of the good old Republican party of Mark Hanna for the time being, at least, is a lot of extremely bad manners. It is purple-faced with rage. It shouts at the Progressive Republicans, "Worse than Communists!" "Sons of the wild jackass," "Representatives of backward states!"

Important Possibilities

And the business brethren of the East who dig into their socks on election day bawl out, "Makers of the panic!"

The Western Progressive Republicans indulge in no hard names. But, ouch! what a vote in the slats they hand out to their Eastern brethren every other day.

The coalition which has caused all this ruction sprang from Mr. Hoover's calling Congress in special session to revise the tariff. It does not look beyond the passage of a tariff bill which will generally raise the duties on agricultural products and deny increases in rates upon industrial products. It took advantage of Mr. Hoover's stressing the needs of agriculture in his message to Congress and the determination of the West to hold down prices of the protected commodities it buys while advancing if possible the prices of commodities it raises and sells. Democratic participation in it arose from the perception that the best hope of the Democratic party lay in widening as much as possible the breach between the Republicans of the agricultural West and the Republicans of the industrial East.

It has succeeded beyond the expectation of any of those who have taken part in it. And from that fact arises the expectation that it will continue to function after the tariff has been disposed of. Though the coalition has no program beyond the passage of a tariff bill, though it does not look forward to an alliance that will change the aspect of political parties in 1932, though it cannot tell just what points of communication it will find in the regular session, most of its leaders speak privately of it as something that will go on making itself felt during the remainder of the present Congress and in all probability throughout the Congress to be elected in 1930.

And the best reason for guessing that it will do precisely this is that its members have tasted power and like the taste of it. Men never voluntarily lay down power once they have exercised it. The Progressive Republicans have for a long time been in a hopeless minority in their party, out of sympathy with it and ineffective except on rare occasions. The Democrats have been in a minority in Congress ever since the election of 1918. Now a combination of these two minority elements is in the saddle. And it likes to ride. It will probably go right on riding.

Like all revolutions the coalition has developed new leaders. The old leaders of the Republicans in the Senate look exceedingly like the Kaiser when he abdicated and took flight to Holland. Jim Watson, who thought he could smile and talk his way through a revolt, recently fled to Florida. Smoot is old, tired and disgusted. George Moses is a wisecracker with one follower, Cole Blease. The young pretender, Bingham, has been censured by the Senate. David Reed, the ablest of the regulars, has exhibited an unfortunate tendency to get mad and throw down his bat when the game is going against him.

The most amazing thing that the revolution has done has been to bring Borah out of his ivory tower and down to the earth of practical politics. He and young Bob La Follette are the leaders of the Progressive Republican element in the coalition, just as Pat Harrison and Simmons are the leaders of the Democrats in it.

The change in Borah is the most remarkable thing that has happened in Washington in many a year. Here he was, just a voice crying in the wilderness, and the greater the wilderness the better he liked it. It used to be said of Borah that if he found three or four men agreeing with him, he at once reexamined his position for fear there might be something wrong with it. It used also to be said of him that it was practically impossible to get him into a conference, that when he was prevailed upon to come to one he would remain ten minutes and then find some excuse to slip away. And it was generally agreed that he disliked responsibility, was indolent, except intellectually, and loved the stage play of remoteness from the petty concerns of the Senate, into which he would make dramatic entrances with a message received on Mount Sinai. He was the handwriting on the wall, the moving finger that writes and moves on, the admonitory voice of the public conscience.

Borah and La Follette

And now in this session in his new capacity as the leader of a bloc he has been as busy as an election district captain, lining up the votes, planning tactics, reaching understandings, and at the same time furnishing the coalition with its intellectual ammunition. And the funny part of it is, I suspect, that he has loved his new rôle.

No one else could have done what he has done. His support of Hoover in 1928 lent color to the idea that better than the Old Guard he represented the Hoover view on the tariff. His purity of character, his intelligence, his disinterestedness, his moderation, his importance politically, made him a man whom the rest could follow without misgivings.

It was Mr. Borah who caused the calling of the special session by advising Mr. Hoover in the 1928 campaign to call one as a means of propitiating the farmer. A lot of brickbats have whizzed by Mr. Borah's head as the author of Mr. Hoover's troubles on the Hill. But it is only fair to Mr. Borah to say that he advised the calling of Congress to revise only agricultural tariff rates. Whoever advised the President to open the way to increased duties on other commodities suffering from competition opened the way for the fatal coalition.

Alongside of Mr. Borah as a leader stands young Bob La Follette. He is a man who is likely to go far in the public life of this country. I do not know anyone else who combines in himself so many of the qualities that get one on in the world of politics as he does. He has the levelest head in the Senate.

He always sees things exactly as they are. He is moderate. He is extremely likable. He is conciliatory in manner but firm in his opinions. He always knows what he thinks. He never becomes excited, never loses his poise, takes defeat in good part, and is never made vain by success. He is aware of the virtue of hard work. He makes an excellent speech. I think I can say of him that he has never in his years in the Senate made an enemy, and that he has not had to sacrifice a conviction in order to win the friendly regard of all classes and conditions of senators. Besides, he knows the game of politics.

Senator Pat Harrison

The Democrat whom the coalition has brought to prominence as a leader is Pat Harrison. Pat has always been a figure in the Senate, but he has hitherto suffered the disparagement that humorists in public life always suffer: Washington refused to take him quite seriously. It preferred to regard him as something of a playboy, who was at his best in good-naturedly ragging the Republicans.

But he has always been an industrious worker in committee, and he is

(*Continued on page 45*)

In Queen Victoria's Day

Continuing the intimate chronicle of the life of King George V. The author was formerly a member of the Press Department at Buckingham Palace

By Richard Dent

Albert Davis Collection

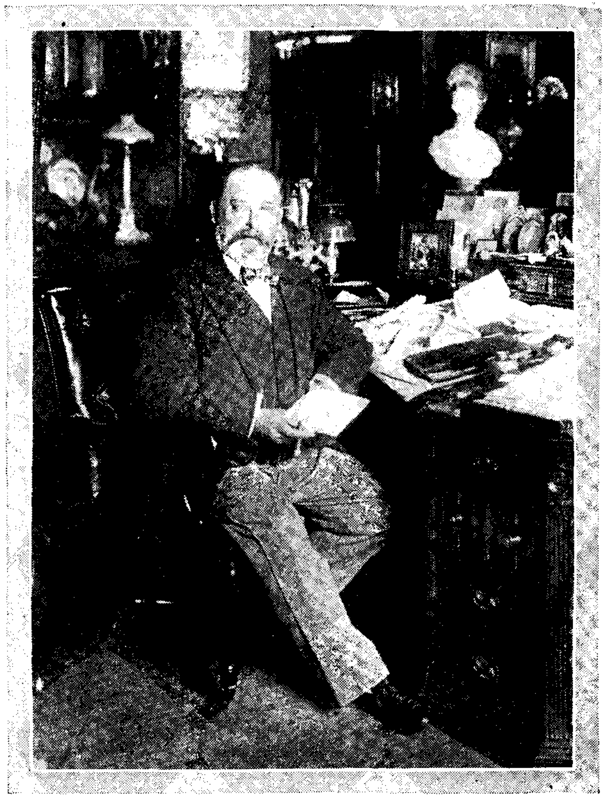
Above: Queen Victoria and her daughter Princess Louise in 1867

ALTHOUGH the Duke of York's seafaring days were ended, the sea and seamen have never been forgotten by him. In the same year which had seen so much alteration in his life he accepted the position of Patron of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society. He is always swift to recognize any former shipmates and, during the war, would always detain sailors who were receiving honors for a talk as to their experiences. And to this day there is one subject that invariably brings a brighter light into the King's eyes and that is any mention of the sea or ships. For after all, though King George has schooled himself into kingship, it was as a sailor that he spent a great part of his life. Few people realize that he put in twenty years of sea service.

It is the King in his yacht Britannia racing at Cowes that reveals him in his happiest mood. "Directly I set foot on my yacht, I am the happiest man in the world," he once said. And he looks it. There is nothing he does not know about yachting, and the crew of the Britannia say that he is the most efficient man aboard.

He gave, one day, to the boys of the training ship Conway at Liverpool a reminder of his years' sea service and at the same time expressed his own ideals of a sailor in these words: "I think that I am entitled, from a personal experience of twenty years at sea, to impress upon you three simple qualities which I am sure, if conscientiously acted up to, will go a long way toward ensuring your success. The qualities to which I refer are truthfulness, obedience and zeal. Truthfulness will give those placed under you confidence in you; obedience will give those placed over you confidence in you; and although I have mentioned zeal last, it is by no means the least important, for without zeal no sailor can be worth his salt."

To the intense satisfaction of the nation, which had sympathized deeply with Princess May of Teck, her engagement to the Duke of York was announced on May 4, 1893, while they were staying with the Duke and Duchess of Fife at Sheen Lodge. The Duke had proposed to his cousin at Sheen Lodge at the end of April, and as soon as Queen Victoria's ready assent had been given and other State formalities had been met, the press was authorized to publish the happy tidings. The Princess had been shocked and grieved at the death of the Duke of Clarence and this romantic sequel was a joy to everyone. The love and happiness that shone in Princess May's eyes, when she made her first public appearance with the Duke of York, were delightful to see, and the Duke of York's affection for Princess May was deep and sincere.



At the left: Edward VII, when Prince of Wales

Queen Victoria was pleased. She received the shy young bride-elect at Windsor with a grandmotherly kiss and told her grandson that he ought to think himself a lucky young man.

As soon as the engagement was made known, golden-haired, blue-eyed Princess May and her sailor fiancé went about in public and pleased everyone who saw them by their obvious happiness. They attended the opening of the Imperial Institute by Queen Victoria soon after the engagement was announced. The young couple tried to keep in the background, but the Queen, who was very much pleased with the betrothal, insisted that they should take their share of the cheering. Princess May was in her favorite blue and it was noticeable that she and the Duke of York often forgot the crowds around them, so wrapped up were they in each other.

The Prince and Princess of Wales welcomed May with open arms, and the young girl's love and admiration for Queen Alexandra, which grew greater as time went on, dated from the very first meeting after the betrothal when she was met with outstretched hands and a kiss and the remark: "I know you will make Georgie happy, my dear."

The Duchess of Teck insisted that the trousseau should be made in the British Isles. The gowns chosen by the young bride were all in soft shades and blue was a favorite color, just as it is with Princess Mary today. The bridal gown was woven at Spitalfields and was of silver and white brocade, with a design of roses, shamrock and thistle. The bridal veil was of Honiton lace and was the same one which was worn by the Duchess of Teck in 1866.

A Royal Wedding

Presents showered in upon the young couple. Both had so many friends in all stations of life that it was not surprising that the variety of gifts was immense. Not one of the ships to which the Duke of York had been commissioned failed to send some token of its esteem. These presents were arranged in a separate group at the Duke's express desire, and they were generally the first he showed to his friends.

Many mysterious little gifts arrived for Princess May. With a little homemade needle-case came the words: "To dear Princess May, with a mother's thanks for all she has done." A little lavender bag, with a letter written in an illiterate scrawl, bore the inscription: "Wishing you every happiness. and thanking you again for the words of comfort you gave me after my baby died."

Not for a long time had London seen such a pageant as that of the marriage of the Duke of York and Princess May, at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, on July 6, 1893. For several days before the event people had promenaded the route to see the decorations and on the morning of the wedding London was like a vast flower garden with roses and May blossoms.

Very beautiful was the entrance of the bride at the Chapel Royal between her father, the Duke of Teck, and her eldest brother, Prince Adolphus. Her white satin train was carried by ten royal princesses, who wore white satin dresses trimmed with silver Buckinghamshire lace, and carried bouquets of white York roses tied with silver. Each wore a bracelet enameled with the rose of York, the gift of the bridegroom.

The Duke at Home

After the wedding breakfast at Buckingham Palace, a wonderful spectacle with a gorgeous display of gold plate, the seven-tiered wedding cake was cut. Then Queen Victoria presented the bridal pair to the loyal crowd. The young bride slipped her hand into her husband's when she saw the sea of upturned faces from the balcony of the palace, and he drew her close to him. Soon afterward, the young couple started for York Cottage, Sandringham, where the honeymoon was to be spent. Showers of slippers and confetti fell upon the happy pair. Forgotten were the pomp and circumstance.

York cottage was only a small country house, simple in the extreme, but it was, as the Duke of York remarked to his father, "just what we wanted. And it was Bachelor's Cottage no longer.

One of the first things that the Duchess of York placed in her rooms at York Cottage was a little china ornament which Prince George had bought for her when they were children. It represented a small boy and girl kissing each other and became an emblem of a happy married life.

At the right: King George V, when Prince of Wales, with his family

Albert Davis Collection

Below: King George V, on his charger Silver Mark

Underwood & Underwood

During those early days the Duke and Duchess showed clearly how well they understood each other. There was no doubt that the young Duchess realized that life in the country was new and strange for the Duke after his many years in the navy. To become an heir apparent, a husband and a householder all in one year is something of a responsibility. But Princess May and her charming companionship atoned for all the sudden changes in the Duke's position.

Both the Duke and Duchess of York grew to love York Cottage, and were very glad that they had decided on it and not on Appleton Hall, a choice of either having been offered them by the Prince of Wales before their marriage. The Duke's argument in favor of York Cottage was that it was "sick of being a Bachelor's Cottage. It's dying to be a real, old-fashioned home, I know, and therefore it's just right for us." It became a home in the very fullest sense of the word.

The little house was enlarged and redecorated and a billiard-room built on. "George must have his billiards," said his wife when discussing the new room. "He loves to play; the game seems to fascinate him." "And I shall make *you* love to play it too!" laughed the Duke. And he did, for both became expert billiard players, and I have often watched an exciting match between them, sometimes ending in a triumph for the Duchess.

On one occasion the Duke visited some naval dockyards, and in the evening entered the billiard-room for a quiet game. When the marker was told that the Duke of York was to be one of the players, his self-possession forsook him altogether. Creeping up to an officer who was present, he said in a whisper loud enough to be heard distinctly by the royal visitor: "Excuse me, sir, do I call 'im 'Yer Royal 'Ighness' or 'Spot'?" The King's love for the game has continued to this day.

On June 23, 1894, a son and heir was born to the Duke and Duchess of York at White Lodge, Richmond, the home of the Duchess' parents. I had known how much the Duke wanted a son, for he made no secret of his longing and his joy at the news was very great: "I *am* glad. I *am* glad," and "I must teach him to love the sea," he murmured.

On June 26th Queen Victoria paid a visit to White Lodge. A tremendous rush was made to decorate the streets. The call lasted one hour while the three-days-old baby regarded his great-grandmother with awestruck eyes. After this the Queen returned through the crowded streets looking very proud and pleased.

A Wealth of Names

The great decision as to the names the child should bear was not made until several days later. So many relatives had to be considered and great care had to be exercised that no one should be offended. It was decided finally that the Prince should be christened Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David, honoring the Prince of Wales, two of the baby's great-grandfathers, the late Prince Consort and King Christian of Denmark, and the patron saints of the four parts of the United Kingdom.

The christening took place on July 16th, but before the ceremony two little events took place—the Duke of York held his son in his arms, and the Prince of Wales arrived and was delighted when his little grandson curled baby fingers round his own.

The Duke of York had been terribly nervous before the ceremony lest his son should not conduct himself properly

(*Continued on page 58*)

Uncle Sam

By John Erskine

The Story Thus Far:

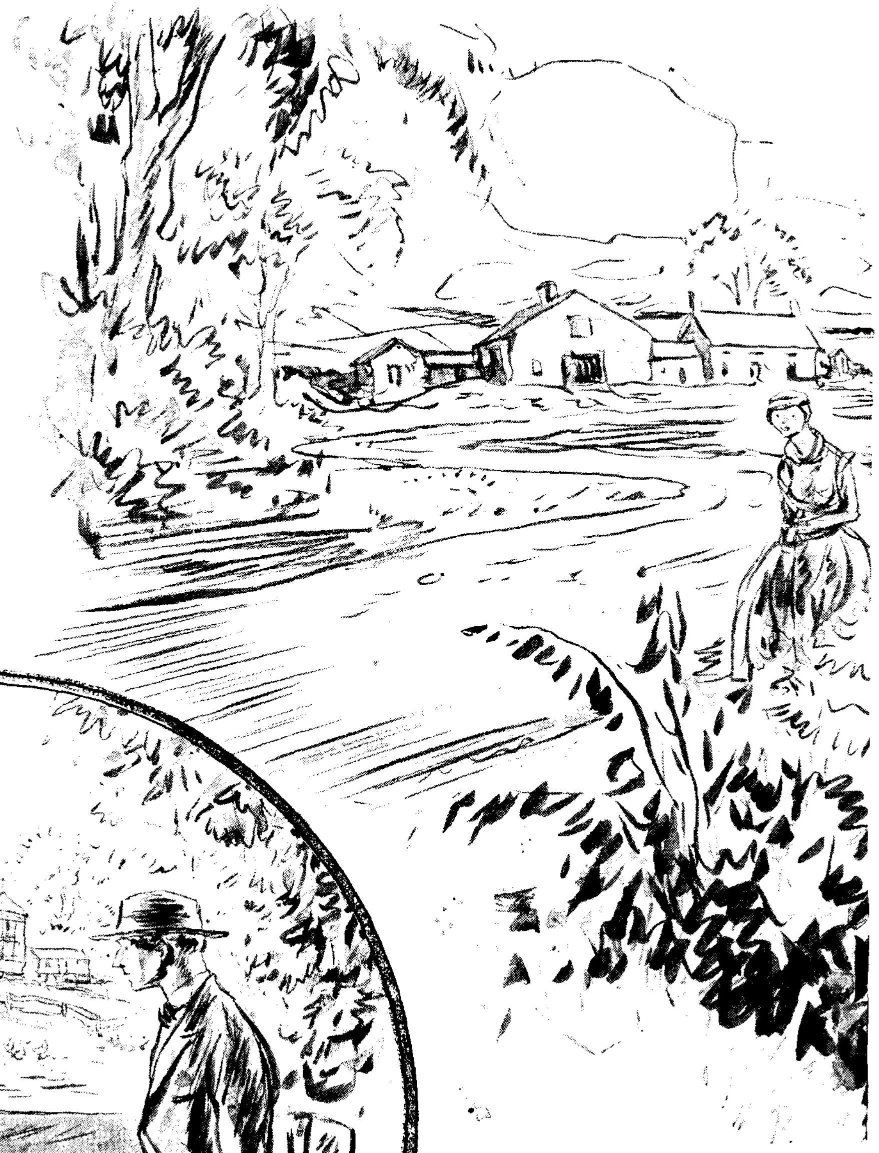
HIS father and mother both dead, regarded by his brothers—John, Frederick and Orlando—as a scatterbrained youth who will never "amount to much," watched over and protected by his adoring sister, Antoinette, who understands him, Sam (who in later years becomes "Uncle Sam") reaches the age when, school days over, he must get a job, do something.

Of life he knows little, and the memory of one bitter love-experience still lingers. Mary Stewart was her name. Sam met her at school. She was beautiful. Sam lost his heart to her. Apparently, his love was reciprocated. Then came the blow. Quite by chance, the boy learned that Mary was having an affair. Her lover was Sam's brother, Orlando! . . .

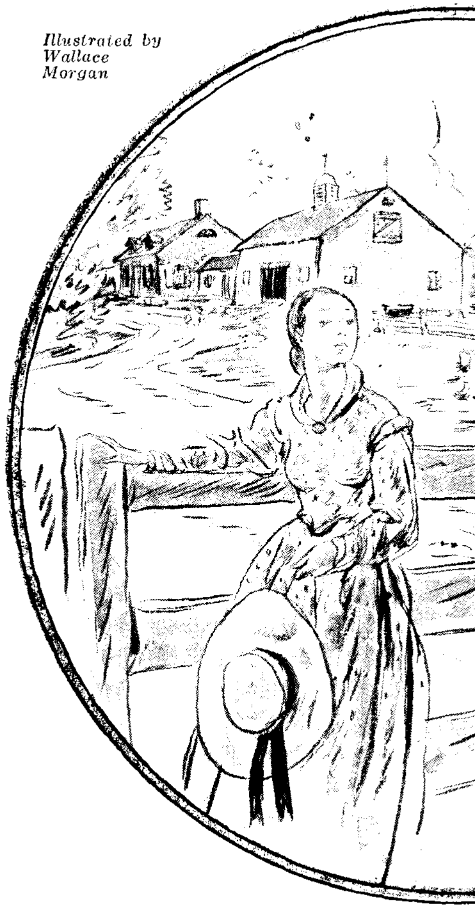
Confronted by the members of his family, who demand to know what he proposes to do to earn a living, Sam calmly announces that he intends to become a peddler. The family is shocked. His brothers remonstrate with him. But, having obtained a loan from Antoinette, he buys some tinware, slings it over his back, and sets forth.

"The road" proves fascinating, but far from profitable. A few months later, finding himself almost penniless, Sam becomes a school teacher in a tiny country school. His work interests him deeply. But his charges' parents mistrust him, disapprove strongly of his "queer notions" of teaching children. At last William Martin, the farmer who hired him, forces him to resign; and presently Sam's successor arrives. Sam meets her, and is amazed to find that she is an old schoolmate Priscilla, with whom he had once almost fallen in love.

The girl is attractive, quiet, well-poised, pretty. Sam thrills at the sight of her. She asks him eagerly what he plans to do. The answer he gives her surprises her, hurts her, makes her wonder what's happened to Sam. "I'm going to get a job as a lumberman," he tells her. "It pays better than school-teaching."



Illustrated by Wallace Morgan



"Sam, give up this lumbering, and find work more worthy of you"

III

WHEN Sam looked back on the incidents which led to his marriage, he was astonished at his passive attitude throughout the whole experience. He would have expected of romance a stronger push toward the active life. While he had been peddling, he had moved rapidly through a varied world, had caught glimpses of other people's homes, had satisfied the keen edge of curiosity. When he joined the lumber camp, it was in the hope of acquiring experience still more exciting, in the same outward or objective sense. But his interest in Priscilla, his falling in love, was a curiously inward process, something which happened to him, a slow growth to which he could ascribe certain causes, and the march of which he could measure by certain doubts, recurring at intervals.

He would not have believed that courtship could be wished on a man by circumstances. He wondered if normal man came to matrimony by the same inglorious path, call it destiny if you will, or accident.

When Priscilla arrived at the Martins', he was lonely; and Priscilla was a fine girl, and she stirred his memories of home.

Of course he knew in advance she wouldn't approve of the lumber camp—she would be for the intellectual life. He knew too that the family at home would condemn the change, yet he was a little saddened when Antoinette wrote to him. If John or Orlando had said it, he wouldn't have cared, but to learn that his wise sister was disappointed in him—well, it darkened his spirits for half an afternoon. His recovery was swift. Swinging his ax against a noble tree, he forgot to be unhappy. The men were burning some of the brush cut the week before and now dry, or nearly so. He liked the smell of damp wood burning, and as the day faded, he watched, as often as he could, the flames turning red and golden in the dusk. A good life. If Antoinette could see it, she would understand.

AT THE end of each strenuous day he was glad to fall into his bunk and sleep till dawn. But on Sundays, when the men sat around and talked, he became restive, uncertain of himself. Some of his companions grew loquacious over ancient amorous adventures, conquests of ladies whose resistance, Sam judged, had been slight. At first these histories were interesting. Indirectly they contributed to his knowledge of life, without at first disturbing him. He felt neither resentment against the men who talked, nor ambition to imitate them.

But there were other histories not so readily accepted, overlooked or forgotten. Some of the men lived chiefly in the present. Their Saturday evenings were spent with girls from the nearer farms. Much of the pleasure came, apparently, from success in smuggling the girl out of the house when her credulous parents thought her safe upstairs in maiden slumbers. Sam wondered why the men boasted of it, next morning. As though to prove the truth of their stories, they made a point of naming the girls. Several of his former pupils. Some of them still in Priscilla's class!

It was the love of the forest, of landscape, of nature, that had lured him to woodcutting, but here in the camp he learned about men and women. Rumors heard long ago, at home, in his own school days, he now began to understand. Perhaps his curiosity was a little stirred. It would give him no pleasure to treat one of these girls so shabbily, especially against her will—but from the accounts it wasn't against their will. Well, anyway, it would suit him better if he loved the girl, and if he did, he'd want to marry her, and their happiness wouldn't be a thing to talk about. Of course, he didn't know many girls. . . . He decided to call on Priscilla.

Mr. Martin was in the farmyard.

"Well, how's lumbering?"

"Fine! I like it."

"That's about what you'd be good at, I should think."

Sam overlooked the tribute.

"I'd like to call on the new teacher, if she's in."

"You can ask Mrs. Martin—the kitchen door."

Mrs. Martin was washing dishes, and came out drying her hands. Her manner suggested some fear that Sam intended to rob the house.

"She's in, but I don't think she'll see you. She's very tired."

He waited on the doorstep while she went upstairs. Priscilla ran down so quickly that he didn't need her words to know she was glad to see him.

"It's good of you, Sam! I was hoping you would!"

"Well, I wanted to come. What do you say to a walk up the road?"

She hesitated a moment. He recalled that other time, at school, when she had refused.

"I'd love it!" she said.

Till they were safely out on the road, they said nothing.

"How are you enjoying yourself?" Sam began.

"I'm glad to go walking."

"You know, you don't have to stay in all the time—you can go out alone—not that I don't want to come along."

"That's the trouble, I can't go out alone."

"Eh?"

"Mr. Martin's interested in the school. If I put my foot outside the door, he comes along."

Sam gave a low whistle. "*I* never affected him that way."

"He doesn't really bother me, but if Mrs. Martin should notice it, I don't believe she'd let me stay."

"You've guessed right!"

"I don't wish to be unjust—he has said nothing I could object to, but he does follow me around. I suppose it's his interest in the school. At heart he seems to be a good man. He had prayers this morning."

SAM grunted. "I never got up for prayers. His religious side escaped me. If ever he bothers you—"

"Oh, he won't—I shouldn't have mentioned it."

They walked on.

"Sam, I've had you in mind all this week. I want to ask a favor."

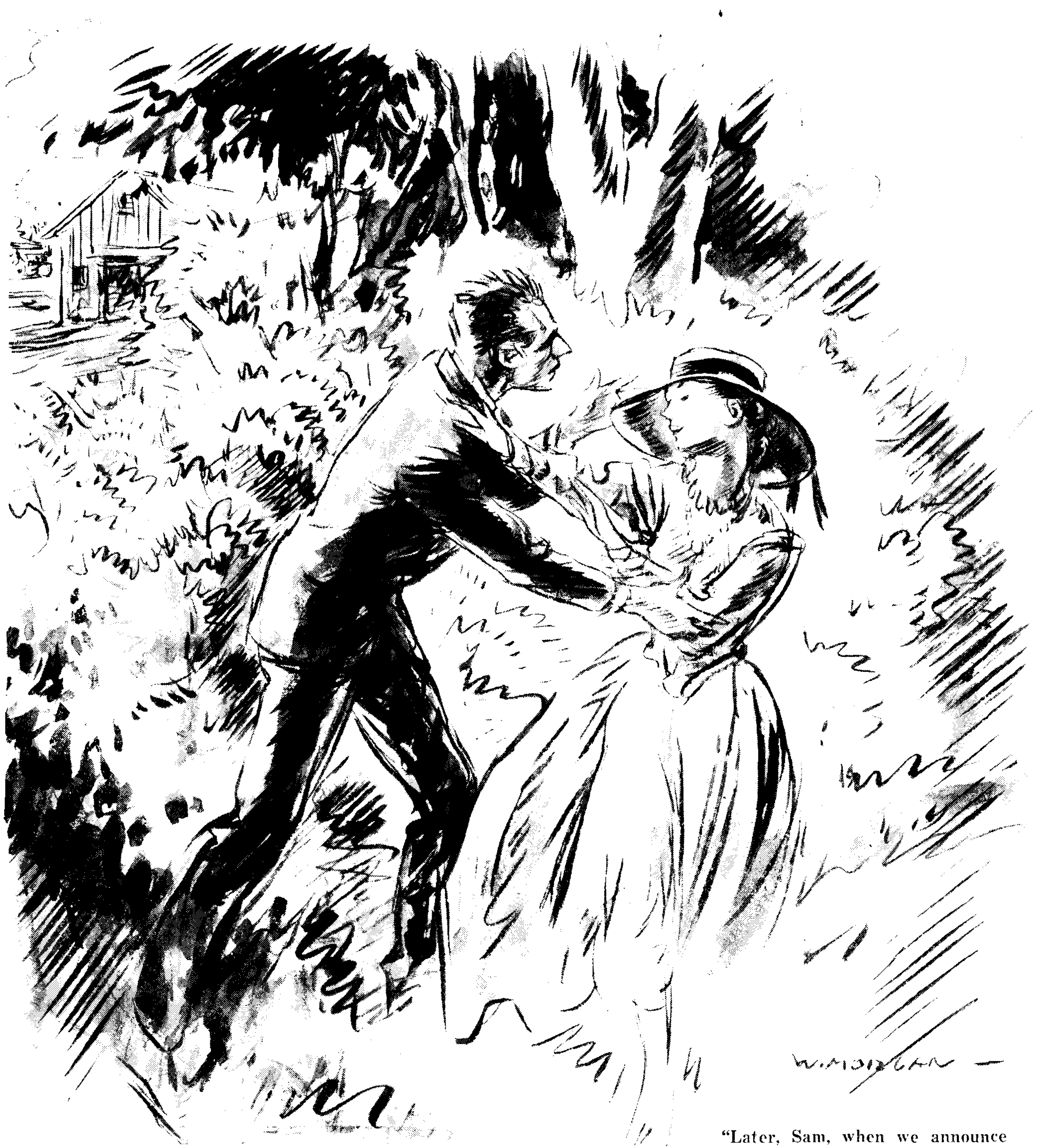
"Certainly. What?"

"Give up this lumbering, and find work more worthy of you."

"It's worthy of me, all right. Using an ax is an art. If something better than the lumbering turns up, I'll take it, but meanwhile I'm well off."

"No, you're not. You ought to be of real service to the world."

His thoughts went to his former



"Later, Sam, when we announce the engagement, when we are sure we can marry soon!"

pupils, who were now under her tutelage.

"Have you come to know any of those girls in the school?"

"One or two of the older ones."

"This is a bad spot for them to grow up in."

She raised her eyes, clearly at a loss.

"If what went on at home troubled you, what must you think of the behavior here?"

"How do they behave here?"

She knew nothing about it, after all! He was sorry he had begun.

"I suppose you haven't been here long enough to find out, and naturally they wouldn't tell you."

"Wouldn't tell me what?"

"What they do at night—with the men here."

She was horrified. But not at the girls.

"Sam, your mind is soiled!"

He stopped in the road, less because he resented her words than because they surprised him. For a second they looked at each other, before he walked on.

"Priscilla, you and I are not very well acquainted. My mind isn't soiled! When I heard those stories, I was as sorry as you are, but if they're true, we'd better know them, hadn't we?"

She flushed, he judged with indignation.

"They're not true! Those men in that lumber camp make up dirty gossip, and if you hadn't grown coarse with them, you wouldn't believe a word. I see those girls every day. If anything, they're *too* sheltered. They're as solemn as owls—and awfully homely."

She turned in the road. "We'll go back now."

WHEN she spoke again, they had almost reached the Martin farm.

"If it's true, what you said, then there's no use trying to teach them!"

"Why not? Don't they need it most? Not as you and I were taught—not so much spelling, perhaps, nor the history of Rome. They need to know other ways of being happy besides climbing out the window."

Priscilla spoke no more till they came to the farm gate.

"Sam, I'd give anything if your old self would come back—the kind of boy you were!"

The words carried affection—he couldn't be offended.

"I guess I need improvement, all right. I'll try to mend."

Her eyes were still on him.

"The next time we walk, we'll discuss pleasanter things, won't we?"

This manual labor, which Priscilla and Sam's family thought a disgrace, had in it a steady exaltation which he wouldn't pretend to dislike. In the sharp autumn, still more when the days were really cold, the swing of the ax made him conscious in every muscle, physically awake as he had never dreamt of being. Even to be weary at the end of the day was voluptuous. He became aware of values and savors—the light changing from dawn to dusk, the forest colors shifting their tones, the smell of damp earth, of moldering things. Every tree had its character, one patient and resigned, another proud and stubborn. So long as he kept busy, he was secure.

But in idle moments he wondered whether Priscilla's fears for him might not be just, whether he had not mislaid somewhere that sensitiveness which she and John and other admirable people seemed to prize. One Sunday morning after breakfast he fell into this mood of self-examination. At that moment Priscilla would probably be listening to Mr. Martin, at family prayers. Here at the camp the men were idling around the fire, not yet fully in the holiday spirit. Ethan Saunders frankly confessed to the need of more sleep. Sam watched him, stretched face downward on a rough bench.

Ethan, he reflected, probably no older than he, had already put behind him enough experience to satisfy the most ambitious. He was one of those who went into society Saturday nights, but not one of those who talked about it afterwards.

Sam watched him now, asleep with his arms under his head—long body, straight back, wide shoulders. He would have liked to know whether Ethan was ever troubled with thoughts, whether he ever studied himself, whether a pretty girl had ever told him he needed improvement. So far as one could judge from the outside, Ethan had been spared. Sam felt a twinge of envy.

HE HAD come to the woods to find a way of life in which a man might be at one with himself. Ethan perhaps had found it, but he had not. Perhaps he would have, if Priscilla hadn't arrived with her bent for setting things right, and her concern for his soul. But then, to be honest in that direction also, he was rather pleased that she had him on her mind.

If they should fall in love, sooner or later she'd find out what he thought about men like Ethan. Or if he kept his opinion to himself, it would be because he didn't trust her, or she wouldn't trust him. Just as well, on the whole, that they weren't likely to lose their hearts.

Why did his thoughts play around this theme? No such ideas had distressed him while he was peddling. . . .

Sam's meditations made him gloomy. He decided to go for a long walk. But before he got started, Ethan woke up.

"Where are you going, Sam?"

"No place in particular."

"I'll come along."

Ethan took a direction of his own, through the woods.

"Fine day, isn't it?" Sam conceded the point.

"Great country. When the trees are gone, there'll be as good farm land as you'd want."

"Didn't know you liked farming."

"I don't."

"Rather do lumbering myself. How long can a man keep at it?"

"Long as he likes, if he don't get fired."

"I mean, how long before he's bored? It's the same thing all the time, no amusements, nothing to set you up."

"Yes, in the real woods it's slow. Here it's all right, near the village."

SAM hadn't thought of the district as a village, but he caught the main point.

"I've noticed the men find something to do Saturday nights. It doesn't seem fair play."

"What doesn't?"

"The way they treat the girls around here."

"Did you ever have a girl before?"

"I haven't one now."

Ethan turned to see his face.

"Isn't the school-teacher your—don't you take her out?"

"Who told you that?"

"The Martin girl—Elizabeth."

At the name, Sam felt the local universe collapsing. Elizabeth! . . . With Ethan Saturday night! . . . Under Mrs. Martin's nose!

Ethan's voice brought him to himself, with a start. They were standing before a half-cleared stretch, around a dilapidated house.

"If you want to be a farmer here's your chance—you can buy this place for next to nothing."

"But what could you raise on it?"

"Cut the wood first—that's worth something. Then raise what you like."

Sam wondered if you could raise what you liked on any farm, but he neglected to ask. He was thinking of Elizabeth Martin. . . .

The day after his walk with Ethan, Antoinette's letter came—the momentous letter announcing that John had taken a wife.

"She's a pleasant sort of person," the letter said, "and not bad looking. John considers her beautiful. We were embarrassed that he didn't give us a little warning. John explains that sooner or later they would have married, anyway, and there was no virtue in delay. That is to define matrimony as an inevitable affliction, like catching cold.

"He tries to tell us, the uninitiated, how it happened. He says that since he couldn't have been lonely, living here with Orlando and Frederick and me, it must have been attraction, not propulsion, which made him gravitate toward Margaret. John's an honest soul, but he's no philosopher. He doesn't suspect how lonely one can be, in the largest household. I suppose there's no chance for philosophy when love sweeps you out of your sanity—an inundation the mind couldn't produce, and can't take hold of."

He applied her words to the things he had been trying to unravel. His half-thoughts about Priscilla began to crystallize. It may be that Antoinette's letter married him off. He gave himself seriously at last to the business of falling in love.

When he sought Priscilla again, it was because she had become a portion of himself, a mystic companion, influencing his opinion, affecting his choice. He was ready now. When the talk of the men around him became intolerable, he fled to her for refuge.

Her pleasure would have given courage to a less simple lover.

"Where have you been these ages, Sam? I feared you had forgotten me!"

"Busy—I haven't left the camp once —except for a walk or two."

"But *I* should have been glad to come —if you had wanted me."

"I did want you."

She put on her hat and coat, and they started out together.

FOR a few moments there was silence. Then Sam spoke:

"You ought to have a home, Priscilla. A beautiful girl like you wasn't intended to board around among the Martins."

"Some day I'd be glad to have a home, but that's far off."

He searched for the right words, not too abrupt:

"I'd like a home myself."

"Every man ought to have one. Sam you must get into some real work, and have a home of your own."

"The work isn't important."

"What is?"

"The girl, of course."

"Oh, of course—but that part will arrange itself."

"Do you think so? I'd be lucky if I could find the right girl."

"She'll appear, when the time comes."

"If she does, she won't just have me automatically—I'll have to do something about it."

Priscilla laughed. "Yes, you really ought to go so far as to propose."

She startled him. The men at the camp had said that women were all alike. Well, he didn't mind if they were.

"Priscilla, would you—it's asking a lot, I know—would you marry me?"

If he had struck her, she couldn't have been more surprised.

"Sam!"

"I say, Priscilla—if I've offended you any way, I'm sorry!"

She found strength enough to walk on.

"Do you really love me, Sam? I wonder!"

"I've been wondering about it, too, all these weeks. I didn't come back till I was sure. You're the one I love—I know that. Of course, I'm not handsome, nor rich—not yet. If you don't care to marry me, you probably have sense."

She smiled at his phrase.

"If I won't have you, will you grieve forever?"

HE TURNED his honest eyes straight at her.

"Probably not. But I'll always wish you *had* cared for me. However, if you don't love me, that ends it."

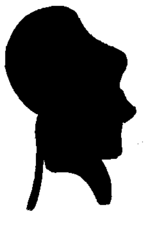
She stopped in the road and took hold of the lapels of his coat.

"I'm not sure, Sam—I'm not at all sure."

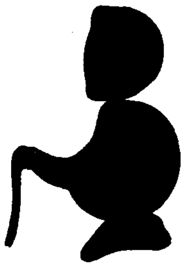
"If you're not sure you don't want me, the rest will take care of itself. We like the same things, we know each other pretty well, we've come together without our planning it—I guess we were meant to marry."

Darkness Dawns

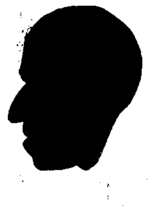
AND the result is black magic. Look below and you'll see some typical specters conjured up by adepts in the science of Colliergraphing. It's a fascinating game, this shadow juggling. And the shadows are trained shadows: give them a chance and they'll make a picture almost of their own accord. Why not let them work for you?



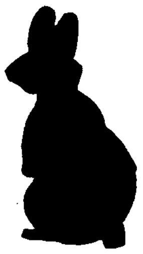
Annette Marran, 3933 Kansas, San Diego, Cal.



J. Haslett Bell, 1085 Corona St., Denver, Col.



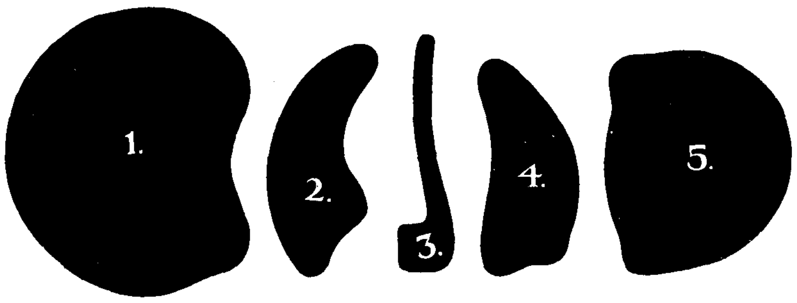
Emma Jones, 1535 N. Rural St., Indianapolis, Ind.



Veleda L. Bohn, 812 Chestnut St., Evansville, Ind.

Here are the pieces - cut them out

CUT out these five black figures. For greater ease in manipulation, mount each separately on cardboard. Then lay them on top of one another and shift them about until you have achieved a silhouette of the person, animal or plant you have in mind. When you are satisfied with the result, paste the pieces together and mail them to: Colliergraphs Editor, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. Five dollars each will be paid for those published. None can be returned.



If they had known each other more than pretty well, she would never again have asked if his feelings were deep. As he stood there watching her, he had a vision of the future, till the end of time. He thought he saw before him, in the earnest, somewhat frightened girl, his mate, mother of his children, of his children's children. He knew that some of them, the best, would cherish this moment and call it often from the past, this moment when he and Priscilla had stood in the bleak road and pledged themselves comrades forever.

As a matter of fact, Priscilla was thinking that he took a good deal for granted.

"If we are to marry, you'll have to give up woodcutting."

"All right. We can't live on what I earn at the camp. I'll find something else to do."

"Sam, I didn't mean money. You always bring the talk around to that. Whether or not we marry, I want you to be what you could be, with a little more self-respect."

"Will you marry me if I'm a farmer?"

"But you can't buy a farm! You haven't the—"

She stopped just in time.

"Were you going to pronounce that evil word? There you are, Priscilla! I never thought of money in any other way. Sooner or later one has to have it. I'll get some and buy a farm."

She started to walk again. This time it was he who caught the edge of her cloak and held her to him.

"Priscilla—if I can buy the farm—not at once, of course, but in a little while, a farm of our own—will you marry me?"

She looked down at the ground a long moment, then smiled up at him, a brave smile.

"Sam dear, it's your duty to be a great man. I'm glad you asked me to help. As soon as you have the farm—"

He caught her to him. She let him find her lips, as though it were an interruption to be patient under, then pushed him away.

"Sam! Right here—in the road?"

Her dignity, of course, was something to admire. He should have known better than to kiss her in public. He walked happily by her side, planning their future, till they were near the Martin farm. Then he drew her into a clump of bushes. She put one soft hand over his mouth.

"Later, Sam, when we announce the engagement, when we are sure we can marry soon!"

Well, in such matters, no doubt, she ought to have her way. He resolved to buy that farm at once.

When they stepped out of the bushes, Elizabeth Martin was walking toward them. As they passed, he looked sharply at her. In her plain face he could detect neither interest nor intelligence.

For her own reasons, Priscilla thought he shouldn't see her too often. Her immense discretion annoyed him, but he put his energies into earning the home in which at last she was to become more cordial. What Ethan had said, proved true—the forest farm, the deserted and overgrown acres, could be had for a song. He put his wages aside, and probed the mystery of mortgages.

Through the winter, from time to time, he walked out and looked at the place, to be sure it was still there. In the late spring, as the woodcutting drew to an end, he bought it.

"Here's the deed." He tried not to be too proud. "You can marry me now."

"Sam! I'd no idea you could buy it so soon!"

"Well, most of it's on mortgage, but we'll pay it off. It's not much."

"You haven't told me where it is."

"I'd rather show you. Let's walk out there."

WHAT her thoughts were at sight of her new home, he couldn't guess. She stood for a long while before the tangled prospect.

"It's mostly trees and bushes, isn't it!"

"They'll have to be cut. The gang will soon have those acres cleared, where we're working now. I heard the boss say the other owners wouldn't sell any more trees."

"I'm glad they won't! There'll hardly be a stick left!"

"Well, I've arranged to sell them my wood next winter. It'll pay for the place, and when they get through, I can farm it."

She looked disappointed.

"Then we can't marry till after next winter!"

"Of course we can! I'll move over, start a small garden and begin to raise things, repair the house, and be ready for you in the autumn. Then we can live here while the trees are cut, and I can do some of it myself."

She shook her head.

"You'd still be nothing but a lumberman. I promised to marry you when you were a farmer."

He paused, as though about to protest, then gave in.

"All right. We'll marry a year from this spring. I'll be ready."

Perhaps she feared he might doubt her affection. She put her hands on his shoulders—for her, a rather vivid gesture.

"If I didn't love you so much, Sam, I wouldn't insist. You understand?"

"If it's what you want, I'm satisfied. I'm hurrying as fast as I can. I did think you might take me as a farmer when I had the land and began to clear it."

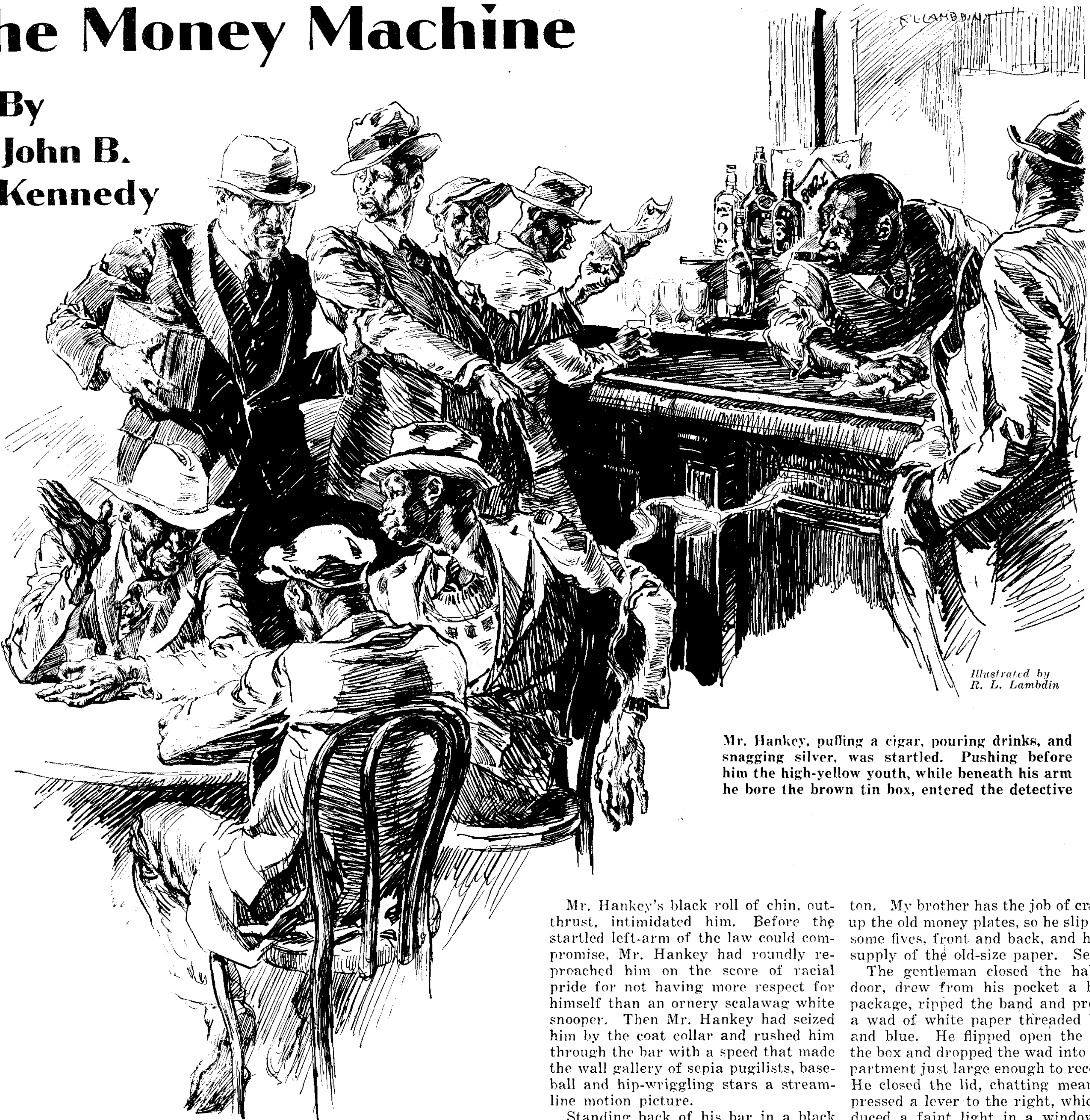
"Sam, it won't be long. I'll teach another year, and next autumn we'll announce the engagement, so I can walk out here and fix up the house. That will be happiness, won't it? Preparing our home!"

He leaned down and kissed her. This time she did not push him away, yet

(*Continued on page 57*)

The Money Machine

By
John B.
Kennedy



Illustrated by
R. L. Lambdin

Mr. Hankey, puffing a cigar, pouring drinks, and snagging silver, was startled. Pushing before him the high-yellow youth, while beneath his arm he bore the brown tin box, entered the detective

It was a simple little instrument, but it made money—of course Mr. Hankey bought it!

THE money machine was a squat, brownish tin box straddled on a fumed-oak buffet in the smoky rear room of Taff Hankey's Harlem saloon. Mr. Hankey was also squat and brownish—brownish to black in. Regular patrons of his establishment, admitted to the conspiratorial atmosphere of the rear room, eyed the tin box with casual curiosity. Some asked questions which Mr. Hankey answered with grunts. Engrossed with liquor and plots, they did not press for information. Knowing Mr. Hankey they also knew they would have failed to get it under any pressure.

Mr. Hankey never looked at the machine without a baleful light in his eye. It was a monument to his own gullibility. For approximately eight years Mr. Hankey had thrived on the discovery that Afro-American citizens exercised constitutional liberty by scorning a certain amendment with no less zeal than their white compatriots who pursued happiness at the hazard of being themselves pursued. For eight years Mr. Hankey had poured happiness—at thirty cents a shot, gin; forty cents a shot, whisky. And this experience as an illegal tavernkeeper had endowed him with the callous cuteness of the racketeer who deems himself racket-proof.

YET it was but three days before that he had received his bitter blow. On the heels of a minor triumph over a predatory dry agent, too. The dusky law enforcer, parading the purlieus of the world's largest Negro community, had spotted Mr. Hankey's premises and entered with the high enterprise of either doing his duty or knocking off a substantial piece of change to forget it. In the rear room he flashed a badge and called for fifty dollars.

Mr. Hankey's black roll of chin, outthrust, intimidated him. Before the startled left-arm of the law could compromise, Mr. Hankey had roundly reproached him on the score of racial pride for not having more respect for himself than an ornery scalawag white snooper. Then Mr. Hankey had seized him by the coat collar and rushed him through the bar with a speed that made the wall gallery of sepia pugilists, baseball and hip-wriggling stars a streamline motion picture.

Standing back of his bar in a black glow of victory, Mr. Hankey felt righteously vindicated and kindly disposed when the villain entered. A white-faced villain smoking a cigar and bearing a mysterious brown tin box. His sharp eyes pricked into Mr. Hankey's. He spoke speedily, with an upper Lexington Avenue accent, which implied—although Mr. Hankey cared nothing for that—that his immediate ancestors had been sprightly enough to dodge pogroms in Poland.

"See this here," he began—and they moved, Mr. Hankey and he, to the rear room for a demonstration.

"I got a brother," the gentleman said, displaying the machine. "He worked in the currency printing department down in Washington."

"Yeh," grunted Mr. Hankey. "This is one o' them money machines, heh? I heard o' them."

"You ain't heard o' this one," said the gentleman, gauging accurately the degree of Mr. Hankey's sophistication and intelligence. "You know this new-size money's comin' out? Well, they're printin' it now down there in Washington. My brother has the job of cracking up the old money plates, so he slips aside some fives, front and back, and hooks a supply of the old-size paper. See?"

The gentleman closed the half-shut door, drew from his pocket a banded package, ripped the band and produced a wad of white paper threaded by red and blue. He flipped open the top of the box and dropped the wad into a compartment just large enough to receive it. He closed the lid, chatting meanwhile, pressed a lever to the right, which produced a faint light in a window near the mouth of the machine—a slit cut about an inch below the lid. Then he turned a metal wheel attached to the left side of the machine.

"You got to turn this wheel halfway round, first," he said. "That prints one side. You let that dry, about five minutes. Then you turn the wheel the other half."

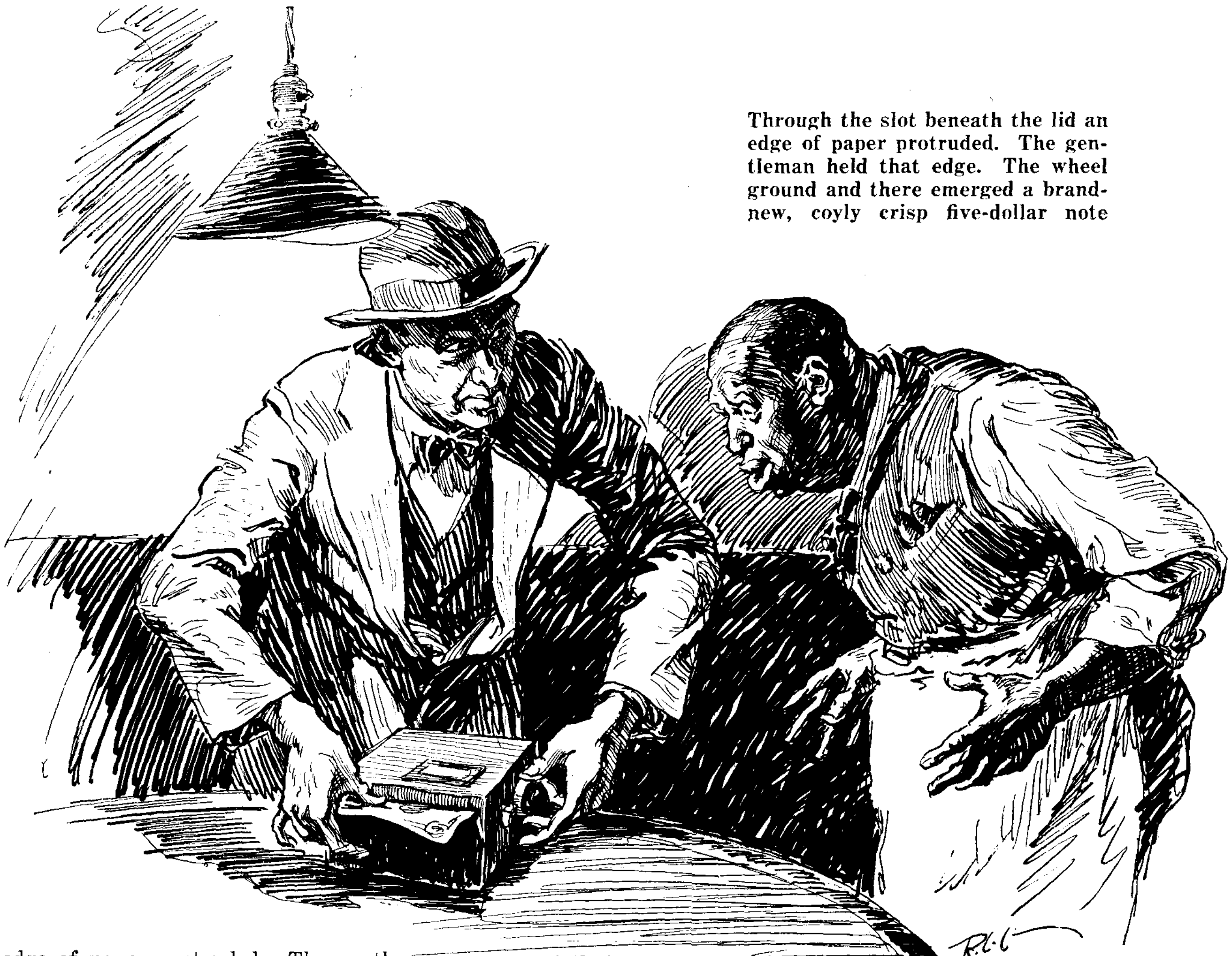
DURING the intermission he ordered drinks, and explained more about his brother down in Washington.

Mr. Hankey's skepticism, at first militant, gradually succumbed to the smooth recital. Mr. Hankey's dusky jowls drooped beside a gaping mouth. His eyes protruded over the machine. Mr. Hankey had received and accepted numerous opportunities to cash in on alert deals with his clientele, deals no more or less illicit than Mr. Hankey's basic business.

At the end of five minutes the gentleman finished his second drink.

"Now you turn this wheel in reverse," he said, "and see what happens."

Through the slot beneath the lid an



Through the slot beneath the lid an edge of paper protruded. The gentleman held that edge. The wheel ground and there emerged a brand-new, coyly crisp five-dollar note

edge of paper protruded. The gentleman secured that edge with fingers whose nails were marked by honest toil. The wheel ground and there emerged a brand-new, coyly crisp five-dollar note.

This he bestowed on Mr. Hankey, who examined it with careful curiosity.

"You can have the whole works for two hundred dollars," said the gentleman.

"Not me," said Hankey promptly. "That's a jail racket."

"If caught," said the gentleman. "But who's to catch you? I'll leave the machine here while I go out to eat. You work it and if you ain't satisfied I'll take it back."

This frank proposal disarmed Mr. Hankey—to a degree. The gentleman left. Mr. Hankey waited on two cap-visored customers, colored gentlemen whose whisperings mildly alarmed Mr. Hankey. He knew them to be bad men plotting dark deeds.

WHEN they had departed with emboldened spirits, Mr. Hankey slid into his rear room and tried the machine. Five minutes produced another paper edge in the slot, which turned out to be five dollars. He was in the act of repeating the operation for the fifth or sixth time, successfully, when the gentleman who had sold the machine entered with a large and stern-faced colored man.

"I'll take that machine, bo," said the white gentleman. "This lad wants it right away."

The lad glared at Mr. Hankey.

"He's giving me three hundred dollars for it," said the white gentleman, invading the rear room.

"You said two hundred," Mr. Hankey protested.

"Three hundred sounds better," said the white gentleman.

The stern Negro produced an enormous wallet.

"Here's money," he said, significantly.

The white gentleman deliberated. He regarded Mr. Hankey appraisingly, discerned cupidity glistening in every pore of his dusky countenance.

"I got another machine for you," he told the large Negro. "See here," he addressed Mr. Hankey. "This is yours for two hundred and those bills you printed while I was out."

Mr. Hankey, confused but eager, accepted the deal. The stern Negro argued with energy and relented only when assured of another machine at once.

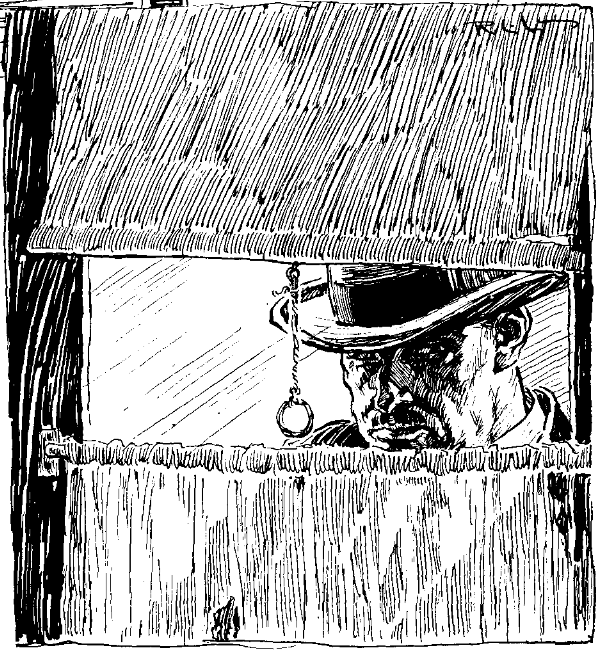
Following their departure Mr. Hankey suddenly wondered how he could replenish the supply of threaded bank-note paper. But he supposed that was the catch in the thing. There had to be a catch somewhere.

He waited with celerity on his customers during the after-lunch rush, and gathered, from scraps of conversation issuing through many pairs of thick lips, that the community was in for all sorts of surprises that afternoon and evening. By actual count, had Mr. Hankey been sufficiently interested to count, out of fourteen customers present, thirteen had police records for crap games, hold-ups, mayhem, house-breaking and similar enterprises that help to make the pattern of life what it is in crowded Harlem.

Mr. Hankey memorized no details, although as a rule these served to secure him from molestation when discreetly passed on to the sergeants of Precinct Fifteen. He was too eager to return to the money machine.

Secluded in his rear room he pressed the lever, turned the wheel halfway and whiled away five minutes in silent wonder at the mysterious simplicity of the contraption. He turned the wheel halfway again, waited, then reversed it a full revolution. An edge of paper protruded and Mr. Hankey ground out a crisp five-dollar note.

Grunting amiably, he repeated the process. The lever turned on lights—dim, mysterious lights in the midriff of the box. The wheel turned. He waited. Turned the wheel again. Waited. Reversed the revolution. Again a five-dollar note—bearing unmistakably the likeness of Honest Abe Lincoln.



Glancing toward the door, he saw steady eyes peering over a ragged curtain

THIS was fortune. Mr. Hankey locked the door, leaving the barroom unguarded against all comers. He pressed the lever, turned the wheel, waited; turned again, reversed, and eagerly ground out another note.

Something, however, was wrong. This note bore no likeness of Honest Father Abraham. Instead it was a tawdry yellow-and-green throw-away, with the imprint of a fat, negroid lady advertising a colored burlesque troupe. Anxious repetition of the printing process had a like result. Another performance of the rite produced only a slip of blank bill paper.

Slowly it dawned on Mr. Hankey that the gentleman was no gentleman—that he had been rooked. Lifting the lid of the machine he extracted the pad of bank-note paper. Angrily, he tossed it away.

For three successive days Mr. Hankey was a changed man. He glowered at all customers, issued no drinks on the house, growled darkly at chidings, and prowled the neighborhood at nights seeking a white-faced gentleman and a large, stern Negro.

THE quest was unfruitful; but the deepest gloom is rarely unrelieved by a flicker of promising light. Mr. Hankey found his unexpectedly one afternoon when a high-yellow youth came gustily seeking refreshment. He was fashionably attired and spoke glibly of heavy money made at the policy racket.

"Ah've cleaned up, Poppa," he announced cheerily, waving currency before Mr. Hankey's dour gaze. "And lots more where that come from."

He lowered five biting whiskies and began to talk foggily of vague enterprises. Mr. Hankey shooed from the place two less prosperous gentlemen of the race who seemed inclined to a personal interest in the blithesome customer. Then Mr. Hankey left the youth wrestling with his sixth shot, retired to the rear room and adjusted two new five-dollar bills of the old vintage in the compartment of the money machine.

His manner was spuriously genial when he resumed his post behind the bar.

Mr. Hankey had successfully demonstrated the printing of one note to the befuddled youth, who acclaimed him a wizard, when he heard the outer door thrust open. To his amazement he faced the large, stern Negro who had first appeared with the white gentleman.

They exchanged hostile glances. From the rear room came muffled sounds of the high-yellow youth marveling at the money machine.

"Gi' me a drink," the stern Negro demanded.

"Any drink I give you, feller, will make you turn somersaults," said Mr. Hankey.

"See here," said the stern Negro, "is you in that fraud?"

Mr. Hankey glared and gasped.

"Ask me that, you!" he exploded.

"You and that white cuss," the stern Negro accused. "You gi' me that run-around 'bout a machine to mint money."

"Exactly my sentiments," rasped Mr. Hankey, clutching an ice-pick beneath the counter.

"Where's that white man frien' o' yours?" barked the stern Negro.

Mr. Hankey laughed ungenially.

"You got stung too, eh?" he grinned. But he checked himself. The high-yellow youth had emerged gleefully waving a brand-new five-dollar bill. Before Mr. Hankey could suppress him the stern Negro, glancing toward the door, had seen steady eyes beneath a gray fedora peering over a ragged curtain. The stern Negro promptly loped to the end of the bar and disappeared in the rear room. As the door closed, a thickset, broad-shouldered white man entered. He eyed Mr. Hankey coldly. Mr. Hankey emitted a submissive grunt. The white man pushed the spluttering high-yellow youth from his path, walked slowly to the door of the rear room and slowly opened it.

"Come on out, you!" he commanded.

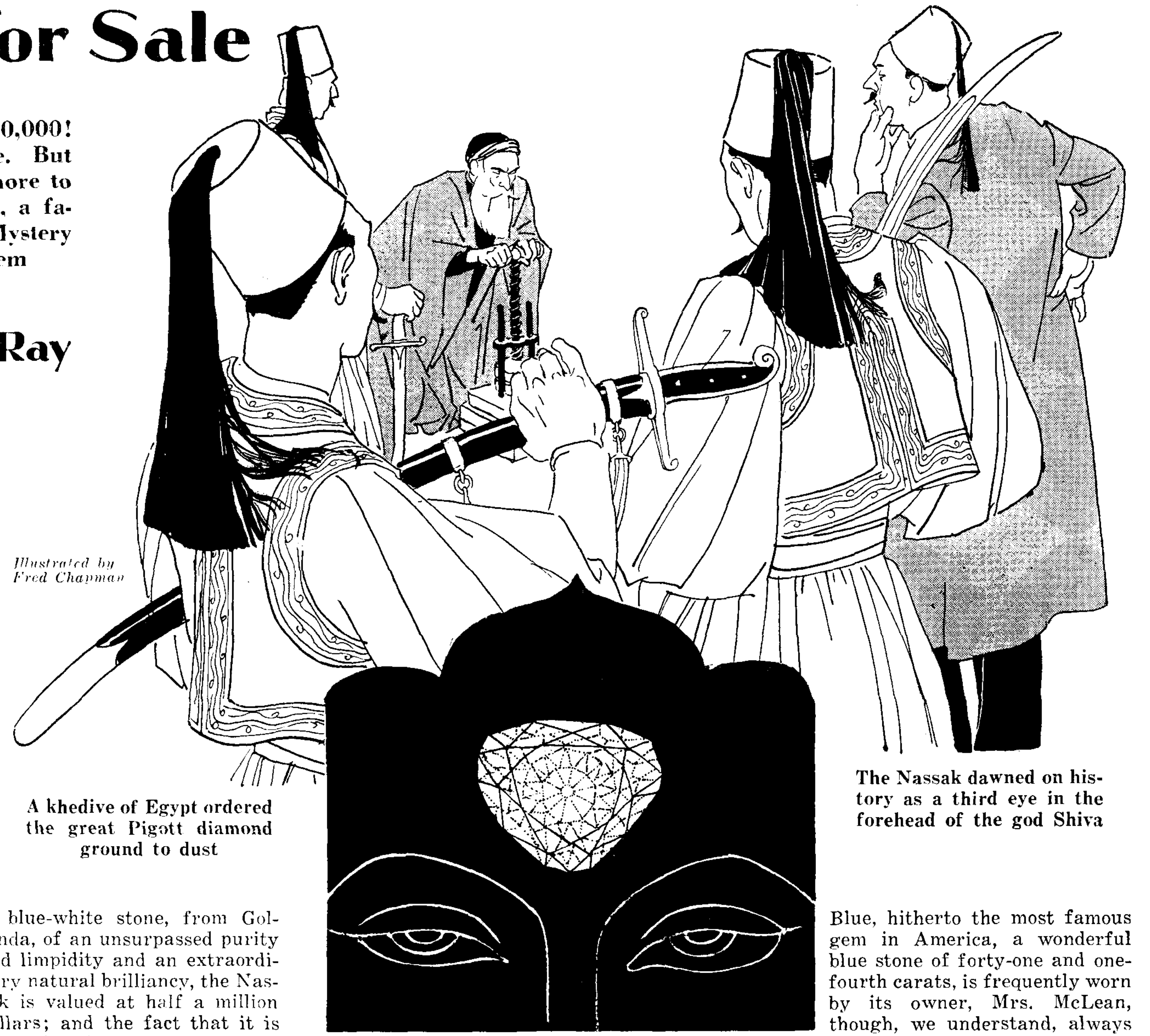
The stern Negro emerged—less stern than scared. Swiftly the detective frisked him, while the high-yellow was

(*Continued on page 61*)

Romance For Sale

Semi-precious yet valued at $30,000! That's a star sapphire, not a joke. But if you have half a million or more to spend, we can offer you pearls, a famous diamond, antique jade. Mystery and romance come with them

By Marie Beynon Ray



Illustrated by Fred Chapman

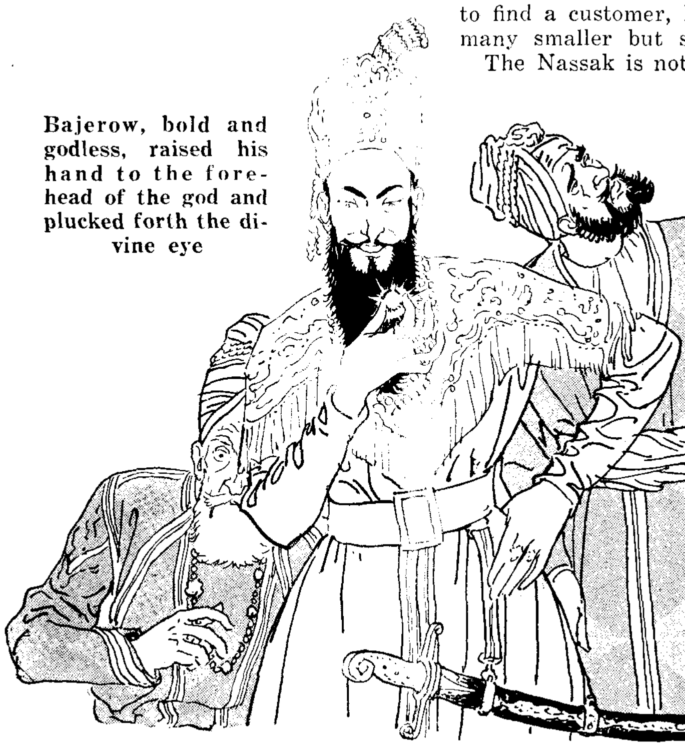
A khedive of Egypt ordered the great Pigott diamond ground to dust

The Nassak dawned on history as a third eye in the forehead of the god Shiva

THERE are gems which rank with the Cæsars and Napoleons of the world—gems so famous that everyone knows something of their adventurous lives, so historic that museums or royal treasuries are their only fit abiding place. Such stones the Koh-i-noors, the Cullinans, the Excelsiors of earth—no private individual ever hopes to possess. But there are other famous jewels which have led colorful and historic lives and now lie in jewelers' cases and vaults awaiting purchasers—a diamond stolen from a god, pearl earrings which once hung in the ears of the tragic Empress Charlotte of Mexico, a set of incomparable little jades which long ago gleamed on the neck, ears and fingers of a little Chinese princess.

One such gem, indeed, does rank with the Cæsars of gemdom—the Nassak diamond which is living quietly (for the moment) in a little jewelry shop on Park Avenue. One enters what seems to be an ordinary apartment house by a small, tradesmen's sort of entrance, and inside one rings the bell of a door with a narrow glass pane in the top. A curtain is drawn aside, an eye peers out, and if we appear innocuous but wealthy, alone and unarmed, we are admitted—by a guard who is certainly not unarmed.

The Nassak is numbered among the twenty greatest diamonds of the world. It is almost as large as the Koh-i-noor, being one and one-fourth inches in diameter while the Koh-i-noor is less than one and one-half inches. The Nassak has the same diameter as the Regent. It comes from mines which will never produce its like again, for the great mines of Golconda, which have given us many of the finest diamonds in the world, are practically exhausted.



Bajerow, bold and godless, raised his hand to the forehead of the god and plucked forth the divine eye

A blue-white stone, from Golconda, of an unsurpassed purity and limpidity and an extraordinary natural brilliancy, the Nassak is valued at half a million dollars; and the fact that it is the only diamond of the outstanding twenty of all time which is (or is ever likely to be) for sale gives it unusual interest.

A Lucky Stone

Some of the famous twenty have disappeared—doubtless forever. Of the Nizam, the River of Light, we now have only legends. Are they lost, secreted in some Hindu temple or Persian harem, or willfully destroyed like the great Pigott, a stone over an inch in diameter which a khedive of Egypt ordered ground to dust that it might not fall into the hands of his enemies?

Others of the famous twenty, failing to find a customer, have been cut into many smaller but still colossal gems.

The Nassak is not without a history of its own, though it is not a bloody one. It is essentially a Happy Diamond, a Lucky Stone, not, like so many of the others, bringing death, rapine, murder, war and terror in its train. It dawns on history—in history's first centuries—as a third eye in the forehead of the god Shiva in the temple of Nassak, on the banks of the Upper Godavari; and from this awesome position no thief, however desperate, ever contemplated stealing it. There, surrounded with the mystery of godhead, it remained untouched until comparatively recent times—until there came one bold enough and godless enough to raise his hand to the forehead of the god and pluck forth the divine eye. This did Bajerow, the last of the independent Peshwas; and when, in 1818, Colonel Briggs defeated this despoiler of divinity he found the Nassak among the Peshwa's possessions, which now became British loot. It was given as a reward to the Marquis of Hastings, leader of the campaign, and by him was presented to the East India Company, who sent it to London, where it aroused almost as much curiosity and awe as the Koh-i-noor. Finally, in 1837, it was bought by the Marquis of Westminster; and on the day that Queen Victoria celebrated the first youthful birthday following her accession to the throne, the resplendent Marquis appeared at her drawing-room, wearing in the hilt of his sword (as Napoleon wore the Regent) the amazing Nassak. And from that day until its recent purchase by the French jeweler who now owns it, it remained the property of the Westminster family.

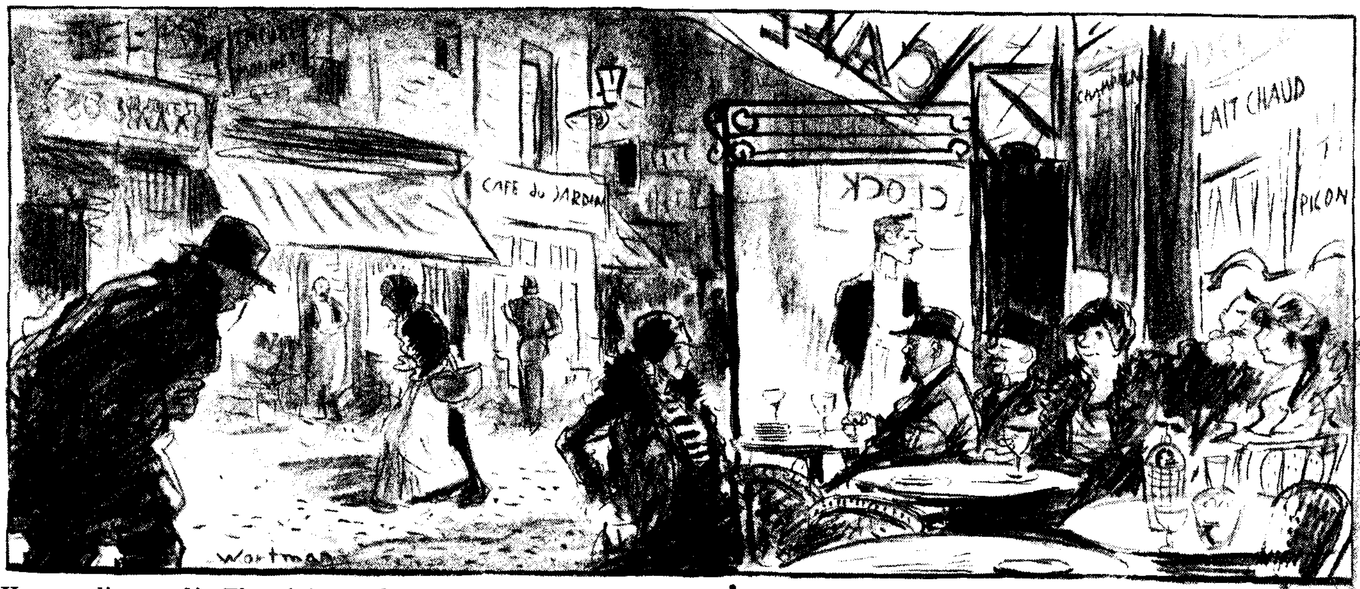
The Sancy, otherwise known as the Sphinx, and, until the acquisition of the Regent by Louis XV, the most prized of the French crown jewels, is in the possession of Lady Astor; the Hope Blue, hitherto the most famous gem in America, a wonderful blue stone of forty-one and one-fourth carats, is frequently worn by its owner, Mrs. McLean, though, we understand, always in the presence of a bodyguard; and a stone far larger than the Koh-i-noor and, it is said, finer than the Cullinan is worn quite nonchalantly and without the surveillance of bodyguards by that Queen of Diamonds, Miss Peggy Joyce. Miss Joyce is said to have the largest fortune in diamonds of any woman in the world today—and this particular one is the outstanding piece in her collection. It is an absolutely perfect stone, which is extremely rare in a gem of this size, and is a soft, beautiful blue. It had no name or history before Miss Joyce bought it (it will now doubtless acquire both), for it was a spick-and-span new stone from the Kimberley mines. No detective is needed to guard it, for one might as well steal the Twentieth Century tracks for all the chance one would have of disposing of it.

There is likewise a necklace or two in this country which is just being born to its fame—one in particular is claimed by the owners and affirmed by many authorities to be the finest string of pearls for sale in the world today. One may be the rankest amateur, one may be the most discerning connoisseur, one cannot look upon these pearls without feeling their unearthly beauty.

The Napoleon-Josephine Legend

This string has been twenty years in the forming. Several times, when it was almost completed, some new, rarer pearl was suddenly fished out of the Persian Gulf and all the pearls must then be matched to this new marvel! Only two years ago the work of years was once more destroyed and the task of matching an almost matchless new pearl begun. The completed strand, which is priced just under the million-dollar mark, fits loosely around the throat.

(*Continued on page 48*)

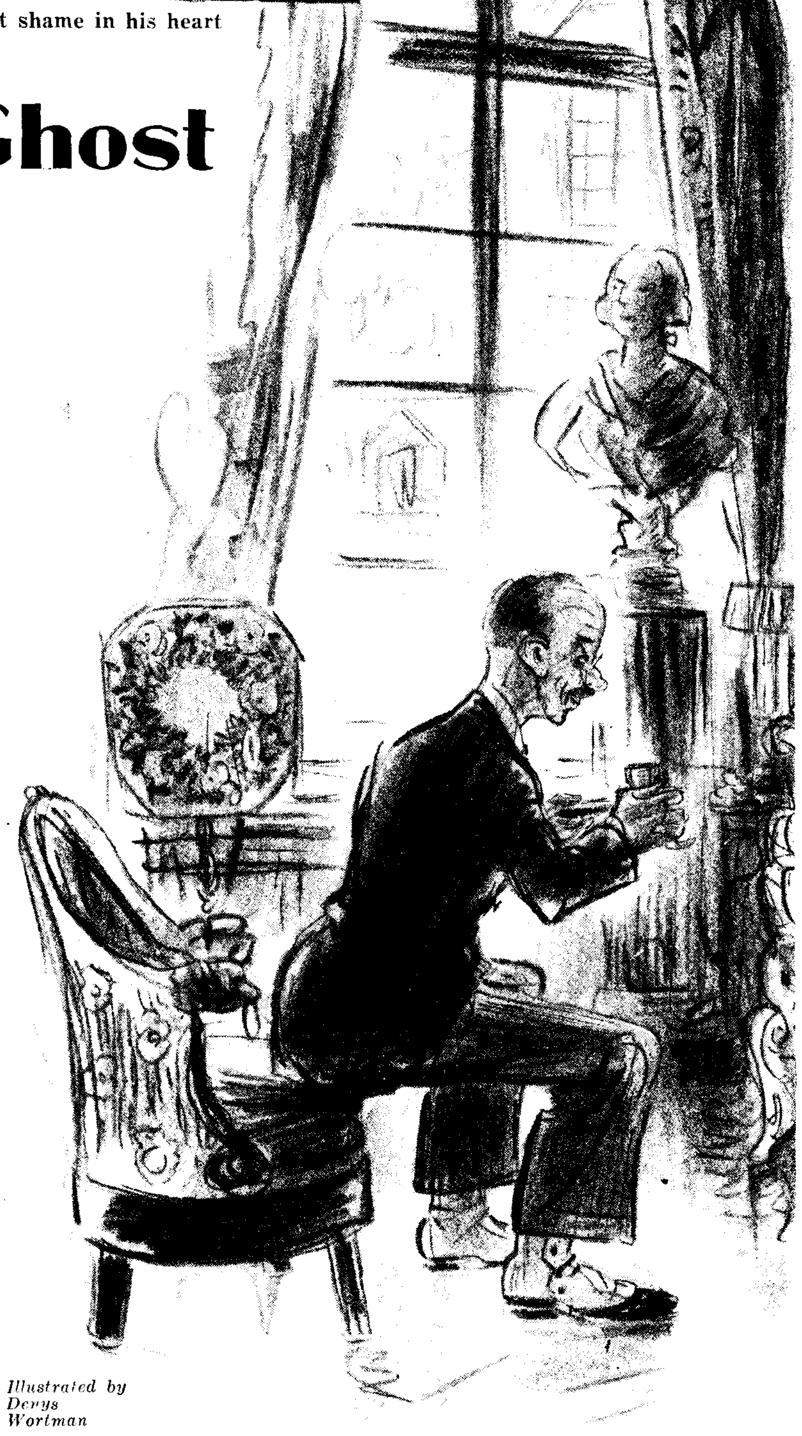


He was disgraced! The night air blew on his fevered brow, but it did nothing for the hot shame in his heart

The Unmentionable Ghost

By Leonard Merrick

A story of incredible horrors warranted to destroy your night's rest with spasms of hilarity



Illustrated by Denys Wortman

ON THE 29th of January, 1924, the aspect of a miracle transfigured Paris. Some hundreds of taxicab drivers were on strike. In the extraordinary quietude couples on the sidewalks could actually have conversed in undertones, though, being French, they still shouted. The young stared at their tranquil city as at an unimagined world. The old reviewed days when the capital that has become a pandemonium on tires, wherein it is a perilous adventure to take a walk, was called the "Saunterer's Paradise." People who wanted taxicabs said it was a confounded nuisance.

One of these people was a little notary, who stood on the Boulevard de la Madeleine with a large bouquet in his hand. Monsieur Gosselin strongly desired to present his gift in person to the lady, and the course of proceeding with it through the streets afoot, and the alternative of exposing it to damage in the Metro were both distasteful. He made the gentle noises with his tongue by which he habitually expressed hot annoyance, and he went by the Metro, carrying the flowers as carefully as he could.

FOR reasons totally unrelated to the firm, Gosselin was much interested in Madame Balbi. In lay terms, he was head over heels in love with her. But he was not sanguine of his chances, though he had had moments of confidence before she made the acquaintance of Monsieur Champeroux. Monsieur Champeroux was connected with a financial paper to which nobody paid any attention, but in his time he had been something of a *viveur,* and shot tame pigeons, and fought tame duels, and he had an air of assurance that made the little notary look very insignificant. Gosselin was abashed by Champeroux, and angry at being so. He would often prepare small talk and resolve to assert himself on the next occasion, but when the occasion came he would be as diffident as ever. It was additionally galling to perceive that Champeroux recognized his rivalry with something like amusement.

As for the lady, it may be said that she admired Champeroux for his authoritative bearing, and approved Gosselin for his sympathetic nature, which the law had failed to sour. In other words, she had still to make up her mind, such as it was.

THOUGH this was not one of the rush hours, the train was uncomfortably crowded, and as he clung to a handrail Gosselin wished he had had the forethought to dispatch the flowers in the morning by a messenger, and make the journey unencumbered. Then, as the train left one of the stations on the route with a convulsive jerk, someone swayed against him with so much weight that it was only by a feat of lightning speed that he saved the bouquet from destruction.

Making the noises with his tongue, Gosselin saw, dismayed, that the offender was Champeroux.

"Pardon," said Champeroux, trying to lift his hand to his hat.

"Don't mention it," returned Gosselin with a scowl. He did not attempt to raise his own hat, since neither of his hands was free.

"We haven't too much room, *hein?*" remarked Champeroux. There was a tinge of raillery in his gaze, as he noted the bouquet. "I wonder if we have the same objective?"

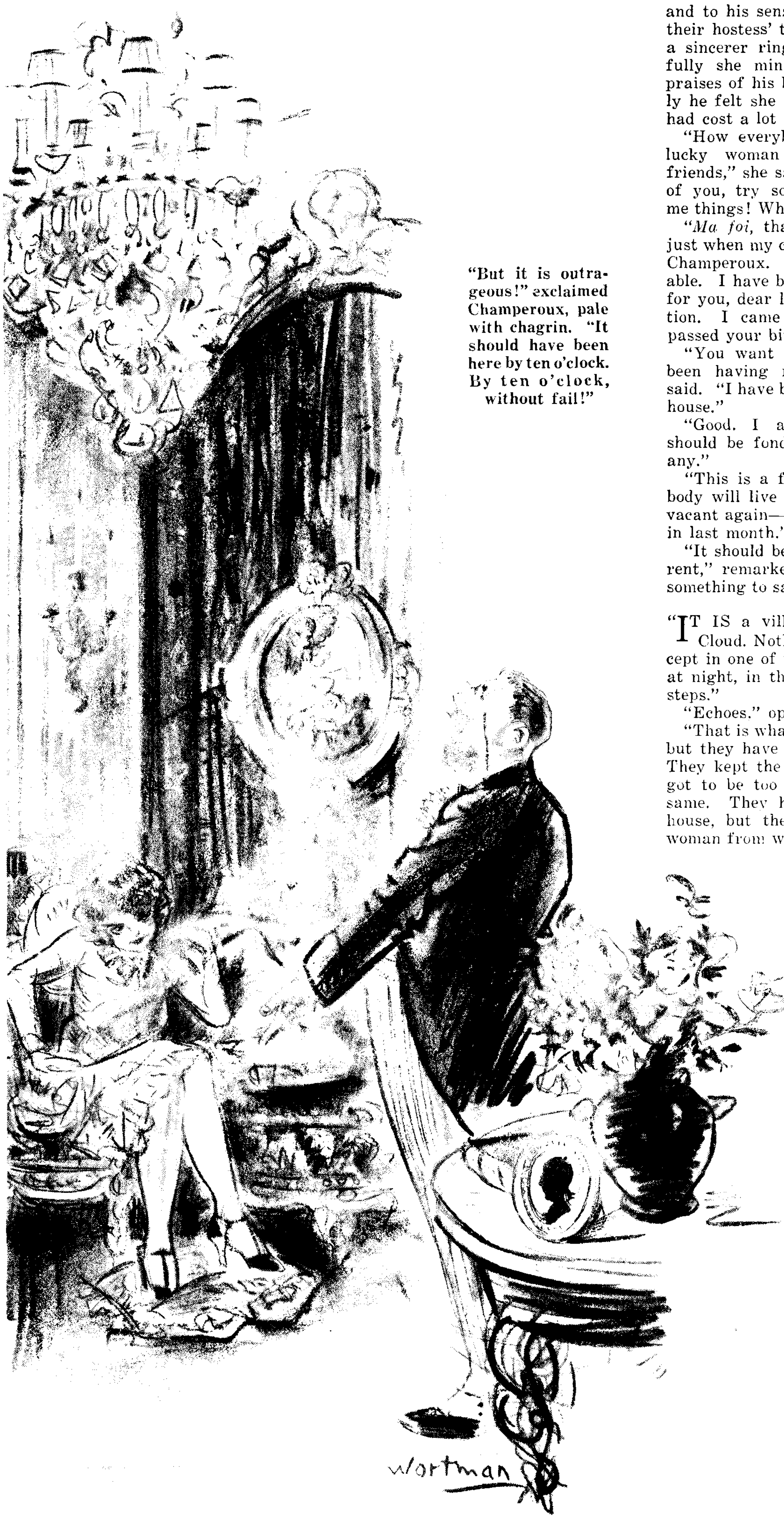
"I much fear there is no doubt about it," thought Gosselin. And he answered coldly, "I go to pay my compliments to Madame Balbi. It is her birthday."

"I, too," said the other. It was evident by his composure that his own token of regard had preceded him, and Gosselin felt more inferior still. The zest with which he had anticipated the visit was gone. He regretted that he hadn't come earlier, or later; almost he regretted that he had come at all. He longed to be rid of Champeroux, but, without an exhibition of the rankest jealousy, it was impossible to ignore him as they swayed shoulder to shoulder, and then alighted at the same moment, bound for the same spot.

They strolled to the apartment side by side—Champeroux elegant with a slim umbrella, and Gosselin stiffly guarding the bouquet.

"Ah, how good you are! It is delicious. But it is ravishing!" cried the lady, in tones of extreme surprise, when the pair had kissed her hand and congratulated her. And, having naturally expected it, she did not have to wait for a vase or water. "It makes my poor room enchanting, *n'est-ce pas?*" she cooed.

To Champeroux's discomfiture, however, she made no mention of a basket of expensive roses that he had paid for, nor could his furtive glances discover it embellishing any of the furniture. Doubts assailed him. And when the meeting in the train had been explained to her, and coffee and cakes were circulating, and still she omitted to give him any thanks, the awkwardness of the situation compelled him to put a tentative inquiry. Whereupon it appeared that the basket hadn't come.



"But it is outrageous!" exclaimed Champeroux, pale with chagrin. "It should have been here by ten o'clock. By ten o'clock, without fail!"

For once the advantage was with Gosselin. He could scarcely hide his elation.

"But it is outrageous!" exclaimed Champeroux, pale with chagrin. "It should have been here by ten o'clock. By ten o'clock, without fail! I stressed the point repeatedly. No, no, it will *not* be just as good by and by; I wished you to receive it when you woke. Such negligence is unpardonable; they promised me faithfully it should be delivered by ten. *Mon Dieu!* they shall not forget this affair in a hurry."

"Most irritating," murmured Gosselin, crossing his legs complacently.

But his superiority was short-lived. The next minute there was the sound of the bell, and the maid entered with a floral offering so impressive that he felt as if he were shrinking in his clothes. His own gift was unquestionably eclipsed; his rival was dominant once more! The notary sat humbled, and to his sensitive ear it seemed that their hostess' transports of delight had a sincerer ring now. The more tactfully she mingled her raptures with praises of his bouquet, the more bitterly he felt she must be thinking that it had cost a lot less than the basket.

"How everybody spoils me! What a lucky woman I am to have such friends," she said gayly. "Please, both of you, try some bonbons. *Alors,* tell me things! What is the latest scandal?"

"*Ma foi,* that there is a cab strike just when my car is under repair!" said Champeroux. "Paris grows insufferable. I have been bored to tears. It is for you, dear lady, to furnish information. I came to hear how you have passed your birthday."

"You want to know? Well, I have been having my blood curdled," she said. "I have been hearing of a haunted house."

"Good. I am fond of ghosts—or should be fond of them if there were any."

"This is a fact, though, really! Nobody will live in the house. It is just vacant again—and the people only went in last month."

"It should be obtainable at a reduced rent," remarked Gosselin, glad to find something to say.

"IT IS a villa, somewhere at Saint-Cloud. Nothing seems to happen except in one of the rooms upstairs. But at night, in that room, there are footsteps."

"Echoes," opined Champeroux.

"That is what those people had said—but they have fled, like everybody else. They kept the rooms locked up, but it got to be too much for them, all the same. They had spent money on the house, but they told a cousin of the woman from whom I had the story that they wouldn't remain in it for anything on earth. All night long, sometimes, those footsteps can be heard. Quite loud. They say you could swear some heavy creature was moving about there."

"A ghost in shoes," scoffed Champeroux. "However, if anyone goes in, nothing is visible, *hein?*"

"Something *is* visible," said Madame Balbi gravely. "That is certain."

"What is it?"

"I have been wondering. I have heard of only one person who could say. There was a family that had the house. The man was a surgeon, and they made the room his study. *They* said 'echoes,' too. They were all very hale and hearty materialists, and said it would take more than echoes to drive *them* out. They said it was 'considerate of the ghost not to use the room till late.' The man used to work in it sometimes after supper. One morning they couldn't find him anywhere, so his wife went up to the room to see if he was there. He was on the floor, unconscious. After he had been brought to, he insisted on their all getting out of the house the same day. And he would never tell what he had seen! He said *there were things that should not be spoken of.*"

"Yes. I have heard other tales of the kind," said Champeroux, "but they are never to be authenticated. I would wager that one could spend a night in the room with no other sensation than ennui. I would spend a night in it myself, to satisfy you on the point."

"You are not serious?" asked Madame Balbi, startled.

"But certainly I am serious," he affirmed, recognizing the impression he had made. "I have been up against worse dangers than footsteps in my life," he added, with a humorous grimace. "Indeed, 'ennui' is going too far; before I had a night's sound sleep it would amuse me to form an opinion of those 'footsteps.' I beg you to do me the favor to ascertain the exact whereabouts of the mysterious abode—if it exists at all."

"YOU must have nerves of steel," she said, with veneration. She turned to Gosselin: "Mustn't he have nerves of steel?"

Now, Gosselin, who had a marked aversion for the supernatural, had been unpleasantly affected by the narrative, and there was nothing he would have liked less than to spend a night in the sinister room. But Champeroux's bravery was clearly thrilling her and, in the circumstances, it seemed essential to lie.

"To tell you the truth," he said, "I am of the same mind as Monsieur Champeroux. The footsteps are fascinating. I should be interested to go myself."

"Capital," said Champeroux, who didn't believe him for a moment. "We might go together sometime, if it can be arranged."

"I think you are both marvelous," breathed the lady. "But I decline to provide that address. What misgivings I should suffer all night!"

Both men gazed at her with adoring and intrepid smiles—and Gosselin was infinitely relieved by her reply.

It was on the third subsequent Sunday, when he was congratulating himself on being her only visitor, that she staggered him by recurring to the villa. It appeared that, in spite of her laudable assertion, she had given the address to Champeroux some days before, and that he was proposing to get busy. Gosselin's interior turned a somersault as he heard that his rival courteously inquired which night would be convenient to him, if he still wished to share the treat.

DESPERATELY he deplored his unfortunate boast. But how could he take it back? How could he show the white feather, and let Champeroux sport all the laurels?

"One night would suit me as well as another," he managed to say; "I will speak to him about it." And when she went on, "I wish I hadn't mentioned the address—I didn't mean to," he had a leaping hope she was going to persuade him not to go.

To his consternation, she added, "Though I think it is gorgeous of you both to face it! I would give worlds to have the courage to go, too."

With a view to awakening her to the proper course for her to take, he said emphatically, "Ah, that you should never do by *my* consent! No doubt, if we men were prudent, we should abstain from going ourselves; one has heard of these adventures proving fatal. If, by some occult force, we should expire there, we would not be the first persons to succumb to a haunted house."

"I blame myself for having talked about it," she sighed. "I feel responsible towards you both."

He wished to goodness she would omit the word "both" from her self-reproaches.

"As for that, I am not so keen on it but what I could bear to miss the ex-

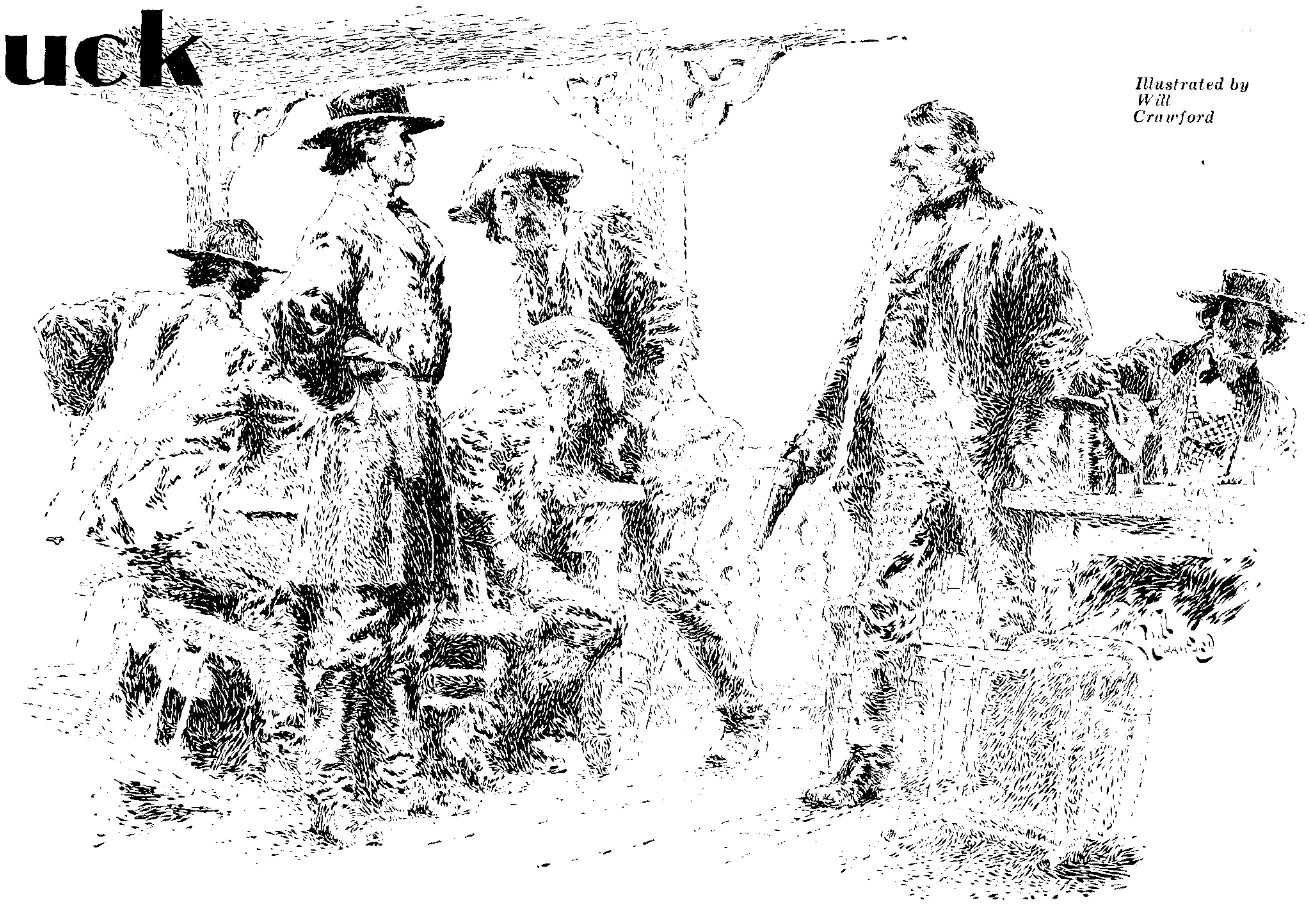
(*Continued on page 62*)

Killer's Luck

By Owen P. White

Illustrated by Will Crawford

Mr. Ferd Patterson, gambler, was conscientious in his choices. His education, his career and his victims were all picked with discrimination. But when he scalped Portland Annie his taste had already begun to desert him, and the manner of his taking off was most unhandsome



"Will you draw, sir?" shouted the marshal. "I will, sir!" replied Pat, and being from Texas, he did so

MR. FERD PATTERSON, the valiant soldier of fortune upon whose unmarked grave we are now about to place a wreath, was very much like the celebrated little girl of the nursery rhyme. When he was good he was very, very good, and when he was bad he was horrid. Which accounts for the fact that on a certain morning in the year 1859 all of the patrons taking their early cocktails at the bar of the Bella Union Saloon, in the village of Los Angeles, suddenly emptied themselves out into the street and left Mr. Patterson alone on the inside.

But no. Mr. Patterson was not alone. There was one man with him. All the others, who knew Mr. Patterson quite well and were familiar with his playful habits, had hurriedly decamped just as soon as he yanked out his gun, but this one man, who didn't know him and had remained to see what was going to happen, soon found out.

Patterson, with a glass of whisky—which he had poured for himself because the bartender was numbered among the missing—in one hand and a gun in the other, looked at the stranger and said, "Take something!"

This was not an invitation. It was an order. But the poor stranger, not being well up on his ethics, didn't so interpret it. "No, I thank you," he mildly responded, and in the very next minute, with a small stream of his lifeblood trickling through a neat hole in the toe of his boot, he too was on his way to the street, the saloon was full of smoke, and Mr. Patterson was entirely alone.

This particular little "bender" of Pat's lasted only a few days. He tapered off on his liquor until he had arrived at his normal, gentlemanly condition of inebriety, in which state he was not violent, and his friends began to joke with him jovially about what he had done to the stranger.

Mr. Patterson's Boots Stay On

To the stranger, however, who was shy a toe, it wasn't so funny. Just as soon as he could hobble around again, therefore, he buckled on his artillery and, in search of vengeance, headed straight for the Bella Union, where, when he was sober enough, Mr. Patterson was always to be found dealing monte.

When the stranger arrived Ferd Patterson, who was just reaching out to rake in a bet off the monte board, did four things. He did them quickly. He heard a shot, felt a bullet flatten itself out against one of his ribs, fell to the floor, and jerked out his pistol. After which he began to fire at will.

He shot rapidly, six times. Then, thinking he was about to meet his Maker, and having some doubts about the propriety of doing so with his boots on, he rolled over on his back and yelled lustily to his assembled friends to pull 'em off.

This precaution, however, was entirely unnecessary. The stranger died. Mr. Patterson did not. And so, now that our hero has been introduced, let us go back and try to find out who he was, where he came from, and how he happened to be in California.

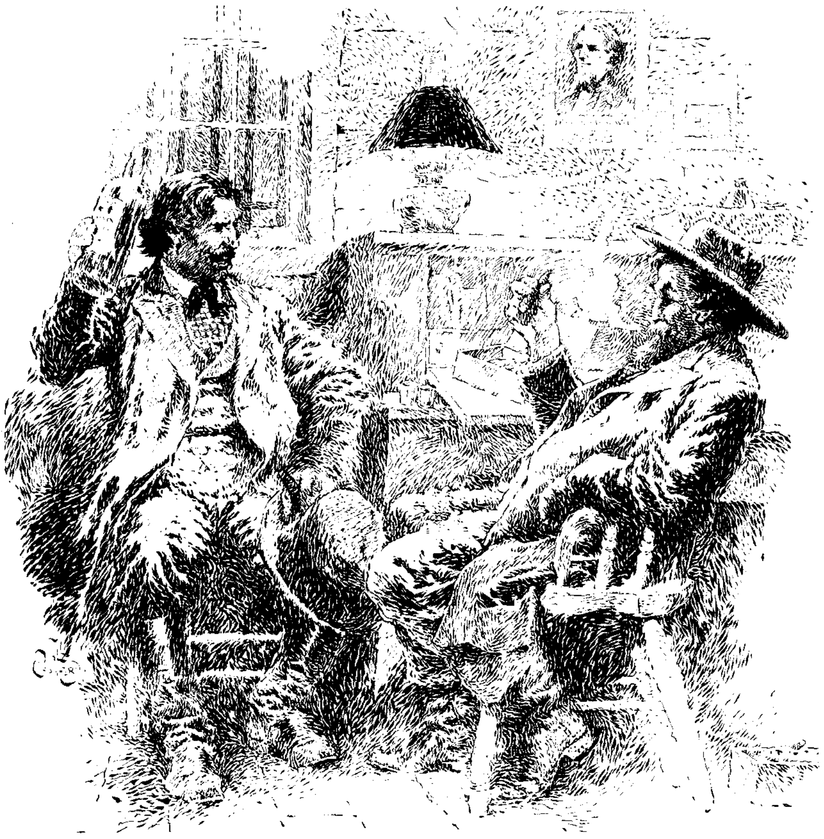
To begin with, Mr. Patterson was born in Tennessee in or about the year 1830. But by the time he had arrived at the age of belligerency—which in Tennessee was then about nineteen—his native state had become entirely too tame to hold him. He was an ambitious lad. He wanted to become a first-class fighting man. So, after turning down West Point (which seminary, he said, produced only polo players) and rejecting Annapolis (which specialized, he opined, in a course in parlor tricks) he went to Texas in search of an education.

This was a fine choice. The Lone Star State at that time was producing, both for its own home consumption and for a large export trade, as explosive a line of belligerent berserkers as the world has even seen.

Pat was good from the start. As time went on he got steadily better. At the end of three years he had three nicks on his gun, had acquired an adeptness at dealing monte that assured him a comfortable living, and was the possessor of a thirst which was the admiration and at the same time the dread of all beholders.

Finally, though, Pat made the fundamental mistake of bumping off a prominent personage. Or rather, we should say, the prominent personage, who was a bartender in a leading saloon, made a fundamental error by refusing to serve Mr. Patterson with another drink after he had already sold him about four dozen.

"All right," said Pat as he pulled out the old ever-ready, "that suits me, pardner. But if you won't sell me a drink, well, you won't never sell nobody else one, not this side of hell." And that was a prophecy for the fulfillment of which the young Tennesseean almost immediately found himself surrounded by four cold, unfeeling and unresponsive adobe walls.



"That's the first prayer that I've listened to in twenty years," Pat said. "Here's hoping that the Lord wasn't listening as close as I was!"

But Ferd Patterson had friends. Being six feet tall, handsome, and always flush, he had many friends among a certain class of women. And as women of this class are always prone to do strenuous things for the men they love, he was not at all surprised, at about 3 A. M., to hear a female voice outside his jail, and a few minutes later to hear someone beginning to dig a hole in the wall.

Refuses to Drink Toast

Back on the Atlantic side of the continent the Civil War is raging, while our hero, with the dual traditions of Tennessee and Texas to back him up, is valiantly upholding the honor of the Confederacy in a wordy barroom battle in the City of Roses. The episode is swift and sanguinary.

A certain Captain Staples, whose liquor had inflamed his patriotism but totally ruined his judgment, was making a speech, and at its conclusion he emphatically demanded that everyone present step forward and join him in a toast to Abraham Lincoln and the glory of the Union arms.

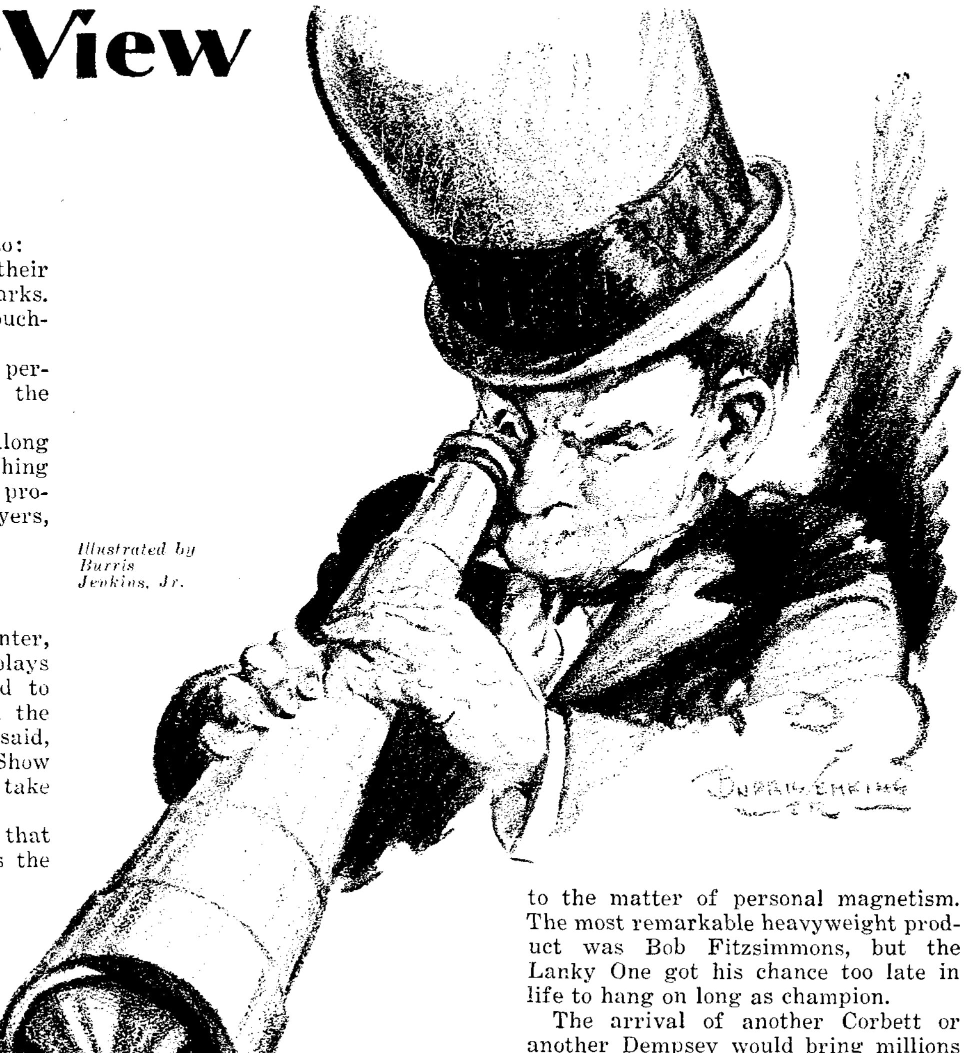
This was too much for Pat. He rose eloquently to the occasion, refused in choice language to join in the suggested libation. Everybody ducked, the bullets flew, silence reigned, and a moment or two later, when the barkeep came back to check up the casualties, he found our hero calmly taking his nourishment direct from the neck of a whisky bottle.

As a result of this killing, for which he was tried and acquitted amid the plaudits of the Portlanders, who were

(Continued on page 65)

The Sport's-Eye-View

By Grantland Rice



Illustrated by Burris Jenkins, Jr.

AT THE close of the last football season Bill Roper, Princeton's famous coach, openly said that the vast amount of football publicity, growing larger and louder every year, might possibly kill the game.

Football frenzy has been growing every season, football interest and football crowds increasing. If this increase continues, perhaps revolt will start among the players, many of whom are already fed up with being thrown into the swirl of a national drama that was originally intended to be a game.

Many teams last season played to crowds that totaled from [illegible] to 600,000, and that accumulated gate receipts from $800,000 to something beyond $1,000,000.

The fact that something is overdone doesn't mean that it is bad, and no harm may come from future growth. But there is at least a danger that if the ballyhoo becomes much greater it will be checked by a revolt of the players. There is already a tendency in this direction. It may surprise you to know that hundreds of ex-prep school stars, now in various universities, decided to give up the game.

A New National Pastime

The two major leagues made a wise move in deciding to end the two pennant races earlier next season. Baseball has more outside competition now than it ever had before, and it will need all the showmanship and all the action it can develop to hold a high place. The old game can no longer expect to ride along on its past record of popularity. The world series should be over before the football interest takes the national stage.

Pull Out the Planks!

One of the main weaknesses of the modern fight game is the complete inability of all concerned to make the fighters fight. The majority of present-day fighters have three main planks in their platforms: 1—Pick out the set-ups. 2—Stall. 3—Foul. About ninety per cent of the fights are wonderful exhibitions of clinching, wrestling, hugging, mauling, stalling and dancing.

The wonder is that so many customers have taken so much punishment.

Ruinous Rules

It would be something like a clean, bracing breath of fresh air to have the Football Rules Committee announce that no further rule changes would be made for 1930. This suggestion excepts the simplification of the code, which is entirely too complex and tangled for the average human being to follow without a guide, an advanced grammar, a treatise on calculus and at least two tutors.

Many earnest fans want to:

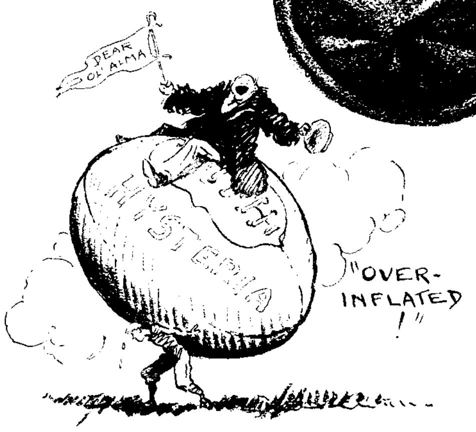
1. Restore the goal posts to their old places along the touchdown marks.
2. Abolish the point after touchdown.
3. Restore the old fumble rule, permitting the recoverer to pick up the ball and run.

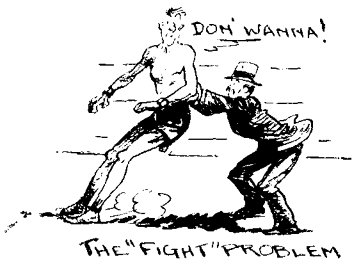
But why not let the debate run along at least another year before reaching any definite decision? This will provide a breathing spell for players, coaches, officials and spectators.

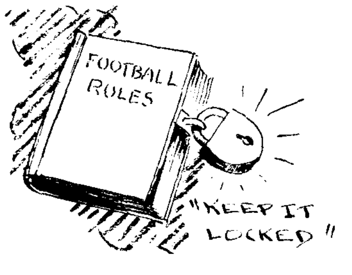
Fashions in Football

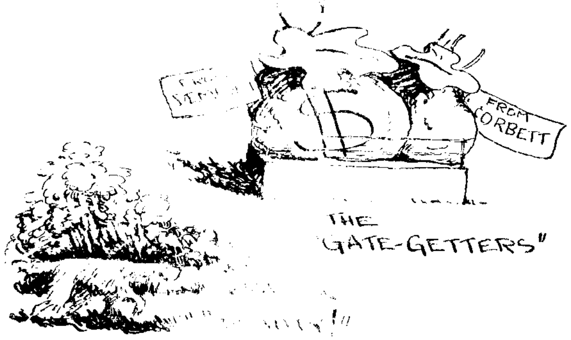
At a football gathering this winter, the question of various football plays came up. This discussion seemed to leave Coach Zuppke of Illinois in the midst of a yawn. "Plays," he said, "are for adolescence and senility. Show me a new fundamental and I will take my hat off to the inventor."

The most important fundamental that Coach Zuppke takes to his soul is the huddle. "I still think I invented this," he said. "Whether I did or not, I was the first to put it into actual practice. I know there are many who believe the old-fashioned way of calling signals with the quarterback watching the defense is better, but I can prove that it isn't. In any big game the noise from packed stands is deafening down on the field. It is much easier to give the signals from a huddle. It is also much simpler to make your alignments for attack from a huddle before the defensive side can diagnose your plans or changes. If anyone thinks this isn't a fundamental he might look around and see how many teams have been using it since we started the fashion at Illinois."









What is an Amateur?

A correspondent writes in to suggest this solution for the amateur tangle:

"Let one definition cover the entire subject:

"An amateur is one who does not receive pay, *directly or indirectly*, for teaching or playing the game."

This lone rule might bring on less strict amateur play. But it would also bring on more decency, and less hypocrisy and evasion.

Jim and Jack

There are just two champions, since the now almost mythical reign of John L. Sullivan, who stand out above all the heavyweights. The first is James J. Corbett, original exponent of ring science. The second is Jack Dempsey, outstanding example of direct assault and flaming spirit.

This pair lacked the bulk of Jeffries, Johnson and Willard but they contributed more to the game. It might also be noted that they lead when it comes to the matter of personal magnetism. The most remarkable heavyweight product was Bob Fitzsimmons, but the Lanky One got his chance too late in life to hang on long as champion.

The arrival of another Corbett or another Dempsey would bring millions back into the leather-throwing trade, which has been none too healthy for a year. It is the toughest of all competitions in which to locate class.

"Ask Me Another!"

Fred Clarke and a pal were standing around with several others when the argument came up as to which was the greatest all-time left-fielder in baseball—Fred Clarke or Shoeless Joe Jackson. Ring Lardner was passing by at just this moment and Clarke's pal suggested that Ring should award the verdict.

"Jimmy Sheckard," replied Mr. Lardner as he shook hands with his old friend Clarke.

Points of Beauty

What scenic beauty is there in sport which can equal the work of a bird dog in the field? The brown stubble—the dark green pines—the blue and white sky overhead, all combine to give the proper setting. But it is the hunting dog that makes the picture, a picture that begins in the first slow, stealthy approach to the quarry, where first one foot and then the other is lifted. After that comes the almost instantaneous freezing into a black and white or a brown and white statue.

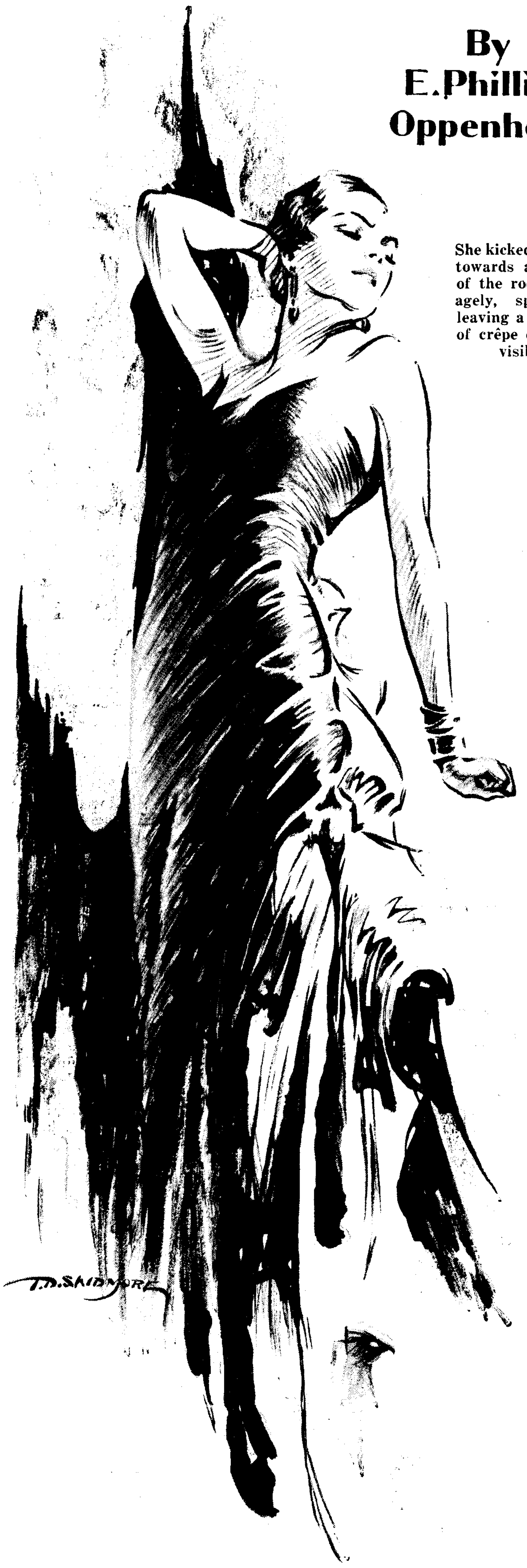
There is thrill as well as beauty in this sport, as one comes closer and closer to the dogs, ready for the rising whirr of the covey. The heart starts pounding, the eyes are strained, the nerves are taut, and when the covey thunders up from its hiding place there is one moment of time when every sense seems stunned—especially for the novice who only gets occasional opportunities to know the woods.

Of Course

The difference between a star half-back and just an average half-back, eighty per cent of the time, is the blocker in front of the ball. There is quite a difference between running through a jungle and sprinting down a boulevard.

The Lion and the Lamb

By E. Phillips Oppenheim



She kicked the box towards a corner of the room, savagely, spitefully, leaving a torn bit of crêpe de chine visible

The Story Thus Far:

DAVID NEWBERRY is cast out by his father, stern old Lord Newberry. Faced with starvation, he joins a gang of desperate criminals, operating in London under the leadership of Tottie Green, a master crook. Almost immediately, he is forced to try to steal Lady Frankley's famous diamond, the "Virgin's Tear;" and, due to the cowardly treachery of his two accomplices—Reuben Grossett and Cannon Ball Lem—he is caught and sent to prison.

On his release, he resolves to wipe out the gang. His father is dead. He is now Lord Newberry—and wealthy. Buying a gymnasium, he organizes a small army of jiujitsu experts, with whom he plans to make war on the crooks. Then comes a bitter struggle, during which there is much bloodshed.

David survives, however, and Tottie vows to "get" him. At a gang meeting—held at the gang's headquarters in The Lion and the Lamb, a public house—Belle, a beautiful girl (who is secretly in love with David), volunteers to attend to the young man and find the "Virgin's Tear," which, because it has never been found since David's arrest, Tottie suspects him of having hidden. David, however, knows nothing about the diamond. He believes, though, that it is secreted in Lady Frankley's home; so when Sophy, Lady Andersley's lovely daughter, asks him to act as her escort to a dance, to be given soon by Lady Frankley, he gladly promises to do so.

Detective Inspector Milsom, of Scotland Yard, calls on David. David refuses to help him crush the gang. The telephone rings. Belle tells David she is coming to see him—at once. To prevent the girl's arrest, David has his strong-arm men remove the Inspector and lock him up. . . . Belle arrives. She is well-armed. She says she is leaving the gang—that she wants to save David. Then she tells the young man something that delights him. The gangsters have planned a raid on some street stalls in Widows' Row, at five minutes to eleven, Saturday night. They will be unarmed.

Now, at last, David has his enemies at his mercy!

VIII

THERE was a knock at the door. Dowson made his discreet entrance.

"A sergeant and constable of police are outside, my lord," he announced. "They wish to inquire whether Detective Inspector Milsom has been here?"

David reflected for a moment.

"It would perhaps be unwise to tell them that Detective Inspector Milsom is locked in the cellar," he mused. "Better say that the detective was here, but left half an hour ago."

"Very good, my lord."

Dowson left the room. The two moved towards the window, and listened intently. Soon they heard the front door close, and the retreating footsteps of the sergeant and the constable.

"You had better get away, Belle," David advised, taking her arm. "I shall have to let Milsom go. He can please himself what he does about it."

She leaned towards him.

"I am ashamed," she whispered. "When you told me that you had a detective locked up in the cellar, I doubted you. Forgive me, please."

"I forgive you all right, but I was telling you the truth," he assured her ruefully. "As soon as you've gone I've got to face him. He won't be very agreeable for a few minutes."

"CAN'T I wait somewhere upstairs and hear about it?" she begged. "I'm at the Milan Hotel, but I don't want to go back there yet."

"Got a taxi?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Jump into it and get away," he insisted. "This is serious, Belle. We're hemmed in here. Your people are watching me, besides the police, and Milsom's as likely as not to have the house searched directly he's released. I'll get rid of Milsom, and ring you up later at the Milan."

Unseen by her, he had touched the bell. Dowson stood with the door open. She threw a swift glance of reproach at David, and her good night was almost perfunctory.

"This lady has a taxicab waiting, Dowson," David said. "See her into it, please."

The man obeyed. He stood out in the gently falling rain, held open the door, noticed the figures lurking round the railing, and whispered the address to the driver. As soon as the vehicle had safely turned the corner, David started for the back stairs.

"And now for Milsom," he groaned.

Milsom's attitude at the time, and even afterwards when he knew the man better, was a great surprise to David. Opening the door cautiously, the latter found his prisoner leaning comfortably back in a chair reading the evening paper with the help of a single electric

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

light. At David's entrance, he divested himself of his spectacles, folded up his newspaper carefully, and arose.

"I gather," he remarked, "that the lady has departed."

"She has gone or I shouldn't be here," David replied. "Not worth while apologizing, I suppose?"

"Oh, I shouldn't say that," Milsom observed, as he followed his host out into the more civilized regions. "It's always worth while doing the gracious thing—part of the game, I suppose. I am bound to remind you, though, that you have placed yourself in a very serious position if I choose to take advantage of it. You interfered with the progress of the law."

"Sounds bad," David admitted. "Have a drink before you go?"

"If I refuse, it is not out of ill will," Milsom confided, buttoning up his overcoat. "It is simply because I have had two cocktails, which is rather beyond my limit. A word with you, though, Lord Newberry."

David signed to Dowson, who disappeared into the background.

"There was never a man yet in this world," the detective said earnestly, "who did any good by interfering with police business. It's our job to break up this gang of criminals, not yours, but with your help we could wipe them off the face of the earth. Without our help, you're going to get it in the neck. We shall watch over you as well as we can for our own sakes, but remember you're warned."

"Well, you're a sportsman anyway," David acknowledged, holding out his hand.

"Next time we meet," Milsom remarked dryly, "you may find more need of me. Good night, sir."

WITH an expression as black and lowering as the clouds from which the fine rain was tumbling, Belle stood at the open window of her little sitting-room high up in the Milan, gazing eastwards. Near at hand the raindrops were like small diamonds falling against a shaft of velvety blackness. Farther away was nothing but an irregular arc of lights. Even the shape of the nearby buildings was blurred in the gloom. She leaned out of the casement and shivered. Her first evening of liberty. A wave of acute depression swept over her. She closed the window with a shudder. Almost, she missed the roar of the traffic, the hooting of motor horns, the unsavory atmosphere of Bermondsey. . . .

A messenger boy knocked at the door and entered with a milliner's box. She dismissed him impatiently. There were already half a dozen stacked on a chair in the corner—all of them bearing the names of well-known firms in the West End. For some reason or other, the coming of this last one seemed charged with subtle offense. The sullen gloom of her face flashed out into anger. She kicked the box towards a corner of the room; savagely, spitefully, kicked again through the hole in its side, leaving a torn bit of crêpe de chine visible through the white tissue paper. She stood with her fists clenched, her face convulsed. There was almost a touch of lunacy in her voiceless fury. . . .

The telephone bell rang. She stared at the instrument for a moment as though barely understanding what was happening. Then a curious change took place in her whole expression. Her wonderful eyes flashed with a sudden passionate hope. Her firm large hand shook as she took off the receiver.

"A gentleman here to see you, madam," the hall porter's voice announced.

"Send him up," she directed.

She replaced the receiver, dashed to the mirror and straightened her hair, turned the box with its damaged side to the wall, flew to her bedchamber, and brought back a bowl of roses which she placed upon the table. "A gentleman to see you, madam." There was a new music in speech, even ordinary, stereotyped speech such as this. She did not pause to reflect that she had never even asked the gentleman's name. There was no one else who knew her whereabouts except eastwards, and from there no one could come.

She tried to pick up a newspaper and seem casual. Hopeless! She dashed it to the ground. What did it matter? Pretense was absurd. She wanted David. She wanted to see him as she had never wanted anything before in life. And he was coming. How good of him! What an escape he would have! Why hadn't he promised to come at once? The thought that she might have been out, that she might have been in some other part of the hotel and the messenger unable to find her brought a cold shiver to her pulses. Then came the ring at the bell. She steadied herself.

"Come in!"

One of the lift men threw open the door. She stood quite still. The shock was too great even for disappointment. Behind him, alone with her now, was a small, unassuming-looking man with sandy hair and freckles—a man who carried a bowler hat in his hand and wore a thick overcoat of unbecoming length—a man whom at first sight she hated for not being the man for whom she had prayed.

"WHO are you?" she managed to ask. "What do you want with me?"

"Miss Belle Morgan," he said, with a slight bow. "My name is Milsom. I have taken the liberty of calling upon you quite unofficially, hoping that you might feel inclined to answer one or two questions."

"What do you mean by 'unofficially'?" she countered. "Who are you? I don't receive people here of whom I know nothing."

He laid a card upon the edge of the table.

"I am Detective Inspector Milsom of Scotland Yard, madam," he announced. "I was at 17a John Street, locked in an annex to the cellar, when you came to visit Lord Newberry."

"Did he give you my address?"

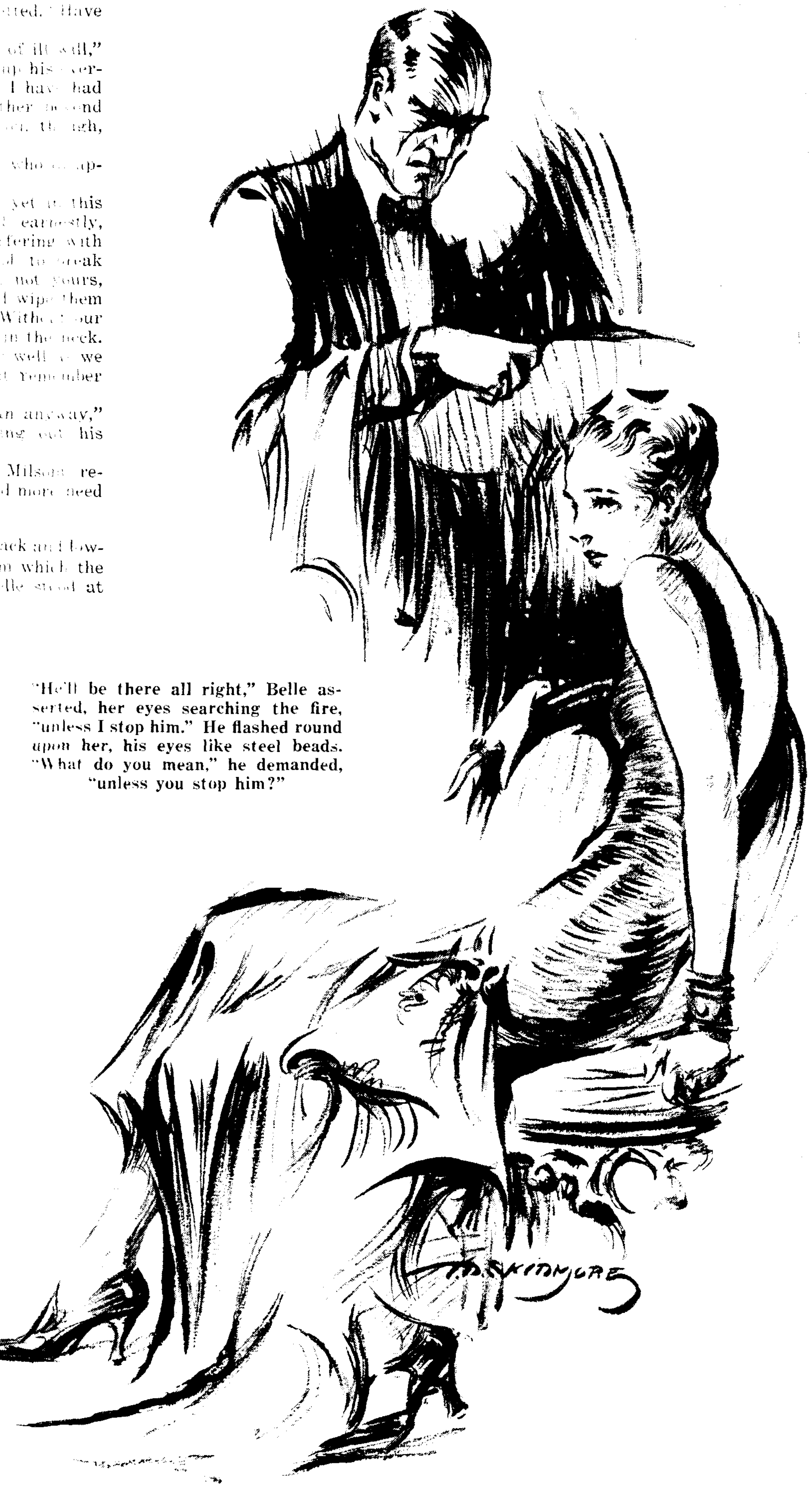
"He did not, madam," was the prompt acknowledgment. "In fact, he was so anxious that we should not meet that, with the help of his servants, he adopted very primitive methods indeed, and placed me in confinement. I could have told him at the time that it was scarcely worth while, but he probably would not have believed me."

"What do you mean by 'scarcely worth while'?" she demanded. "And how dared you come here without sending up your name? I do not wish to see you. I have nothing whatever to say to you."

"I am hoping, madam," he ventured, "that you may change your mind. I did not send up my name, because you did not ask for it. As for finding you, that was very easy. Lord Newberry is at the present moment standing in a very peculiar position with regard to the police. He refuses to give information for which we have a right to ask, and the consequence is we are obliged to have him watched. The same thing applies to his visitors. Your taxicab was followed here, and the address telephoned to me, also the name under which you have registered. I knew quite well that this would happen. That is why I endured my imprisonment so philosophically."

"I DON'T wish to see you," she decided. "I have nothing to say to you, and I should like you to go away."

"That seems rather a hopeless start to our conversation," he acknowledged pleasantly, "but I shall beg you, madam, to listen to me for a moment or two. I know a good deal of Lord Newberry's past history; so probably do you. I know a good deal, too, of his present scheme—crusade, or whatever he calls it; so probably do you. It is going to lead him into terrible trouble; a fact which you probably know as well as I do. I am therefore all the more anxious to deal professionally with this



"He'll be there all right," Belle asserted, her eyes searching the fire, "unless I stop him." He flashed round upon her, his eyes like steel beads. "What do you mean," he demanded, "unless you stop him?"

band of criminals against whom he has so strong a feeling.”

“I don't see what you're trying to get at,” she remarked, with a touch of her old insolence. “Nothing that you have said is of the slightest interest to me. From the little I know of Lord Newberry, I should think that he, too, is quite capable of running his own affairs.”

“He has shown quite clearly that he is not,” was the blunt rejoinder. “I would not say that this society of criminals with whom he was associated are afraid of him, but, at any rate, they've made up their minds that he must be got rid of. There was an attempt made upon his life the other evening. From certain information which I have collected, I think that it is only the first of many until the end comes.”

“Do you mind telling me exactly what you are here for?” she suggested. “All this kind of talk bores me.”

“One reason for my coming was that I imagined you might have some slight interest in Lord Newberry.”

“None at all,” she declared. “I don't care what becomes of him.”

“Then why did you go to see him?” Milsom inquired.

“Who gave you the right to come to my sitting-room and ask me personal questions?” she retorted.

“Indirectly, madam,” he pointed out, “the law gives me the right. I will admit, however, that my visit on this occasion might be taken as a liberty. I hasten to tell you, therefore, that I came, that I have asked you to listen to me and help me if you will, very largely because, by so doing, I am relieved from the necessity of causing you a certain amount of inconvenience.”

“I have done nothing against the law,” she snapped.

“It is reported to me,” Milsom rejoined quietly, “that you are probably the associate of lawbreakers. That, in itself, constitutes a legal offense.”

SHE threw herself into a chair and eyed him sullenly.

“You get a lot of rotten information,” she said.

“Possibly,” he agreed.

“I've had enough of this,” she yawned. “I don't know what you came for, and I don't know that after all I'm very curious. I should be more interested in your departure.”

“I came,” he confided, “because, rightly or wrongly, as I told you before, I imagined that you had some interest in Lord Newberry. I wanted to induce you to save his life.”

“At the present moment,” she declared almost truthfully, “I don't care whether he lives or dies.”

“Then my principal argument in seeking your help is destroyed,” he admitted. “May I inquire, before I go, when you are thinking of rejoining your friends?”

She laughed scornfully.

“Your new methods are all very well and quite interesting,” she conceded, “but don't overdo the ingenuousness. I have never talked to a detective before, but I am not absolutely a greenhorn. Your idea is, I suppose, that I shall call a taxicab, give my address in a low tone of voice and lead you by gentle stages to the headquarters of the people whom you are so anxious to track down. Go and find them by yourself, Mr. Whatever-your-name-is. You have been asking me silly questions quite long enough. If I do know anything about the gang, I'm not going to tell it to you.”

“Not even to save a friend's life?” he ventured once more.

“I told you before that I don't care whether he lives or dies,” was the brusque reply.

Milsom took up his hat.

“By the bye, there's another thousand-pound reward offered for the Swan Alley murderer or murderers this afternoon,” he remarked.

“About as much good as a sick headache,” she scoffed.

BELLE stood quite still, gazing at the back of the waiter who had made noiseless entrance and was arranging some glasses upon the sideboard of her tiny salon. There was something curiously familiar about the slant of his shoulders, the shape of his head, with its crop of black, thick-growing hair, the slightly protruding ears. She moved a step forward.

“Reuben!” she exclaimed.

He glanced cautiously towards the door, to assure himself that it was closed, and then turned around with a grin.

“We're the lads, eh?” he boasted. “Old Tottie swears he could get anyone out of the swinging-room if he wanted to, and I'm not sure he ain't right. This was easy, though.”

“Listen, Reuben,” she begged, “tell me how you got in. I'm beginning to get nervous about things. I know I'm watched here. David is watched in John Street by the stiffs and our own people. They've been a long time getting on our track, but I'm inclined to think that they're finding it now. Tell exactly how you got in.”

“Easy,” was the well-satisfied reply. “You don't need to fuss yourself about that. I came to the service entrance this afternoon with a load of vegetables. Tim fixed that for me. Then I've got a pal who's a waiter here, and I went round to his quarters. He lent me his spare kit and the tray, and here I am. The hotel may be full of stiffs, but there's no one tumbled to me.”

“It sounds all right,” she admitted, “but they're here, I can tell you. Look at that card on the table.”

He picked it up and read aloud:

“Detective Inspector Milsom
Scotland Yard”

“That looks a bit tough,” he remarked, momentarily staggered. “When was he here?”

“He followed me from Dave Newberry's.”

“What did he want?”

“Came to see if he could pick up anything, I suppose. He asked me no end of questions about Dave. We've got 'em all guessing mighty hard. It's dangerous, I tell you. What about the Lion and the Lamb?”

“There's nothing there,” Reuben assured her. “We have a dozen of the lads combing both sides of the pavement for two hours every afternoon and evening. I was with them myself for some time yesterday, and I can tell a stiff by the smell of him. I never made a mistake in my life. I tell you there was no one there. The old man's all right up to now, but he's as nervous as a big jellyfish. That's why he's sent me up. He don't want you to telephone—not from here at any rate.”

“As though I should be such a fool!”

“He don't want you to come back either. We all do, but I don't reckon he cares about that.”

“If I had my own way I should never come near the filthy place again.”

“I DON'T know as I blame you for that,” he conceded thoughtfully. “I can't make out why the old man goes on living in such a pigsty. He's got enough of the dough now for Park Lane. I tell you this, Belle,” he continued, his features twitching with earnestness, “I'm not a nervous chap—never been afraid of anything in my life—I tell you this though. Things are going to close up with us. We've been too damned lucky. The boys all have plenty of money, and they can't keep their mouths shut like they used to. It's this last job that will do us in if we're not careful—the Swan Alley job. Dick had to get his, of course. He was a squealer, but we might have given it to him out of doors and let the other chap alone. A bad egg, that, but the guv'nor wouldn't hear of anything different. I wish to Gawd he'd left me out of it.”

“How's Lem?” she asked.

“Moved into the Nursing Home yesterday, and a damned good job too,” Reuben replied. “He'd be all right if he'd keep off the drink. The doc was going for him this morning. I wonder whether these Chicago gangsters can afford to keep a real physician on the staff,” he chuckled. “Five hundred quid a year Uncle Tottie pays him regular, and fees. I reckon he'll be busy Sunday unless we wipe those other chaps out quick.”

“I should think you ought to be able to do what you want with them,” she said scornfully. “It isn't a very sporting business. Twice as many of you chaps, and every one of you with your guns and stickers.”

“There's nothing sporting about gangster fighting,” was the cool reply. “No one ever pretended there was that I know of. All that you have to do is to get the best of the other chap. You've seen his lordship, eh?”

“Yes, I've seen him.”

“You've told him what the boss said?”

She nodded.

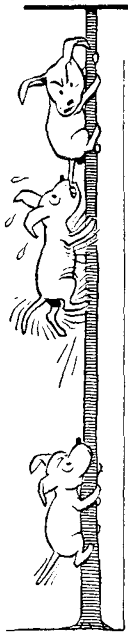
“Yes, I've worked the plant with him. Rotten business, but I've done it. Quite a small affair, I told him—just a dozen of you, unarmed except for sticks, with Fishy Tim and you running the show.”

“And you're sure he'll be there himself?”

(Continued on page 55)

WORD HUNT
THAT WAY

In the English language there are just ten words (each having just five letters) that begin with the letters F-R-A. One of them is FRANC. You supply the others.



1	F	R	A	N	C	A French coin.
2	F	R	A			Fragile; weak. Also, a basket of rushes, as for figs or raisins.
3	F	R	A			Trickery; deceit.
4	F	R	A			A form. Also, to proceed; contrive; manage.
5	F	R	A			*The refuse left by insect* larvæ.
6	F	R	A			Candid. Also, exempt from charge for postage.
7	F	R	A			(Ireland) The bilberry.
8	F	R	A			(Scottish) To flatter; cajole. Flattery; cajolery; a cajoler.
9	F	R	A			(Scottish Heraldry) Same as FRASIER.
10	F	R	A			(Scottish Heraldry) Same as FRASIER. A cinquefoil: a design likened to a flower having five leaves.

An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. All proper nouns, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person, have been excluded

Here are the answers to the Word Hunt published in last week's Collier's

1. Strange
2. Stratal
3. Stratic
4. Stratum
5. Stratus
6. Strayed
7. Strayer

Collier's will send you free, on request, a booklet containing 27 Word Hunts with their answers. Send for a copy today. Address Word Hunts, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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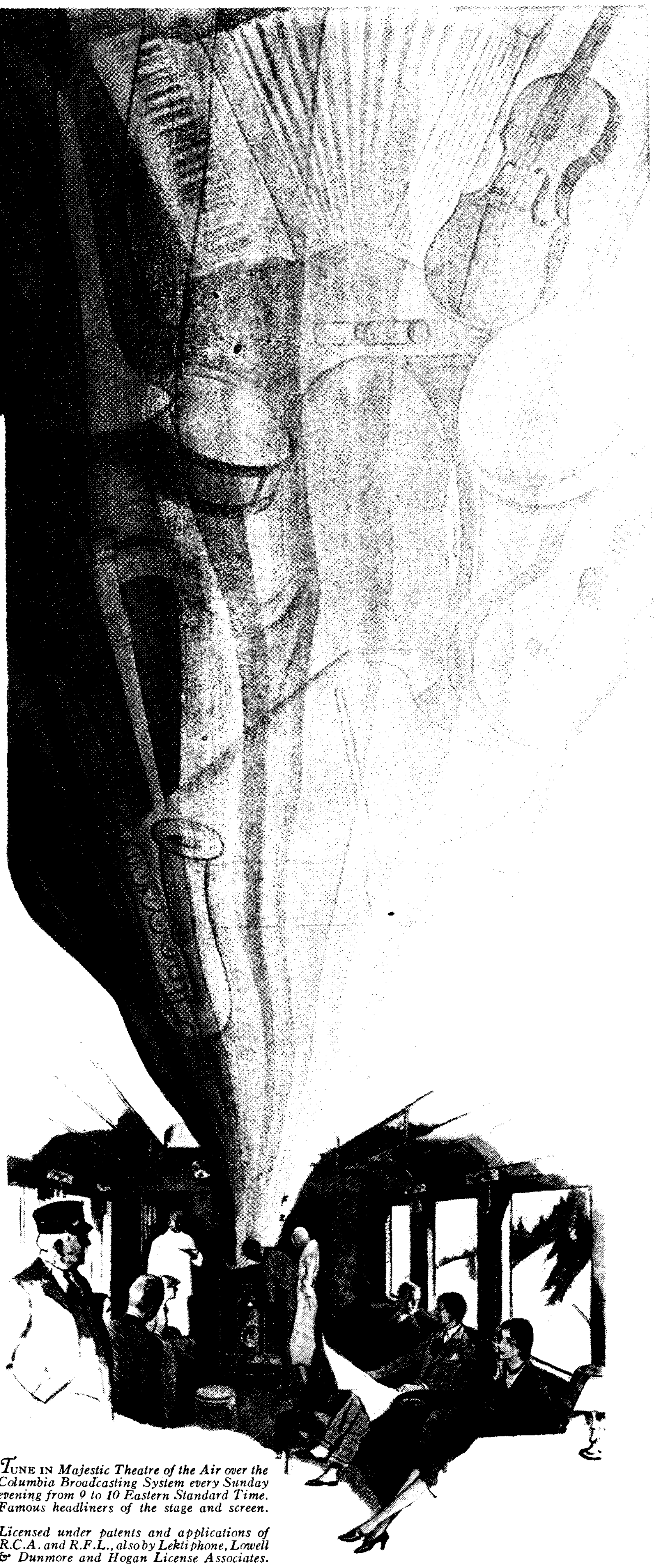

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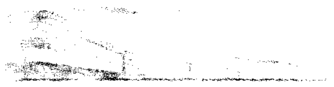

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EACH of these great trains a million dollar investment in travel luxury—lavishly provided with every comfort money can buy—and now Majestic adds the *final* luxury of glorious, Colorful Tone, realism and entertainment!

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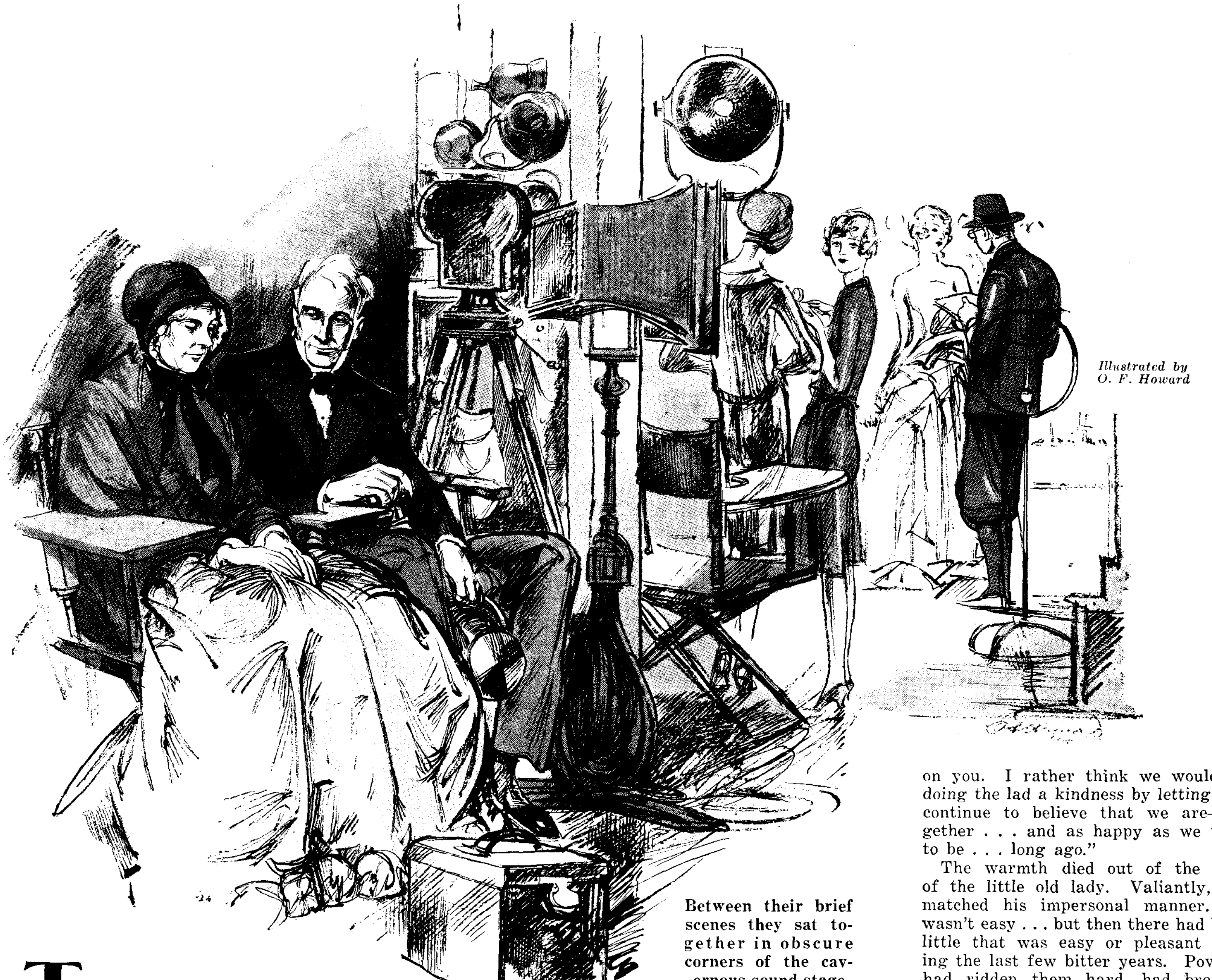

Illustrated by O. F. Howard

Between their brief scenes they sat together in obscure corners of the cavernous sound stage

Troupers

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Octavus Roy Cohen

THERE was something magnificently pathetic about Maclyn MacDonald as he entered the office of the casting director. He carried his sixty-three years bravely on fine, square shoulders; but the deep lines of the face which looked down from his six feet of height told a story of fiery youth, thwarted ambition and a desperate battle against the misery of poverty-stricken old age.

His suit was shiny, and threadbare in spots; his hair was snowy, but his eyes retained a great measure of their fire and he waited proudly for the young casting director to speak. He waited proudly—but with a wistful eagerness, as though he wished this young man might know just how much a part would mean to him.

James Hale, casting director for Massive Film Productions, Inc., looked up from the letter he had been reading.

"You don't remember me," he accused.

Something clicked in the brain of the old actor. Amazement struggled with stark disbelief. "You—you're not Jimmy Hale!" he gasped.

"Exactly. And why you never looked me up . . ."

"But, good Lord! Son—I couldn't believe that the great casting director for Massive was the kid who used to troupe with us fifteen years ago."

"No? Well, you might have suspected when I wrote you to come see me. It was queer, Dad—I caught a glimpse of you when they were paying off the extras one day. Didn't believe my eyes. Looked you up through the Central Casting Bureau and wrote you that note." The boy's voice grew gentle. "And how glad I was for the opportunity! I guess I'll never forget what you and Mom did for me—not only when I had typhoid, but all through that season. It sort of put me on my feet and started me on the right road. But tell me, Dad—it really isn't true that a fine old trouper like you is kicking around Hollywood as an extra?"

THE old man shook his head sadly. "Just hanging around, Son. Mighty glad to pick up an occasional few days' work."

"And Mom?"

"She's working as an extra, too, Jimmy—when she can get a job. There isn't a very hearty welcome in Hollywood for a couple of all-through old-timers."

"Oh! isn't there?" Jimmy Hale concealed a deep and genuine emotion beneath a mask of lightness. "We'll see about that. Now listen: we're casting a new picture. It's got a couple of bits in it—an old couple. Not much to do, but they're all-fired important. Deeply sentimental stuff, see—and they sound the keynote of the entire picture. It'll give you and Mom about three weeks' steady work at twenty-five dollars a day for the pair of you. Now—what do you say?"

Maclyn MacDonald looked away abruptly.

"I say, 'God bless you, Jimmy Hale.' "

"Oh—get out! And report Thursday morning at the wardrobe-room with Mom. Tell her I can hardly wait to see her again."

The old man left the great studio and walked several miles to a shabby little boarding house on one of the side streets which Hollywood does not exhibit to tourists. He was admitted by a slatternly landlady and directed to a tiny room on the second floor, rear.

He tapped on the door and a gentle voice bade him enter. At sight of him, Martha MacDonald straightened and the color fled from her cheeks.

In a voice which he tried to make quiet and emotionless Maclyn MacDonald told his wife of the letter from Massive's casting director, of his discovery that he was the little Jimmy Hale who had been like their son for a season many years before, and of the offer of work for them as a couple at twenty-five dollars a day.

"Of course, Martha, I did not tell Jimmy that you and I have been separated for several years. I preferred not to tell him the story of our differences, and of my refusal to be a drag on you. I rather think we would be doing the lad a kindness by letting him continue to believe that we are—together . . . and as happy as we used to be . . . long ago."

The warmth died out of the eyes of the little old lady. Valiantly, she matched his impersonal manner. It wasn't easy . . . but then there had been little that was easy or pleasant during the last few bitter years. Poverty had ridden them hard—had brought them to a parting of the ways, chiefly because she could find plenty of work and he but little, and he refused stubbornly to let her support him.

YET they were two good troupers, and after they started work on the Massive lot even the company members did not suspect a domestic tragedy. They were first on the set and last off. Between their brief scenes they sat together in obscure corners of the cavernous sound stage . . . and in the three weeks of work they found that they were very necessary to one another; that adverse circumstance and foolish pride were not proof against the love of forty years.

And then the picture was finished and the director congratulated them. He said their bits of screen work stood out like jewels and he wanted them—as a couple—for his next picture. Jimmy Hale talked hilariously of employing them regularly at fifty dollars a week apiece.

Dad humbled himself before Mom and told her that he had been a prideful old fool and that he wished she would forgive him and take him back. She crept into his arms as a ship which has been foundering creeps into a safe harbor.

And the next day Mom saw Jimmy Hale privately. There were tears in her eyes as she thanked him.

"When I discovered who you were, Jimmy, the idea occurred to me. Yet even then I hesitated to come to you—for fear you might not understand. It's been wonderful—what you've done for us, but you've got to promise me again, Jimmy, that Dad will never learn it was all a plan of mine to bring him back to me."

PARKE-DAVIS
STANDARDIZED
COD-LIVER OIL
PARKE, DAVIS & CO

Strength from the Sea when the Sun goes South

On September 21, the sun started off for his winter vacation in the south. From November till May he is but a pale ghost of his summer self, and his health-giving rays, so rich in vitamin-power, reach us for only a short time each day.

But, by a wise provision of Nature, we find stored up for us a precious supply of vitamins in the livers of the codfish that swarm off the fishing banks in fall and winter. So bounteous is this supply of vitamins that cod-liver oil is recognized as the greatest natural source of both Vitamins A and D.

Because it is rich in Vitamin A, cod-liver oil helps to promote growth and build up resistance to disease. Physicians very often prescribe cod-liver oil for children at this time of year to help them through the winter—to help keep them free from colds and other illnesses. Grown-ups, also, whose resistance is too low to withstand the exposures of winter, are finding cod-liver oil a sensible thing to take.

Because it contains also Vitamin D, cod-liver oil is a valuable aid in the prevention of rickets. Thousands of happy, growing youngsters have straight, sturdy limbs and sound teeth due to the cod-liver oil which they have taken regularly since babyhood.

When your physician prescribes cod-liver oil for you or for your children, you naturally want a cod-liver oil of the highest purity—and, above all, one that is exceptionally rich in vitamins. In Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil the quantity of vitamins is definitely measured by a series of rigid standardization tests. Each teaspoonful contains as much resistance-building Vitamin A as one pound of the best creamery butter, or 11 pints of whole milk, or 9 eggs; and as much rickets-preventing Vitamin D as 7½ eggs.

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The Age of Youth

By Arthur Somers Roche

The Story Thus Far:

FINANCED by Randolph Granby, a wealthy bachelor, Donna Raynor, who has beauty but no social position, sets out to obtain a rich husband. Ensconced in a charming apartment (leased from Libby Prentiss, a noted society girl), she starts her remarkable campaign.

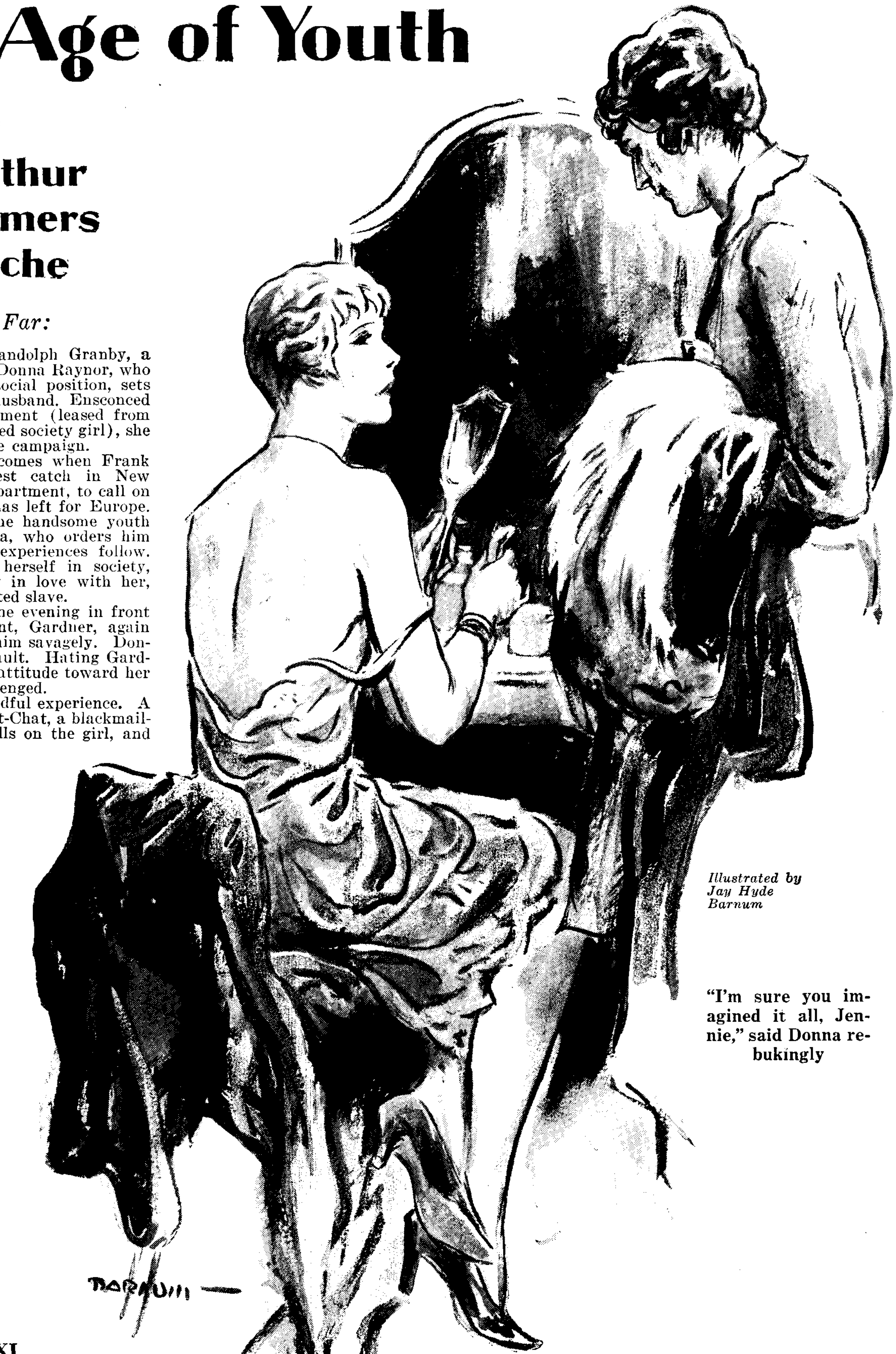
Adventure No. 1 comes when Frank Gardner, the greatest catch in New York, comes to the apartment, to call on Miss Prentiss, who has left for Europe. Badly intoxicated, the handsome youth makes love to Donna, who orders him out. . . . Thrilling experiences follow. Soon the girl finds herself in society, with Gardner madly in love with her, and Granby her devoted slave.

Meeting Granby one evening in front of Donna's apartment, Gardner, again intoxicated, attacks him savagely. Donna witnesses the assault. Hating Gardner for his insulting attitude toward her she resolves to be avenged.

Then comes a dreadful experience. A representative of Chit-Chat, a blackmailing scandal-sheet, calls on the girl, and "suggests" that she take stock in his company. If she doesn't—well, Chit-Chat will print a sensational "story" about her relations with Granby (in reality entirely innocent, but apparently far from that).

But already the gossips are busy. Donna is in serious danger. One of her friends suggests that she become engaged. Repelled by the idea, but desperate, Donna decides to act on it. Why not inveigle Frank Gardner into proposing? He has hurt her desperately—now, at last, she may be able to get her revenge. If he proposes, she will accept him—and be safe from the scandalmongers. After which—perhaps several months later—she will deliberately drop him!

Shortly afterward, Donna and the man she hates are engaged. . . . But there are breakers ahead.



Illustrated by Jay Hyde Barnum

"I'm sure you imagined it all, Jennie," said Donna rebukingly

XI

THROUGH the remainder of the evening Donna played bridge mechanically—and badly. And it was Mrs. Cameron Colt who voiced the inevitable comment, "Lucky at love, unlucky at cards." But someone, Donna knew, *must* make the remark at least once in every evening, especially on an evening such as this.

She smiled—mechanically also—at every clumsy jest on the part of Mr. Curlew; she tried to respond in kind to the badinage of Freddie Fairleigh; she tried to look grateful for everything and to everybody, and yet endeavored to avoid mixing humility with her gratitude.

But to the fire in Frank's gaze she could not respond. And when, as cards were cut, or they changed places at the tables, his hand found hers, she did not return the quick pressure of his fingers.

And in the car, on the way home, she evaded his amorous advances.

"Please, Frank," she pleaded.

He desisted instantly, and she felt qualms of conscience at his quick yielding. This was the man who, in jealous rage, had stopped barely short of murder last night. This was the man who, frantic with jealousy, had made a disgraceful scene at a night club. Everything she knew about him was proof of his willfulness, his lack of restraint, his self-indulgence in whatever violent whim possessed him.

AND now he was gentle, quick to grasp her mood and make his own coincide with hers. She felt, queerly, that she was infinitely older and wiser than Gardner, and that it was unfair of her to take any advantage whatsoever of him. For a man in love is more helpless, in the hands of his beloved, than a baby in the arms of his nurse. A sudden weakness swept over her, even as she pushed away his grasping hands, a weakness that made her long to give herself utterly and completely.

But the moment of weakness passed as suddenly as it had arrived. Because she regretted the necessity for hurting Gardner was no reason for her to abandon her intention. There could be only one reason for such abandonment, and that was love.

And she didn't love him, she kept assuring herself. It was all very well for a man to fall instantly, headlong, into love, but women were different. At least, she was different, and she believed that this difference was common to her sex. Men loved utterly with their hearts, but women loved with their brains. Oh, the heart came into it, but only after the brain had indicated the direction the heart should travel.

Her brain told her that she was not in love with Gardner. But the mere fact that she must reason the matter out, that logic should be advanced by some inner self to inform some outer self that she didn't care for him, raised doubts. She ought to *know*. Or was love, despite all the romances, something formless, something unrecognizable at its beginning, and perhaps gaining recognition only after it had died?

Gardner, sensitive as a man in love ought to be and so seldom is, forbore persuasion. He contented himself with the lightest kiss on her cheek as they parted at the entrance to her apartment.

"I'm going to let the papers know, Donna," he said. "Right away."

IT WAS an opportunity to withdraw from hurting him. A public announcement, followed by an equally public breaking of the engagement, would hurt him so irrevocably. . . . But he had hurt her, injured her. . . . Word of mouth was not enough. The fact of their engagement was something that must be given formality.

She nodded mutely.

"And our marriage, Donna? You won't make me wait too long?"

She nodded again, not trusting herself to speech, lest he read in her quavering tones something of the emotion that possessed her, and guess—though this was incredible—at its cause.

The light in his eyes, the exultation in his voice as he bade her good night, the very assurance of his stride as he wheeled and walked away, hurt painfully. If there was such a thing as a female cad, then she was it, she told herself ruefully as she let herself into her apartment.

Jennie was waiting up for her. Her dour countenance was alight with joy. Gone was the repression of the earlier evening.

"He's a fine young man," said the maid, helping Donna off with her frock.

Donna stared at her.

Jennie nodded wisely.

"Sure, ma'am, I couldn't help overhearing you talking over the telephone. Congratulations, ma'am."

"Thank you, Jennie," said Donna.

"Poor Miss Libby. When she rented her apartment little she guessed that her man went along with it," said Jennie.

"WHATEVER do you mean?" asked Donna.

The maid looked at her.

"Didn't you know about Mr. Gardner and Miss Prentiss? Why," said Jennie, the tides of gossip that had been pent up for months, that Donna had never suffered to be released, bursting the dam now, "she's been in love with Mr. Gardner for years. Since they were boy and girl together. And he—lots of people thought he cared for her, too, and that it was only his drinking and carrying on that made them not get married. But I guess they were all wrong."

"What are you telling me, Jennie?" cried Donna.

Jennie took quick alarm:

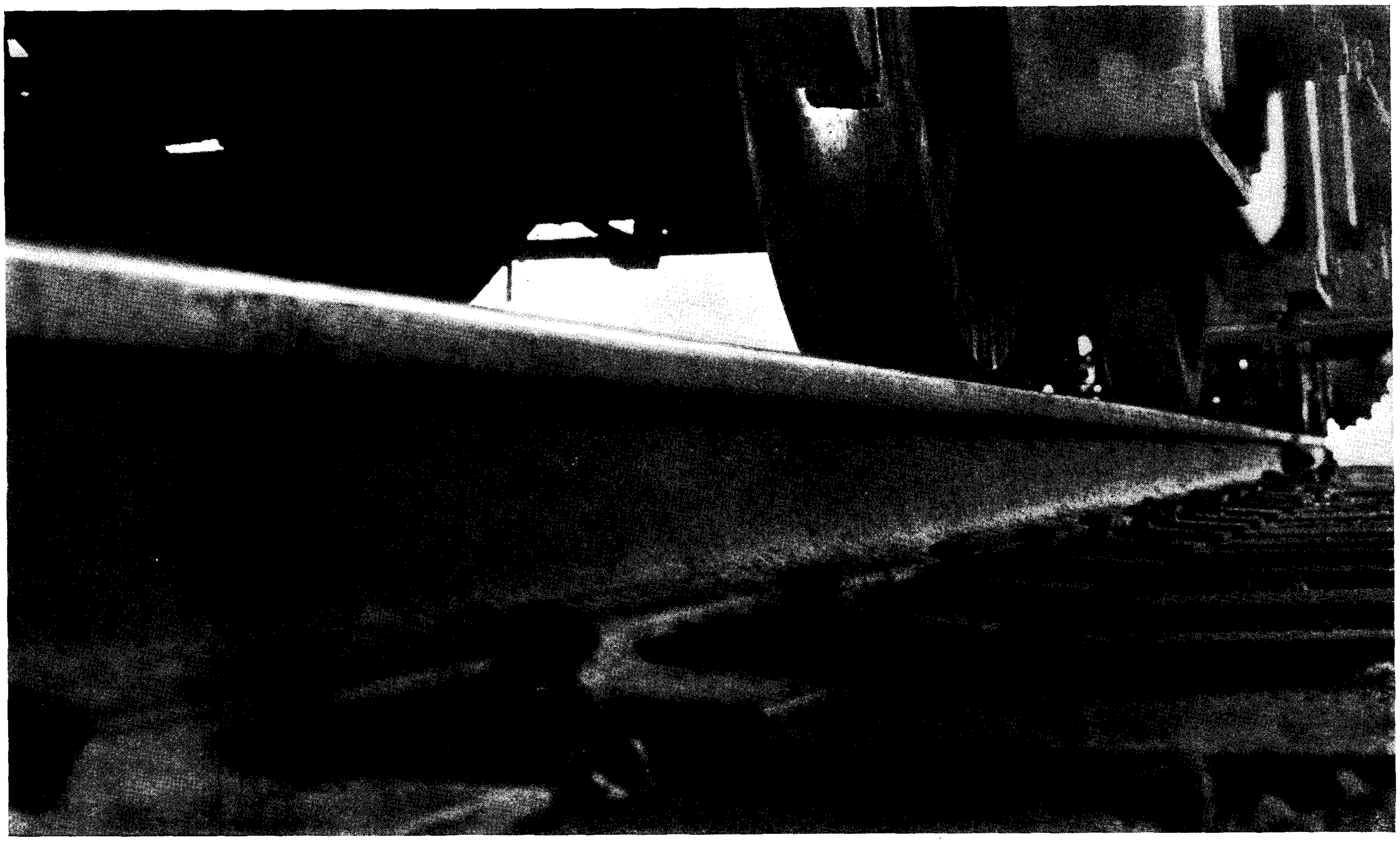
"Oh, I don't mean that they were ever engaged, or anything like that, ma'am. I'm sure they weren't. I couldn't be maid to a lady that was engaged without guessing it. Only—well, there's the way a young lady speaks over the phone, there's the way she dresses when a certain man is calling, there's—lots of things, ma'am. But probably she's forgotten all about him now. She'd hardly go abroad for months if she was still hankering after Mr. Gardner, now, would she, ma'am?"

"I'm sure you imagined it all, Jennie," said Donna rebukingly. She had refused countless opportunities to listen to golden gossip from the lips of Jennie and was angry with herself for having been surprised into listening now.

"Perhaps I did, ma'am," said Jennie sulkily, but instantly recognizing the warning that she had talked too much.

(*Continued on page 33*)

These New Giant Rails are Laid



Pennsylvania trains run on fastest schedules made between Chicago and New York, St. Louis and New York. Yet their swift journey is accomplished with ease—for they travel by the shortest line over one of the best-kept roadbeds in the world . . . These new, heavier rails are only one of many recent advances.

ensuring smoother, swifter travel for Pennsylvania trains

ALREADY on all the Pennsylvania's main line, the work nears completion. And progress is rapid in the territory beyond . . .

The old rails are removed! The new, heavier rails are laid! And new ties! Clean stone ballast! Larger tie plates . . .

To effect such improvements over its vast system since 1925, the Pennsylvania has purchased a yearly average of over 200,000 tons of steel rail alone—the largest consecutive yearly purchases in railroad history.

• • •

PERHAPS you yourself have noticed it . . . if you have ridden recently over the Pennsylvania's lines between New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Pittsburgh, Chicago, St. Louis . . . *the new extraordinary smoothness with which your train speeds over the rails!*

For these new rails used by the Pennsylvania represent an important advance in railroad engineering.

Weighing 130 pounds to the yard, they are almost a third heavier than the former standard. Held to heavy ties by steel spikes and tie plates, firmly anchored with steel anchors, and ballasted with stone—they seem not to feel the weight of the half-million-pound steel giants which speed over them.

A railroad is always being rebuilt. In its progress it constantly renews itself. Over 30,000 men are employed in the maintenance and improvement of the Pennsylvania's right of way. Day after day, there are inspections, tests, replacements.

And you in your berth at night—in your cushioned seat during the day—recognize the improvement in smoother, swifter travel—*speed with comfort.*

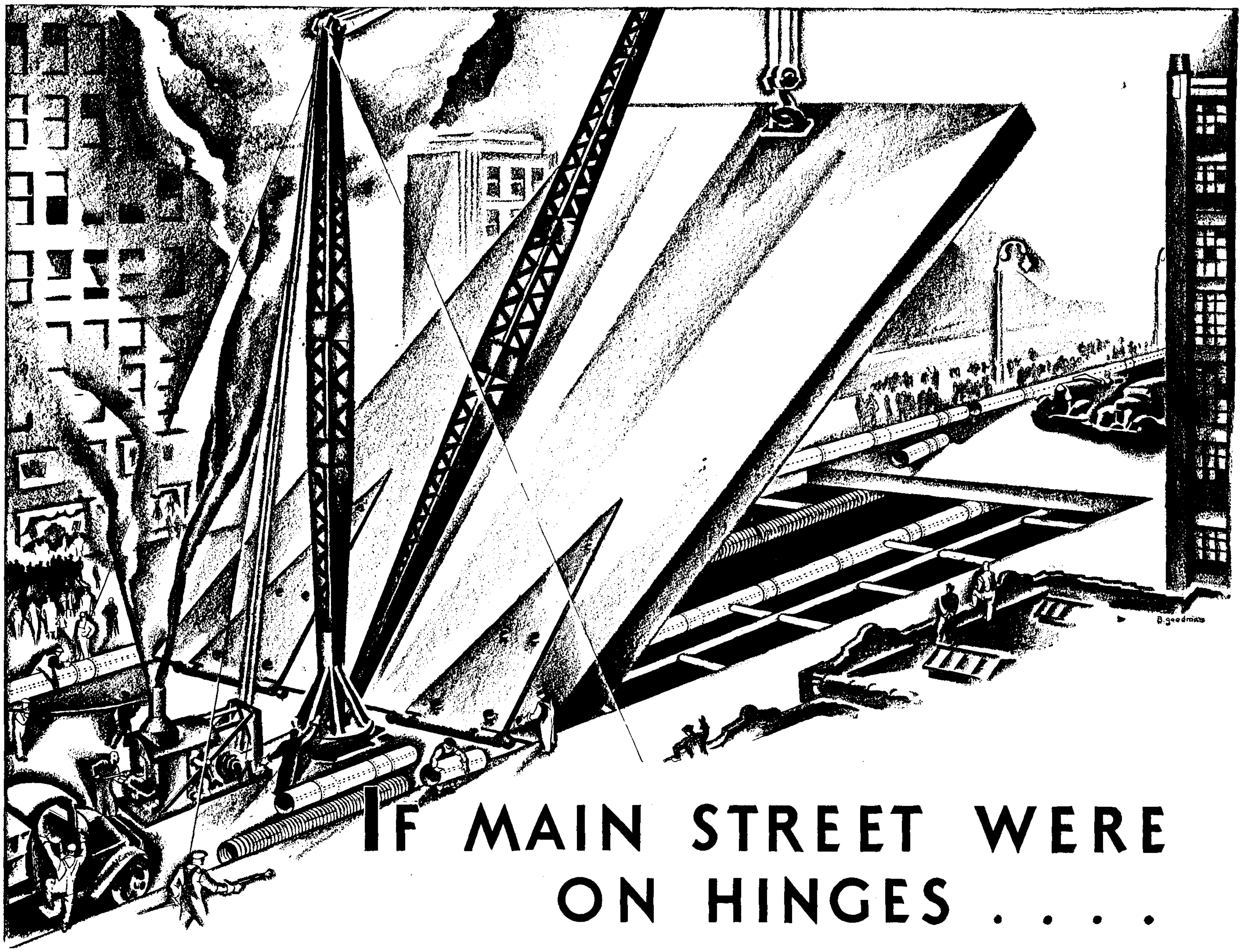
• • •

These popular trains now travel swiftly, smoothly over the new, heavier rails:

BROADWAY LIMITED	New York, Philadelphia and Chicago
THE AMERICAN	New York, Philadelphia and St. Louis
LIBERTY LIMITED	Washington, Baltimore and Chicago
CONGRESSIONAL LIMITED	Washington, Philadelphia and New York
THE RED ARROW	Detroit, Toledo, Cleveland and the East
CINCINNATI LIMITED	New York, Philadelphia and Cincinnati

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Carries more passengers, hauls more freight than any other railroad in America



IF MAIN STREET WERE ON HINGES . . . .

If the principal street of your town were hinged like a gigantic box-top, the problem of pipe replacement would be a comparatively easy one. When a water or gas main wore out, traffic could be detoured for a few hours, the pipe repaired and the lid lowered again. How easy! What matter if mains didn't last, if repairs or replacements could be made so quickly and easily.

Fantastic? Certainly, but no more impractical than the using of short-lived, unproved pipe under our costly, present-day city pavements. For tearing up streets to replace worn-out mains is *actually* a very expensive business. It involves high-priced labor, specialized machinery and costly materials, in addition to the cost of the new pipe. And, directly or indirectly, taxpayers pay the bills.

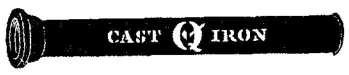
Short-lived pipe may be all right for a street on a hinge, but with our modern, costly and massive street construction, alert engineers specify the most durable pipe known —*cast iron pipe.*

Cast iron pipe lasts for centuries. There is cast iron pipe in active use today which was laid more than 250 years ago. It is the only ferrous metal pipe that rust will not destroy.

Cast iron pipe marked with the "Q-check" symbol is produced by modern methods, in accordance with established technical specifications, by the leading pipe founders listed below. The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association offers complete information on the use of cast iron pipe for gas, water, sewers, road culverts and industrial needs. This information is cheerfully supplied without cost or obligation. Address: The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association, Thomas F. Wolfe, Research Engineer, 122 South Michigan Ave., Chicago.

The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association is a service organization of leading pipe founders, formed to promote the scientific improvement and proper use of Cast Iron Pipe. Pipe bearing the Association "Q-check" mark may be obtained from the following: Alabama Pipe Company, Anniston, Ala.; American Cast Iron Pipe Company, Birmingham, Ala.; James B. Clow & Sons, 219 N. Talman Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; Donaldson Iron Company, Emaus, Pa.; Glamorgan Pipe and Foundry Company, Lynchburg, Va.; Lynchburg Foundry Company, Lynchburg, Va.; National Cast Iron Pipe Company, Birmingham, Ala.; United States Pipe and Foundry Company, Burlington, N. J.; Warren Foundry and Pipe Company, 11 Broadway, New York.

Look for the "Q-check" symbol stenciled in white as shown below. It is the registered trade mark of The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association and identifies Cast Iron Pipe made by the leading pipe founders listed in this advertisement.



CAST IRON PIPE

(*Continued from page 30*)

But after she had gone, after the light was out, Donna, lying in her bed, pondered the maid's utterances. But she owed no loyalty to Libby Prentiss. She was merely the young woman whose apartment Donna had rented. Not by the farthest stretch of the imagination could it be charged that Donna had stolen Libby's lover from the absent girl. Sheerest accident had caused Gardner to stumble into Donna's life, and by no design of hers had the young man remained in that life.

Nevertheless, she would be hurting Libby Prentiss. . . . But this was too absurd! There would be no marriage in this world if every prospective bride and every prospective groom hesitated at the altar lest the vows about to be exchanged hurt another person. Moreover—and in the darkness her eyes were cynical—Libby's hurt soul would be salved when the engagement was broken.

If—and she tried to read her own heart—it ever were broken. She fell asleep pondering this question. And, because she was so utterly worn out, her tired brain did no shadowy maneuvering in dreams, but slept as soundly as her body.

At the first uneasy stirring that precedes wakefulness Jennie was at Donna's bedside. She bore with her a copy of a morning paper, opened at an inner page, and her voice trembled and her hands shook as she showed the headline at the top of three columns, to her mistress: FRANK GARDNER ENGAGED.

"I knew you'd want to see it, first thing," said Jennie.

Donna greedily read the story beneath the black caption. The story was signed by Mr. Manhattan.

"Frank Gardner—Francis Albert Wiggam Gardner, to give the gentleman his due collection of names—is to wed. Crafty mamas, angling aunties, greedy grandmas, give up hope for your daughters, nieces, and granddaughters. From out of the West has come a feminine Lochinvar and she has ridden away with the prize matrimonial catch of this or of any recent season.

"MISS DONNA RAYNOR is the lucky girl, and I trust she will not think Mr. Manhattan lacking in chivalry because he says that *she* is lucky. For we will cheerfully concede that Frank Gardner is also lucky. Which bow having been offered to courtesy, we will reiterate that any girl who has caught Frank Gardner is extremely fortunate.

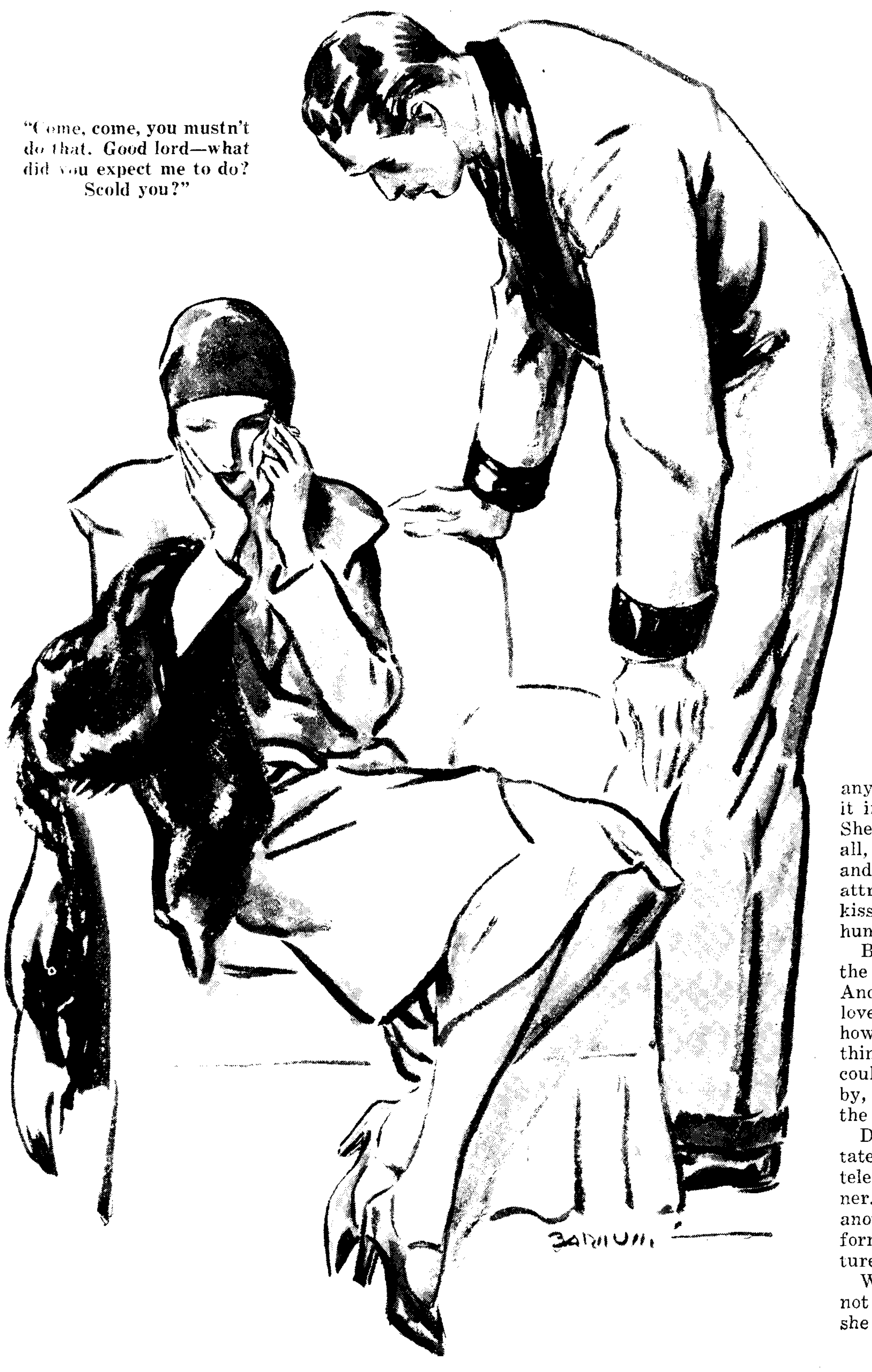
"When Mr. Manhattan received the announcement last night—lest there be doubt as to the authenticity of this story let it be stated here that Mr. Gardner himself gave the news to Mr. Manhattan—he told the managing editor to hold the presses, to change the make-up of this page, and is now writing these lines in terrific haste. For love is mighty but presses must not be delayed.

"Miss Raynor, who comes from an estimable family in the Middle West, is not very well known to New York society, but what few affairs she has graced with her presence have been thereby made more successful. Not that she is at all an outsider. Sue Philemon's most intimate friend can hardly be called that. She is a blonde, beautiful, and her charm has won her many friends.

"Frank Gardner's reputation as an heir to ——"

DONNA put the paper down as Jennie reappeared with coffee. She knew what Mr. Manhattan would write about Frank Gardner and was disinterested. Only idly, too, did she note that the paper had printed again a picture of Sue Philemon and herself.

The impossible had happened. Whoever had heard Frank's words at the night club would dismiss, as incredible, any idea that truth lay behind his charge. Men—of Frank Gardner's type—didn't marry girls who they even remotely suspected were not chaste. At worst, Frank would be put down as a young bounder who, mad with jealousy, had said whatever came into his head. Shoulders would be shrugged, of course, because she could love a man who had been guilty of such a scene, but—all would be forgotten.


"Come, come, you mustn't do that. Good lord—what did you expect me to do? Scold you?"

The telephone rang in the next room. Jennie appeared.

"Miss Philemon," she said. "And newspapers have been ringing up, and—oh, Mr. Granby has telephoned three times."

Donna took up the receiver by her bed.

"Sue?"

"Darling!" ejaculated the ecstatic Sue Philemon. "It's too terribly wonderful. I'm so excited I can't wait to see you and tell you how delighted I am, and—can't we lunch together? And when did it happen? And have you a ring yet, and—"

"Of course we can lunch together," said Donna.

"And bring Frank," suggested Sue.

"I'll try to. The Colony? One-thirty?"

No sooner had she hung up than the bell sounded again. Jennie, as always, took the call in the next room.

"The World," she announced.

Donna shook her head. "I'm out—to all newspapers," she said.

Slowly she sipped her orange juice, ate her toast, drank her coffee. She only showed mild interest when Jennie brought into the room a huge box of flowers from Gardner. She was thinking of Ran Granby.

What could she say to him? And back into her brain came last night's doubts and fears. Would Granby keep secret that knowledge which he possessed about her?

He was a gentleman, but gentility meant little, she had decided. Frank Gardner was a gentleman, his friends all thought, but he had acted, the other night, like a dock-worker, or as she supposed a dock-worker might act.

SHE picked up the telephone and asked for Granby's number. In a moment she was speaking to him.

"I must see you," he said.

"Are you able to go out?" she asked.

"You'll have to come here."

"To your apartment?"

"Donna—please," he cried. "We must talk—we'll have to. Donna, do you love him?"

"Why not?" she asked.

"I might know it." His bitter laugh was a revelation. "To the victor belongs the spoils. But I must see you."

She hesitated a moment.

"About noon, then?"

"If you can't make it sooner."

"I can't," she said. "It's eleven now."

She hung up thoughtfully.

Of course. It was too obvious. He wanted her—he was responsible for her entrance into circles where she could encounter Frank Gardner. He felt that—he owned her. He had given her money. True, there had been a bargain, or a wager, involved, but—what man ever held to a bargain with any woman?

Why hadn't Frank telephoned? A wild idea came into her head. Gardner wanted to be married right away. Why not marry him at once, this very day, and thus discount anything that Granby, in pique, might say to the younger man? For Granby couldn't, *after* she had married Gardner, say to the husband what he might caddishly say to the lover.

But marriage is for a long, long time, discretion suddenly told her. To marry for anything in the world save love. . . . Well, did she care for Gardner?

He had kissed her last night and the kiss had not been unpleasant. Indeed, she had returned it with a fervor equal to his own. But—did that mean anything at all? Circumstances had made it imperative that she receive his kiss. She regarded herself reasonably. After all, human beings are composed of flesh and blood. She was young and he was attractive and not to be stirred by his kiss would have been to deny her own humanity.

But love—that was different from the passion inspired by the moment. And to marry a man whom she didn't love, as an escape from any trouble however great, was—well, she didn't think she could do it. Certainly she couldn't do it until she had seen Granby, until she knew exactly how great the trouble was, and how imminent.

Dressed, a taxi summoned, she hesitated on the sill of the outer door as the telephone rang. This might be Gardner. But it was, Jennie informed her, another newspaper man, avid for information about the girl who had captured Frank Gardner.

Why hadn't he telephoned? This was not in keeping with the ardent youth she knew. True, he had sent flowers,

(*Continued on page 36*)

A torrent of P

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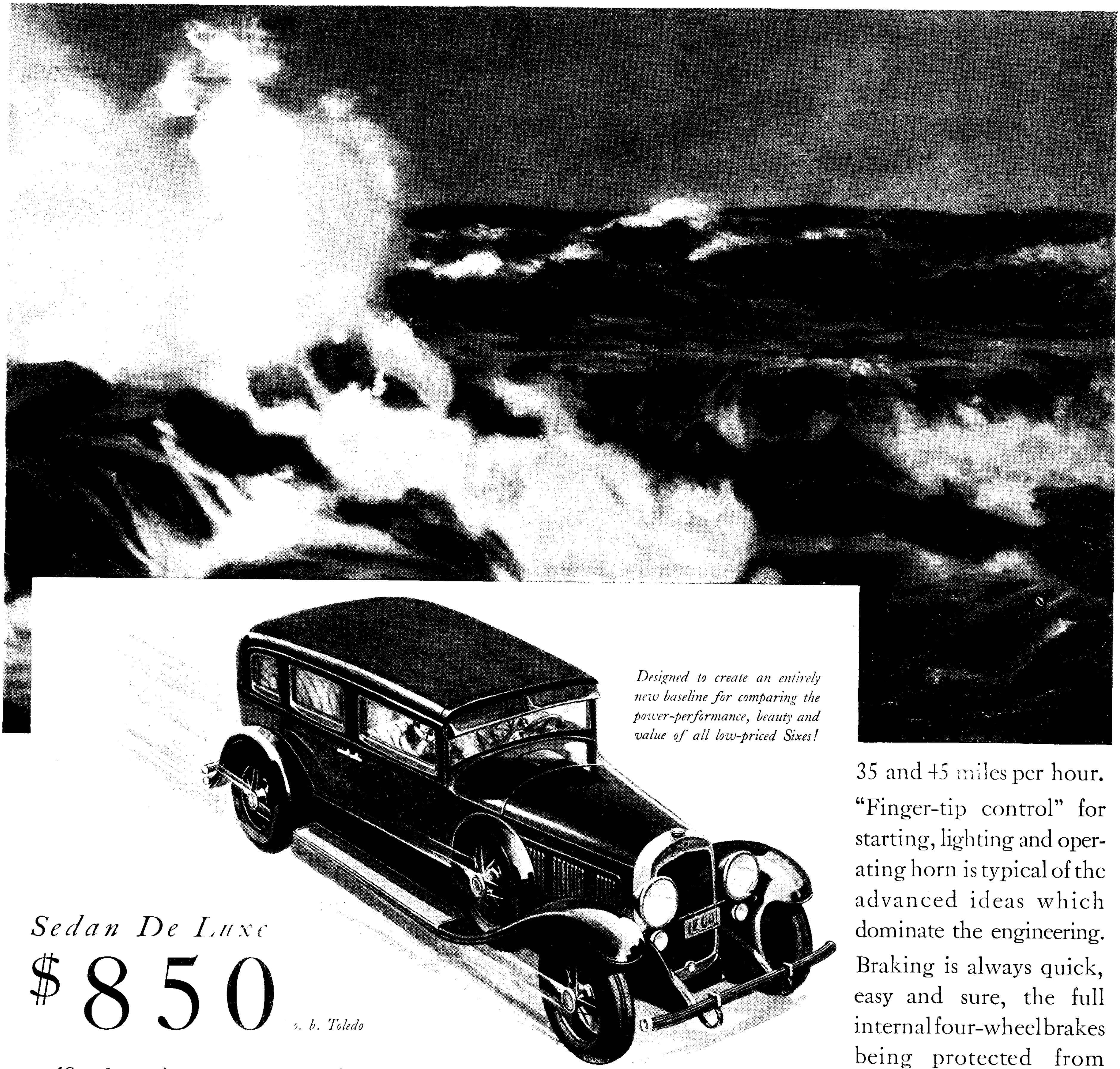

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TRUMP THAT TRICK!
TRUMP THAT TRICK

It seems that the Kibitzers on this occasion were college boys

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

North
S. 10-9-6
H. 8-5-2
D. A-8-5-3
C. K-3-2

West
S. K-7-5-3
H. Q-4
D. J
C. A-Q-10-8-6-4

East
S. Q-J-8-4
H. 6-3
D. Q-6-4-2
C. J-9-5

South
S. A-2
H. A-K-J-10-9-7
D. K-10-9-7
C. 7

THE above hand was given in last week's Collier's. If it had been played at Auction Bridge the bidding doubtless would have been: South one Heart, west two Clubs, North two Hearts, which would have closed the auction.

It actually was played at Contract and the bidding was: South two Hearts, West three Clubs, North three Hearts, East pass, South four Hearts.

The Play

The play of the hand presents one or two interesting points which would arise in exactly the same way, regardless of whether the game was Auction or Contract Bridge.

West, called upon to make an original lead, would have to choose from a six-card suit headed by the double tenace (Ace-Queen-Ten) which he had bid and which his partner had failed to help, a four-card suit headed by a King, and a singleton Jack.

Leading trumps could hardly be considered with Queen and one small. The King-suit may fit in with the East hand (as it would have in this case), and leading the Ace of the six-card suit may give partner a ruff on the second round (which would not have happened in this case); nevertheless there seems to be the least chance of loss and the most chance of saving game by leading the singleton Diamond.

When the hand actually was played, West led the Jack of Diamonds and, as soon as the dummy was exposed, the Declarer could see that it probably was a singleton. It might be the top of a doubleton, but either way it was clear that the trick should be won and West's trumps exhausted. It also was clear that the Queen of Diamonds was held by East, West's lead of the Jack denying the Queen; and that part of Declarer's plan of campaign should be to capture that Queen by leading through it from dummy toward the King in the closed hand. So in spite of the scarcity of entries in dummy, the Ace of Diamonds was played on the first trick and Declarer was careful to play the Nine, not the Seven, from the closed hand. The Deuce of trumps was led to trick 2; and the Declarer, with a total of nine trumps, was fortunate in obtaining an even break of the four adverse trumps and dropping them all with his Ace and King. This made dummy's Eight of trumps a much-needed entry.

To trick 4, South led his singleton Seven of Clubs toward dummy's King, the Club bid by West assuring that this lead would enable dummy's King to make and give closed hand a needed Spade discard thereon. Of course West had to win with the Ace of Clubs; had he failed to do so he would have "taken it home with him;" and next—for want of a better—he made a Spade lead. South won with the Ace and put dummy in by leading the Seven of trumps from closed hand and winning with the Eight. The next procedure was to cash dummy's King of Clubs and discard closed hand's losing Deuce of Spades.

Then came the Diamond play for which Declarer had started to scheme at trick 1. Dummy led the Eight of Diamonds, East played the Four, and closed hand (having gotten rid of the Nine on the first trick) was able to duck under dummy's Eight with the Seven. This left dummy in the lead for another round of Diamonds and enabled closed hand to take a second Diamond finesse, which resulted in a small slam for Declarer.

As the game was Contract, the unbid small slam did not count; but Declarer made two tricks over his contract, and received a bonus of 50 per trick.

This hand is an illustration of many that turn up, which cannot justifiably be bid for a small slam although the slam can be made in play. The way in which the Diamonds worked for the Declarer was a marvel of good fortune but had West started by leading a Spade, South could not have gotten rid of the losing Spade because West would have obtained the lead with a Club to lead a second Spade before South could discard. Declarer would probably have lost one Diamond also and been limited to four-odd—the exact amount of his bid.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. Q-10
H. 8-6
D. J-9-8-3
C. 10-9-7-6-2

East
S. 9-6-4
H. A-5
D. A-7
C. A-K-J-8-5-4

West
S. 8-5
H. K-Q-10-7-3
D. K-Q-6-5-2
C. Q

South
S. A-K-J-7-3-2
H. J-9-4-2
D. 10-4
C. 3

The Age of Youth

Continued from page 33

but not to have called up. . . . A battery of cameras greeted her as she stepped out upon the sidewalk. Before she realized what had happened shutters had clicked a dozen times. Well, *after all, this didn't matter.* But, inconsequently, she thought of Jinny Loan, her companion when she had written to Ran Granby, asking his financial aid, of those other people, men and women, whom she had known in those earlier days before Granby's money had unlocked for her the doors to another world. Those old acquaintances would sooner or later recognize her pictures in the papers. Would some of them, perhaps, try to make some profit out of their knowledge as to who she was. . . .

Not Jinny Loan, though. She hadn't thought of Jinny in weeks. She felt a sudden wish to see her, to talk things over with her. Dear little Jinny, who had never tried to repair their broken friendship. . . . She forgot Jinny as she alighted at Granby's apartment house.

GRANBY himself opened the door for her. He was dressed, she noticed later, in some sort of house suit, brown in color, and with silk facings. It was the sort of luxurious garment that on any other occasion would have made her smile, because it was exactly in keeping with his somewhat romantic conception of himself.

But at first she was only conscious of the bruises on his face. She smothered an exclamation of pity.

"Oh, this?" He touched his face. "Pretty awful, but Gardner's no dewy rosebud himself, as you've noticed. Come in. Sent the servants away. Not a soul to notice, to talk scandal—"

He closed the door behind her and ushered her into a comfortable living-room. He walked, she was glad to notice, without apparent effort.

"Shouldn't you be in bed?" she asked.

"That's what the silly doctor said. Wanted me to keep a nurse indefinitely—good lord, this is nothing to what I've gone through playing football."

"But that was—" She stopped abruptly.

"When I was young, you mean to say, eh?" He grinned at her, and this grin was as revelatory as his bitter laugh over the telephone. He could be cynical and also mischievous, whereas she had been seeing him as merely kindly and pompous. "I'm not exactly aged, my dear. Six months' training and I'd be better than I ever was. And if that young ass Gardner—sorry, if you don't like what I call him, but this is a time for plain speaking—if he hadn't come around to see me—I'd have taken that much training and tried again."

"No," she said. "Fighting is so—futile."

"Eh? Futile? Never had a better time in my life. Fine chap, Gardner. Congratulations and all that sort of thing. Only—"

"You congratulate me?" she interrupted.

"Why, of course. Why not?" he demanded.

For answer she put her face in her hands. Tears seeped between her fingers.

"Come, come, you mustn't do that. Good lord—what did you expect me to do? Scold you?"

She looked at him through blurry eyes.

"I thought you were going to tell me that I mustn't."

"Mustn't what?"

"Marry Frank," she said.

"Why shouldn't you? And why should I give you any orders?"

"Then you aren't?"

"*Certainly not.*" He was brusque, but just a shade too brusque to be completely convincing.

"W-ell, not orders, exactly, but--well, arguments?"

"What sort of arguments?" he demanded.

"Well, you might not think it funny. You see, I thought that perhaps you were going to threaten to tell Frank about—about financing me?"

His blank expression, upon that battered countenance, was grotesque. But bewilderment changed to anger.

"You thought I'd do a thing like that? By what right did you *dare* think that of me?"

"People do amazing things under stress," she said.

"Under stress of what? What sort of stress could make me act in such a fashion?"

"You might feel an obligation—Frank is young, as you said. You might feel that you, being older, owed it to him to warn him that I—well, that I had taken money from you."

"You thought I'd do that!" he cried.

"I didn't think you would, really; I just didn't know whether you would or not. You see, if a man loves a girl—"

"I don't remember having said this morning that I loved you, yet that's the second time you've referred to that," he said.

"I'm sorry," she said meekly, "but when a man has asked a girl to marry him—"

"You're going to marry Gardner, aren't you?" he asked.

"It would seem so," she admitted.

"Then why hark back to what happened day before yesterday?"

"It does seem like digging back into the remote past, doesn't it?" she said.

"Men—men of my age—I mean to say, men that have passed crazy youth, can adjust themselves to a situation, Miss Raynor. You love Gardner. I—er—would not wish you to think that I—er—was suffering, unhappy, because of you. I—thought you needed a protector, and er—that's all it was."

She raised her eyebrows.

"Some men might not think it gallant to deny having cared for a lady."

"I'M NOT concerned about what other men might do," he said stiffly.

"Sufficient unto yourself?"

"In this instance, yes. Now—please let me talk to you. Gardner must never know about—our financial transactions."

"It seems to me that it was part of our bargain that I would tell my future husband," she reminded him.

"And that is exactly where you will make a vital mistake. It's not necessary to tell him. He—might not take it in the right way. Because if you tell him a little, you must tell him everything. You might even have to tell him that we had a definite bargain. If you didn't secure a husband in the allotted time, then—" He colored and stopped.

"I was to give myself to you," she said. "But a husband has a right to know that his wife would—consider such a thing."

"Why has he? You won't ask Frank about his relations with women, will you?"

"But a woman isn't supposed to care

(*Continued on page 40*)

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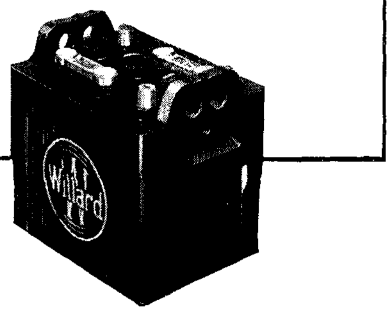

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Bartles-Maguire Oil Company	**BARTLES ETHYL**
Beacon Oil Company	**COLONIAL ETHYL**
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Champlin Refining Company	**CHAMPLIN ETHYL**
Col-Tex Refining Company	**COL-TEX ETHYL**
Continental Oil Company	**CONOCO ETHYL**
Continental Refining Company	**CORECO ETHYL**
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Eason Oil Company	**EASON ETHYL**
Fleet-Wing Oil Corporation	**FLEET-WING ETHYL**
Freedom Oil Works Company	**FREEDOM ETHYL**
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Humble Oil and Refining Co.	**FLASHLIKE ETHYL**
Imperial Oil, Limited	**IMPERIAL ETHYL**
Independent Oil and Gas Co.	**INDEPENDENT ETHYL**
Johnson Oil Refining Company	**JOHNSON ETHYL**
Kendall Refining Company	**KENDALL ETHYL**
Lincoln Oil Refining Company	**LINCO ETHYL**
Louisiana Oil Refining Corp.	**LORECO ETHYL**
Mexican Petroleum Corporation	**PAN-AM ETHYL**
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Pan-American Petroleum Corp.	**PAN-AM ETHYL**
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Standard Oil Company (Ohio)	SOHIO ETHYL
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Texas Pacific Coal & Oil Co.	T-P ETHYL
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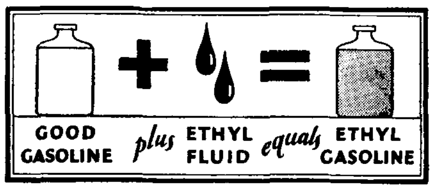

Knocks out that "knock"

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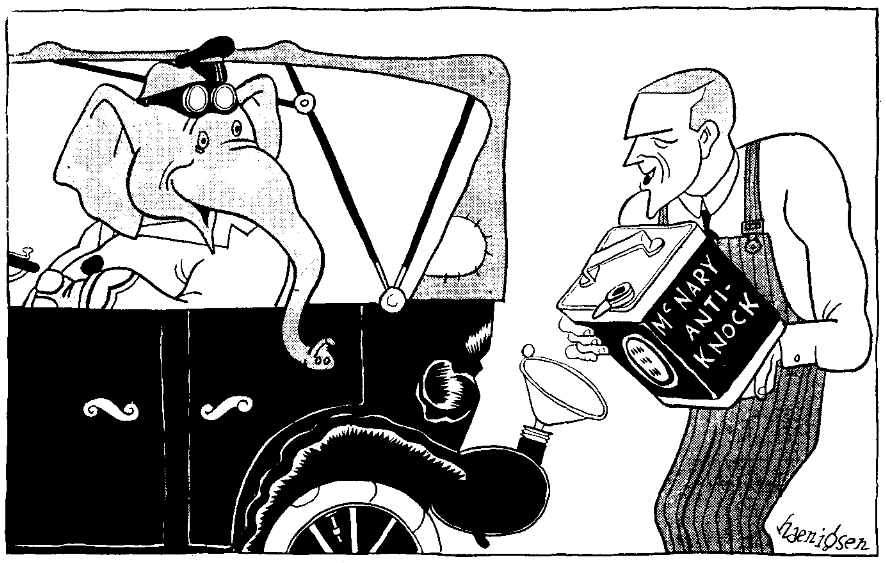


Anti-Knock Charlie

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

SENATOR CHARLES McNARY of Oregon will soon be the floor leader of the Republicans in the Senate; perhaps he will already have reached that exalted position by the time these words are in print.

The Old Guard is discredited and demobilized. There are probably not a dozen senators whom it can call its own. Even the baby members of the Senate have treated it with contempt. Its half dozen leading members eat by themselves in a little private dining-room off the main Senate restaurant and other members of the Senate who value their position and influence avoid being seen eating with them regularly.

Charlie McNary belongs to what may be called the Burning Tree group in the Senate. The Burning Tree is a golf club just across the District line in Maryland, an exclusive club as golf clubs go in Washington. The progressive Republicans don't play golf there.

Few members of the Old Guard play golf at the Burning Tree because in general the roots of the Old Guard are too firmly embedded in the past for its members to be interested in anything so modern as golf. A few Democrats frequent the links. But it is one of the great clearing houses of senatorial politics.

A few years ago a Washington correspondent took a straw vote among his fellow newspaper men on the question of who was the most popular senator. Charlie McNary led all the rest. If the vote had been taken among the senators also, the result would have been the same. He is a good fellow. He hasn't any rough edges that irritate anyone.

Judicious Heartbeats

He isn't an Old Guardsman and he isn't a Progressive. He avoids extremes as a cat avoids rain. He was never so unhappy as he was when the circumstance that he was chairman of the Agricultural Committee of the Senate attached his name to the Haugen-McNary farm bill which split his party. If that bill hadn't been buried in the end it would have shortened McNary's life.

One would be tempted to call him conservative but one is assured that his heart beats for the downtrod. However, his heart is moderate; one could detect those beats for the downtrod only with a stethoscope. He is a rebel who likes the pleasant life too well ever to let his rebellion disturb the equanimity of his associations.

He loves compromise as well as Colonel House used to love it. He likes to see everyone about him smiling and happy. He is not aggressive. He seldom lifts up his voice in speech. There are so many senators who like to make speeches that he never gets in their way by making a speech on his own account.

He cares more for personal relations than he does for policies, except in that softly and discreetly rebellious heart of his. He has more contacts than anyone else in the Senate.

There is a kind of chemical substance which in the presence of two mutually hostile chemical elements promotes fusion and combination. That is what Charlie McNary is. He is the anti-knock mixture in the Senate gasoline.

Sweetness and Light

He'll be the same kind of leader of the Republicans that Charlie Curtis was, for the Vice President in his day, before he became socially important, was the most unobtrusive bit of sweetness and light ever seen on Capitol Hill. Only he is smoother and more finished than Curtis was. He was dean of a law school and a judge before he came to the Senate. He is amenity itself.

Of course what the Republicans in the Senate have needed all through this special session is an anti-knock mixture. For months everybody in the Senate has been saying, "Now if we only had Charlie McNary." He values regularity as no one in the Senate except Reed Smoot, and all the while he has those private heartbeats of rebellion in his breast. The Progressives will go around with stethoscopes listening to those heartbeats for the downtrod and deriving comfort from the sounds that come to them through the instrument.

An anti-knock mixture won't make the Republican party in the Senate one single harmonious party but it will make it sound better. Having McNary as their titular though not their real leader, the Progressives may feel that they represent the true light that shines from the White House for the illumination of all Republicans. And the faith of the Old Guard that they are the only genuine disciples will not be shaken. The name Republican is broad enough to cover anything from Bingham to Brookhart, from Grundy to Borah, and Mr. McNary will do nothing to narrow its catholicity.

In the era of good feeling that is coming George Moses will rise and explain that the wild jackass is the noblest and wisest of animals. And Norris, just to show how widely embracing the Republican party is, will continue to vote with the Democrats.

The Age of Youth

Continued from page 36

about a man's past, whereas a man does care about a woman's past."

"You haven't any past," he said.

"I've taken money from a man," she reminded him.

"And that's the point, exactly. My dear, I want you to take more money from this man."

She stared at him.

"Why?"

"You've lived on a decent scale. To go to him, to have him discover, as he must discover, that you have only a few thousands—it makes you seem an adventuress, who spent her capital in framing the picture of which you were the center, in order to capture a husband."

"And isn't that the truth? Isn't that exactly what I have done? And hasn't the man who marries me a right to know?"

"Certainly not. If—if I'd kept you, in the mean sense, then perhaps you should tell him. But where what we've done is open to a misconstruction, a false construction, then it inflicts needless pain on him to be told."

"And you wish to give me more money?" she gently asked.

"I wish to put your affairs in decent shape," he said. "I—I'm very fond of you, my dear. You've done a wonderful thing. Starting from nowhere, you've run and won a great race. I don't want that race lost. I want you to feel independent, to have sufficient money so that there'll be no sudden curtailment of your expenditures. Your husband will give you money. But there are financial intimacies as well as marital intimacies. If Frank learned that you, who had lived as though you were well-to-do, had nothing . . ."

"And how much do you want to give me?" she asked.

The sudden practicality of her voice startled him. He stared at her in complete amazement.

"I'd thought of a couple of hundred thousand," he said. Despite himself, he reacted to her practicality and his voice was cold. Then, as he saw the expression of her face, it came to him that her voice was false and her eyes were true.

"Look upon it, my child, as a wedding gift from one who—"

"One who what?" she demanded, as his words died away.

"One who wishes you well," he said stiffly.

"YOU sound," she told him, "like a phrase from an old-fashioned Compleat Letter Writer."

"I hope I sound like a friend," he said.

"And how, my friend," she asked, "could I explain away two hundred thousand dollars? Twenty-five needs lots of explanation, and eight times that much—"

"You have certain stocks, certain bonds—"

"My dear man, I thank you. I just don't believe you're real," said Donna. "You can't be real. But I like to think you are, and—I can't thank you, so I won't try. But I can't take it. And—I'm going to tell Frank—everything."

"You're insane," he said.

"Must honesty be insanity?" she asked.

"Anything unnecessary is stupid, at least," he argued. "Do you expect him to believe that I gave you money and took nothing in return?"

"You believe it, don't you?" she countered.

"I *know* it," he said.

"I'm the kind of girl who takes money from men, and yet you know—"

"I know you're everything that's lovely," he interrupted.

"Then why can't Frank know the same things? Isn't there faith with love? Aren't the two things the same thing?"

"He—he's young—hasty—"

"Not too young to be decent, and to think decently of someone he loves," she said gravely.

"You're going to put him to a tremendous test," he warned.

"No greater than the test to which I put you. For I asked you for money, took it from you, and still you think that I'm—decent."

"But *I* gave it to you," he said.

"Well?" She didn't comprehend.

"Suppose I discovered that another man had given you money. Would I feel the same way about you?"

"Wouldn't you?" she inquired.

"I say I would, and I think I would, but that's because I know you've taken nothing from other men. But if I didn't know—I don't know, my dear."

"And you think that Frank will not believe?"

"I don't know," he said.

"Nevertheless, I must tell him," she insisted.

HE SHRUGGED his shoulders hopelessly. For a full minute they sat staring at each other, he pleading of gaze, and she cool, firm of purpose.

Then the doorbell rang.

Ran Granby started like a child caught in some fault.

Donna smiled at his nervousness.

"You'd better answer it, if your servants are all out."

"But—you're here," he said.

"You don't have to let whoever it is in here," she pointed out.

"Of course," he said.

He rose, and walked, a trifle stiffly, from the room. Donna looked after him, her eyes amused and tender, too. Then the tender amusement vanished and something like fright appeared in her eyes.

"Hello, Ran," she heard Gardner say. "Wanted to talk to you."

"Can't see you now, Frank, old man," said the older man. "Engaged."

"Oh, pass up your engagement for a minute or two. I've *got* to talk to you."

"Can't," said Granby.

"Lady?" asked Gardner.

"I'm busy," said Granby shortly.

"But, damn it, I've got to talk to you, I say," insisted Gardner. "It—it's life and death."

"Life and death?" Granby's voice was cool now, and mirthfully incredulous.

"It's about Donna," said Gardner.

"About Miss Raynor?" Now Granby's voice was hard and forbidding.

"Yes. I—I've heard some stories—"

"About Miss Raynor? About your fiancée?" Granby's voice was cutting now.

"Oh, I know—not the sort of thing—but the stories were about you, too."

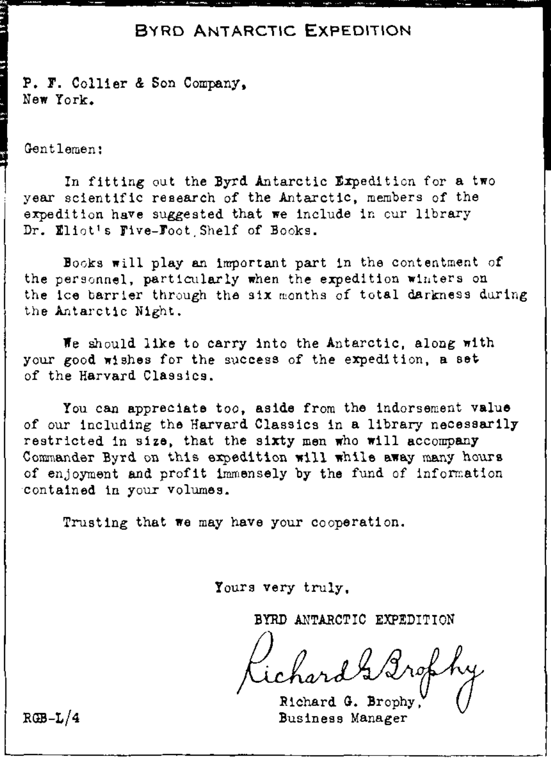
"You spread one yourself a couple of nights ago," Granby said. "I should think that would cure you of—"

"Damn it, I want to know the truth about this story," said Gardner. "I've been to Chit-Chat's office and they showed me—damn it, man, I'm coming in."

"Bring him in, Ran," called Donna.

She could no longer evade the situation; she'd meet it with what courage she owned.

(*To be concluded next week*)



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In fitting out the Byrd Antarctic Expedition for a two year scientific research of the Antarctic, members of the expedition have suggested that we include in our library Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books.

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Yours very truly,

BYRD ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION

Richard G. Brophy

Richard G. Brophy,
Business Manager

RGB-L/4

The Byrd Expedition chooses these books

THIS letter was written to P. F. Collier & Son Company by the Manager of the Byrd Expedition, asking that The Harvard Classics be added to their very limited library. The Publishers were pleased to serve Commander Byrd and his men.

The selection of Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books is typical of the vision with which the whole voyage was planned. Men of the highest type need the best possible reading recreation, and The Harvard Classics have brought inspiration and pleasure to thousands.

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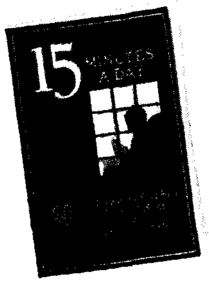

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THIS IS YOUR CERTIFICATE FOR THE FREE BOOKLET

Say it with Blushes

"Back in our day sex was obscene and not heard. Now it comes pretty close to bein' the principal topic of conversation"

Uncle Henry

"THAT Clara Bow," said Mr. Stubbs, delivering his judgment deliberately, "is a great actress."

"Clara Bow?" Uncle Henry repeated the name somewhat vaguely, and then brightened. "Oh, you mean the It an' run girl. Yes, I reckon she's quite an artist. They tell me the young men in her audiences lie back on their haunches an' give up their souls in one tremendous bray, while the middle-aged an' elderly simply fall flat on their faces, an' have an attack of somethin' that sounds like asthma complicated by the heaves.

"*It* is a brand-new word, 'Lonzo. I'm not exactly sure I get the full meanin'. Back in the days of our youth we spoke of a young girl as havin' Charm, but *It* seems to be a whole lot more. There's every indication of a high nitro-glycerine content; a sort of depth bomb, as it were, explodin' deep down, an' strewin' the landscape for miles around with adenoids, teeth, tonsils an' bits of liver an' lung.

"Charm, as we knew it, was mild, fragrant an' pervasive. It made you kind of dopey rather than tigerish. True, you usually tried to kiss the girl when you walked home with her from prayer meetin' or a strawberry social, but even then the action was so curiously an' deliciously vague that the nearest you ever got to the mouth was the nape of the neck or the mastoid process. Even so, the wonder of it all kept your emotions occupied for days.

"It, however, isn't content with any such mild, dreamy stuff. Everythin' is catch-as-catch-can, muzzles off, no holds barred, an' protect yourself in the clinches. People about to take on an It Girl or an It Man are forced to train as though for a prize fight, doin' road work an' bag punchin' an' then have to be examined by doctors before they're allowed to go ahead an' determine the survival of the Ittest.

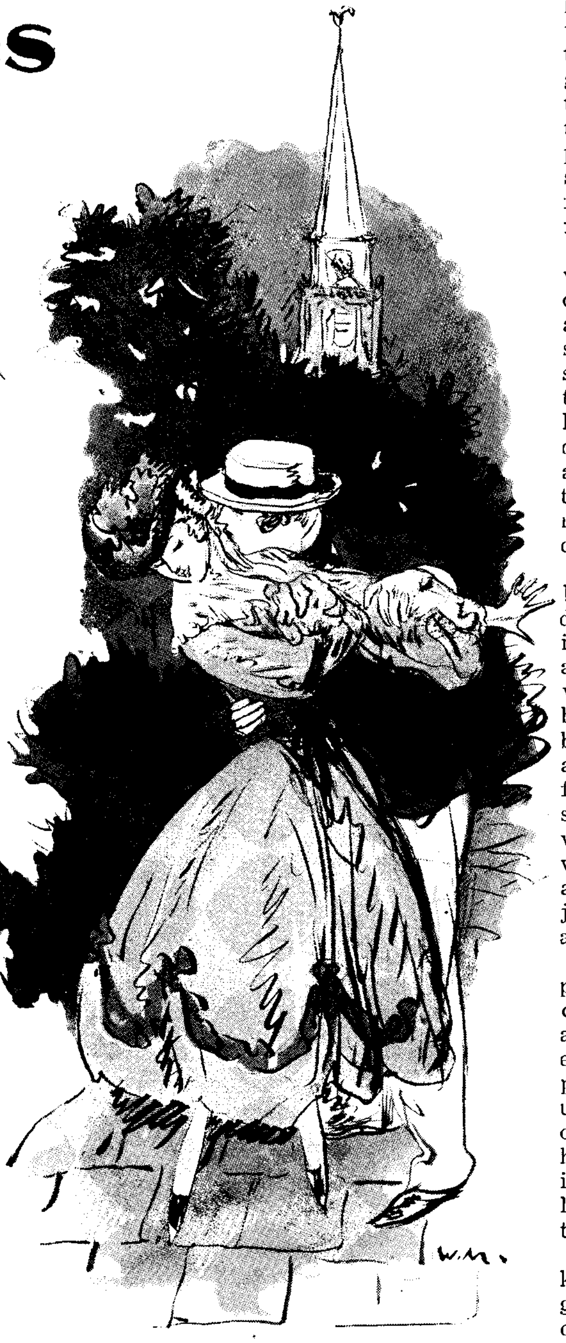
"On the whole, however, the difference is more apparent than real. I reckon there was always jes' as much It as there is now, only our generation didn't understand the art of advertisin'. We didn't use electric lights an' billboards to acquaint the public with the fact that Miss Millie Bowers was the One Hundred Per Cent Charm Kid who could make a man of ninety wish he was seventy once again if only for a day.

"The average male, 'Lonzo, is about ninety per cent sheep where women are concerned, an' depends entirely upon bellwethers. In the matter of beauty he has no confidence in his own judgment until it's confirmed by mob action. The sound of his bleat, alone an' unsupported, seems to scare him, an' his ba-a-a-s never gain volume, force an' passion until they're joined with the ba-a-a-s of the whole darned herd. Masculine emotions are really a study in crowd psychology.

Making an It

"Old as I am, I'm willin' to guarantee that I can make an It Girl out of almost any woman. Nothin's easier. All I've got to do is to get her out in plain view, bare my teeth, let my face go native, an' mutter a bunch of words with feverish intensity. Inside of ten minutes, every man in the place is walkin' rapidly in her direction, fully convinced that he's been overlookin' somethin', an' by night police reserves have to be called out.

"Another thing that has done a lot for It is the changed status of women. In our day an' generation, as you will remember, the fair sex possessed about as much liberty of action as a petrified forest. Girls were inmates of the custodial institutions known as parlors, where they crouched on horsehair sofas, an' society denied 'em any motion more aggressive than makin' a wax flower for the center table or knittin' a throw for the morris chair.



But even then the action was curiously an' deliciously vague

"As for Charm, what chance did it have with the clothes of that day? Why, 'Lonzo, Charm had to work up through so many layers of whalebone, wool an' starched linen that the poor thing was all exhausted by the time it reached the upper air, an' simply laid around with open mouth an' feebly flappin' gills.

"Not for the Old-Fashioned Girl to leap from bed of a mornin', an say, 'Come on, It, let's go out an' get us a man.' No, indeed. Not until some passin' male honored her with a glance was she permitted to clear the decks for action, aim her guns, an' make ready with the grapplin' irons. Even then she ran the risk of bein' prayed for in open church if she gave him the eye full force or failed to faint at regular intervals.

"Nowadays, however, watchful waitin' is a thing of the past as far as women are concerned. A girl can set off on the hunt any time she feels like it. No wonder there's such a back-to-the-land movement. Go into any of the remote hill-districts, an' you'll find the denser thickets filled with despairin' men, waitin' for the hue an' cry to die down.

"You've also got to remember that conversation has undergone a great change. Back in our day sex was obscene an' not heard, an' only the vicious doubted that doctors brought babies in their little black bags. Storks excited all that was fondest in filial feelin' an' in progressive states like Wisconsin there was even a movement to provide 'em with free surgical aid, an' see to it that they enjoyed complete rest before an' after.

"Now, however, sex comes pretty close to bein' the principal topic of conversation, an' even children join in the effort to develop the finer points so that nothin' will go unsaid. Where once our bump of reticence kissed the very heavens, there is now a yawnin' cavity. That's why It looms so much larger today than in our time.

"At that, 'Lonzo, I don't know whether the present generation has the best of it or not. What's the good of self-expression if you haven't got anythin' left to express? Back in our youth we were in love with love, an' lived in a world of dreams with rose an' mother-of-pearl the only colors. Girls were lay figures on which we draped our young emotions, an' out of the yeasty ferment of it all came imagination, beauty an' romance.

Thin Fare for Romance

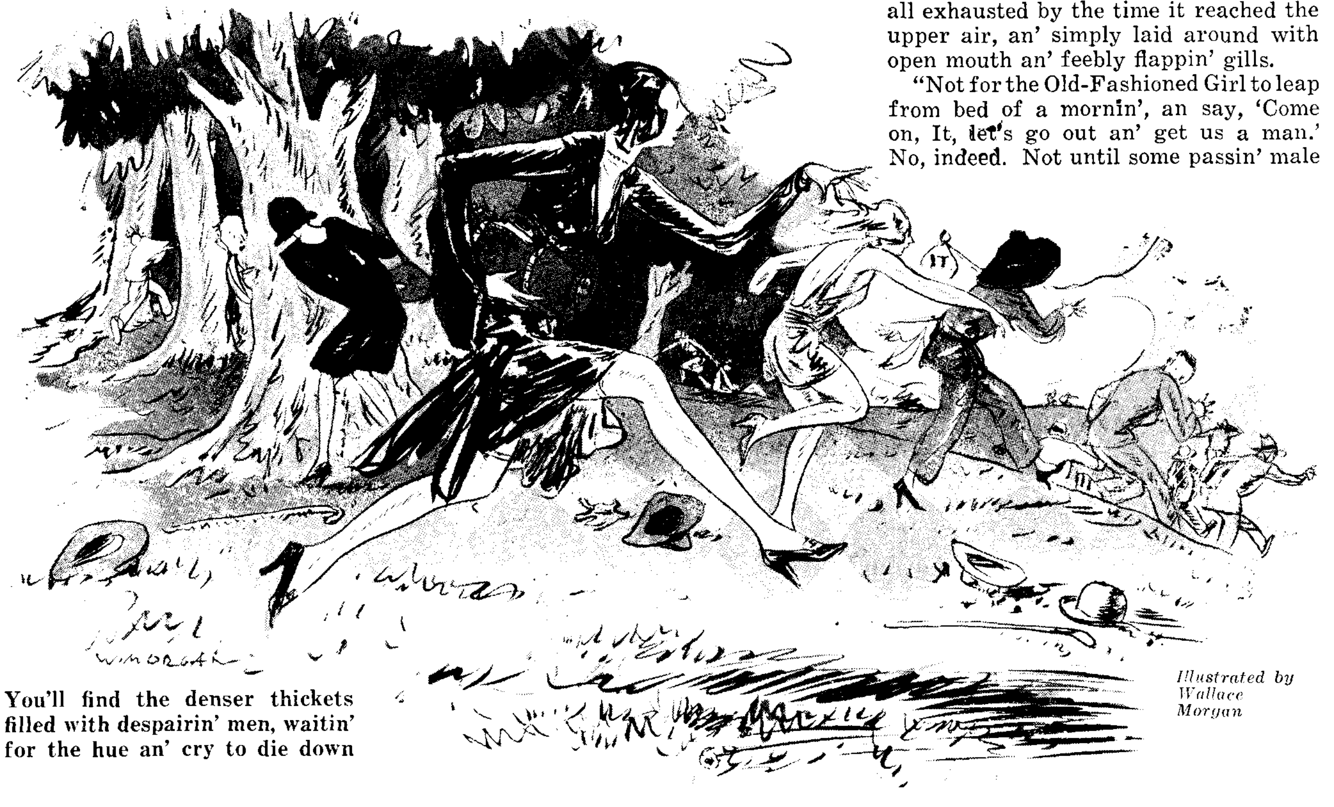
"What chance has imagination today? Nothin' is left to it at all. Bathin' suits are so open to the sun that everythin' melts, an' the average girl has three floatin' kidneys instead of one. The turn of a throat used to enchant us, but now we can't see the face or neck for tibias an' sacro-iliacs.

"Back in the dear old days we carried a copy of Byron or Shelley on the hip, an' burst into poetry at the slightest provocation. Think of the hundreds of sonnets written to a lady's eyebrow! But what's an eyebrow to the youth of today when kneecaps are worn cocked over the ear?

"Illusion, my dear 'Lonzo, is a necessity of life. Romance is as vital to youth as shade to a young plant. It may be sound business sense to keep your eyes on the ground, but it's a fine way to lose sight of the stars."

"This is a practical age," insisted Mr. Stubbs. "You don't want your people goin' around with their heads in the clouds."

"I'd rather have their heads in the clouds than in the mud," said Uncle Henry.



You'll find the denser thickets filled with despairin' men, waitin' for the hue an' cry to die down

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

BROWN as a berry
happy as a lark

Your youngster is happier . . . because healthier . . . when out-of-doors in the summer-time.

Then Nature's great tonic . . . sunshine . . . fills him with buoyant energy, actually helps build up his young body. His ruddy tan-glow, imparted by the Sun's ultra-violet rays, is a sign that he has had the benefit of plentiful sunshine.

"Brown as a berry — happy as a lark" is more than a poetic phrase.

Your child need not be sun-starved during the cold, damp winter months. Science has provided a new and simple means of obtaining the health-maintaining Sun's rays.

With a General Electric SUNLAMP in your home, *your* baby boy can enjoy the benefits of sunshine in the playroom . . . or in any room . . . at any time. Even when the snow flies, he can become as tanned as you would let him be in June or July. He can be "brown as a berry, happy as a lark" indeed . . . all the long year through.

So too, of course, can any little girl, and the grown-up children sometimes known as men and women. The cheerful, health-maintaining rays of the General Electric Sunlamp are good for everybody. They are rich in ultra-violet, like that in the Sun's rays on a clear summer's day.

The General Electric Sunlamp is designed especially for home use . . . simple, practical, easy to install, economical to operate. It is the most modern device of its kind, produced by General Electric engineers and research workers, who for many years have been the leading specialists in matters of light and electrical energy.

An interesting booklet "Sunshine when you want it" has been prepared. It will take but a moment to write for it. Address Section L-281, Merchandise Department, General Electric Company, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

PRICE

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AT THE FACTORY

The light source of the General Electric Sunlamp is the G-E Type S-1 Bulb.

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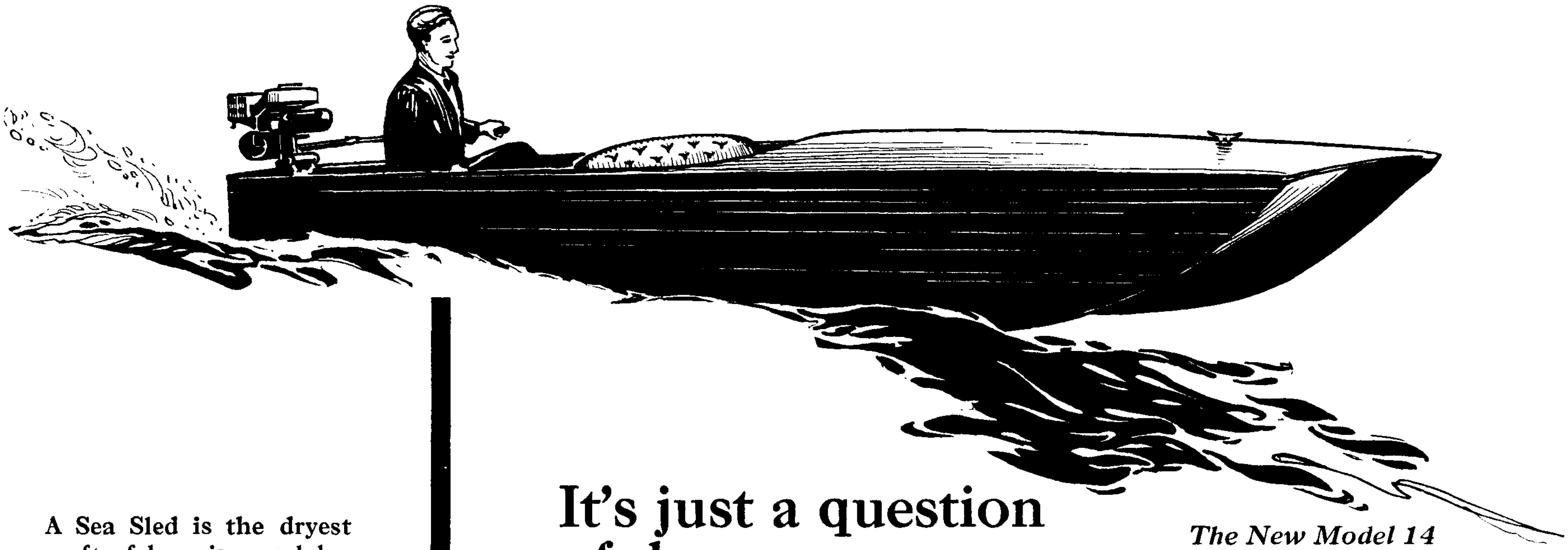

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¶ All the way from poor—medium—fair—up to *good—better—best.*

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¶ If your boat starts out all right in a flat calm, but gets ticklish in a light breeze, you'll find under the same conditions a Sea Sled with her inverted V bottom and hollow bow, gives you a sense of much more stability. And as the weather gets worse the Sea Sled seems actually to get *better.*

¶ If your boat scares your guests by rolling dangerously or sticking her nose under a swell, you'll find the buoyancy and ability of the Sea Sled a delight. The fact that she rises to meet every wave, and goes up and over like a bird, breeds a supreme confidence that for all round safety a Sea Sled is *best.*

¶ 1930 promises to be the greatest year yet in Sea Sled history. Out of the new showing of eleven models you can pick the exact type to fit your own personal need.

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Crashing the Party

Continued from page 11

one of the shrewdest politicians on the Democratic side. He is a born compromiser of differences among men. He knows men well and his shrewdness and amiability enable him to smooth out the difficulties that naturally arise when groups which have so little in common as the Southern Democrats and Western Progressives try to coöperate. More than anyone else on the Democratic side he has made the coalition possible. Assuming responsibility, he has grown in stature. He too, like La Follette, has the capacity to keep his feet on the ground.

The prominence of Simmons in the Democratic part of the coalition is one of the extraordinary developments of politics. A little over a year ago Simmons bolted the Democratic candidate for President. A year ago his fellow Democrats in the Senate cold-shouldered him. Yet in the special session he was one of the two leaders of the Democrats in the coalition. He owed his importance partly to the fact that he was the ranking Democrat in the Senate Finance Committee, which handles tariff bills. But he owes it more to his own political acumen.

The "old fox," as he is called, will be a candidate for reëlection this year in North Carolina. A bolt there is a serious offense. So into his effort to reinstate himself into his old place of prominence among the Democrats of the Senate went all the sharp instincts of self-preservation.

What is to be the future of the coalition? You have only to talk privately to its leaders, both Progressive Republican and Democratic, to discover that they all look upon it as having a future so far as the legislative branch of the government is concerned; a pregnant with consequences to parties as they have hitherto existed.

The Bloc System Develops

Let us note a few elements in the existing situation. As already remarked, a Democrat who bolted Al Smith is one of the leaders of his party in the Senate. He retains his place in spite of his irregularity as ranking Democrat in the Senate's most important committee.

Two Republican senators, Norris and Blaine, who bolted Mr. Hoover retain their standing as Republicans, one of them as chairman of one of the Senate's important committees. Party names mean very little in the Senate when such things as these are possible.

The Democrats in the West will probably offer little opposition to the reëlection of Progressive Republican senators. The opposition to them will come from the conservative Republicans. Progressive Republican senators will campaign for the election of Progressive Democratic senators against regular Republican senators. This is something new and disturbing in politics.

The coalition will probably be stronger in the next Congress than it is in this one. The chances are that the Democrats will gain three and maybe as many as six seats in the next Senate, not enough to give them a majority but enough to strengthen the coalition. In the House the Republicans will lose a good many seats, especially those they won in the South when Mr. Hoover was elected. So it is possible that a coalition will also control the next House.

What we have is a further development of the bloc system in politics, adjusted, for the time being at least, to the need a group of blocs has to elect the President, that being the great prize of American politics. We have always had the bloc system to a degree which we have not been willing to admit. The difference between it as practiced in this country and as practiced abroad has been that we have arranged our combination of blocs before a national election instead of after an election as they do abroad. A successful campaign here consists in enlisting the support of enough blocs of voters to win the Presidency—farm votes, industrial votes, labor votes, foreign votes, sectarian votes, wet votes, dry votes and the like.

It's All Different After Election

Now we have in some measure a reconstitution of these blocs in the legislative branch, so that the blocs that elected a President will not necessarily support his policies in office. Thus, for the time being at least, parties mean one thing in the election of a President and quite a different thing in the legislative branch of the government. That may continue to be the situation in the 1932 election. So far as one can see it is likely to continue to prevail at least that long.

But obviously it will lead to a clash between the legislative branch and the executive branch of the government. A bloc controlling Congress will not be content with the small rôle which the legislative branch, since the magnification of the Executive, has played in our public affairs.

Already the coalition has moved to take away from the Executive some of the power Congress has recently conceded to him. That is the meaning of the Senate's vote in the special session to deny to the Executive authority to readjust tariff rates on advice from the Tariff Commission. A coalition, if it continues, will inevitably be inclined to insist that commissions created by Congress are agents of Congress and not of the Executive, even though the President appoints their members.

President Hoover might move to the left so as to bridge the gulf between the two factions of his party, feeling sure that the Eastern wing must follow him wherever he goes. At heart Mr. Hoover has probably more in common with Mr. Borah than with Mr. Grundy.

But the coalition means to make this movement on the President's part difficult by raising two troublesome issues: The first is its determination to take away from him his authority to readjust tariff rates, by its refusal to accept what is called the flexible provisions of the tariff.

Strained Relations

And the second issue is its support of the debenture plan of farm relief. To this Mr. Hoover is unalterably opposed. Moreover, he could not carry the Eastern Republicans with him in accepting that part of the Progressive Republican program.

Also, opposition to the reëlection of the Progressive Republican senators will come from what are known as the Hoover Republicans in the Western states, the elements which in 1928 endeavored to secure Hoover delegates to the Republican National Convention from the corn-belt states. The White House presumably will not participate in these primitive measures, but relations between the Progressive senators and the White House will not be improved by them.

Three dangers to avoid

- dry scalp
- falling hair
- dandruff

They all come from lack of care and they all lead to baldness. Fortunately there is a simple treatment that guards against all three dangers, and makes your hair easier to manage, too. To keep your scalp in the pink of condition, make this a regular practice—before your shampoo apply a little "Vaseline" Hair Tonic directly to the scalp. Rub it in vigorously with a rotary motion, continuing this massage until the scalp feels loose and the whole head tingles. If your hair is dry and brittle, use more "Vaseline" Hair Tonic and if possible leave it on over night. Then shampoo as usual. Easy, isn't it?

"Vaseline" Hair Tonic is sold at all good drug stores, in bottles of two sizes with a convenient shaker-type top. Made by the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd, 17 State St., New York.

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DURANT

APPEARANCE
PERFORMANCE
COMFORT
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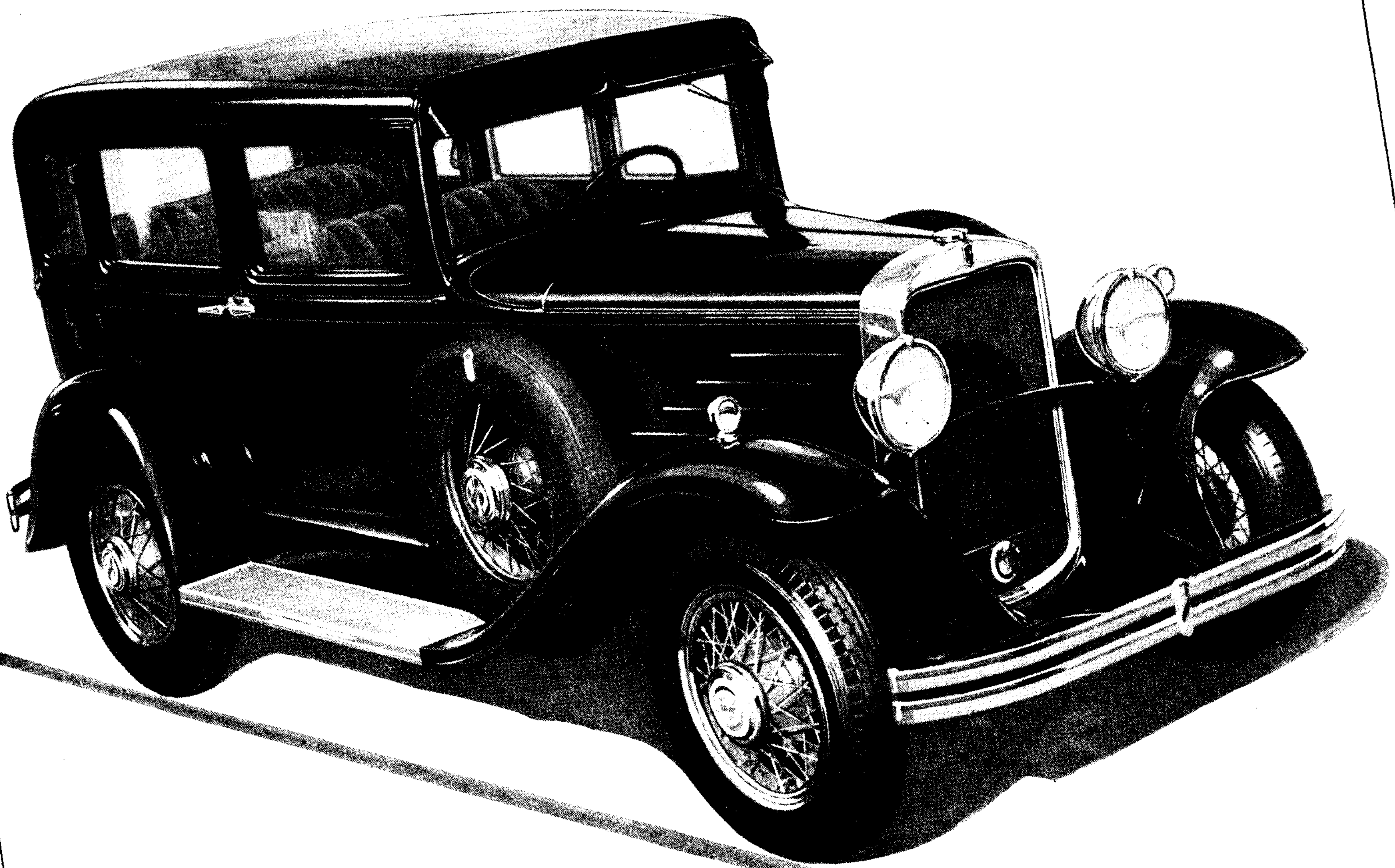

The De Luxe Sedan

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It was expected that the men who now control Durant Motors would introduce a line of *good* motor cars.

That they would build honest cars. Cars of character that would serve long and economically and well—precisely the kind of cars they have been in the habit of building for many years.

It was also regarded as certain that the new Durants would bring a new response to the throttle and a new thrill to the wheel. For no group of manufacturers has more consistently stressed the importance of motor car performance.

That each of these expectations has been realized is attested by the reception accorded these cars wherever shown.

But few would have prophesied that Durant, or any other builder, could have produced, at Durant prices, a line of motor cars so comfortable, so roomy and so smart in line and design.

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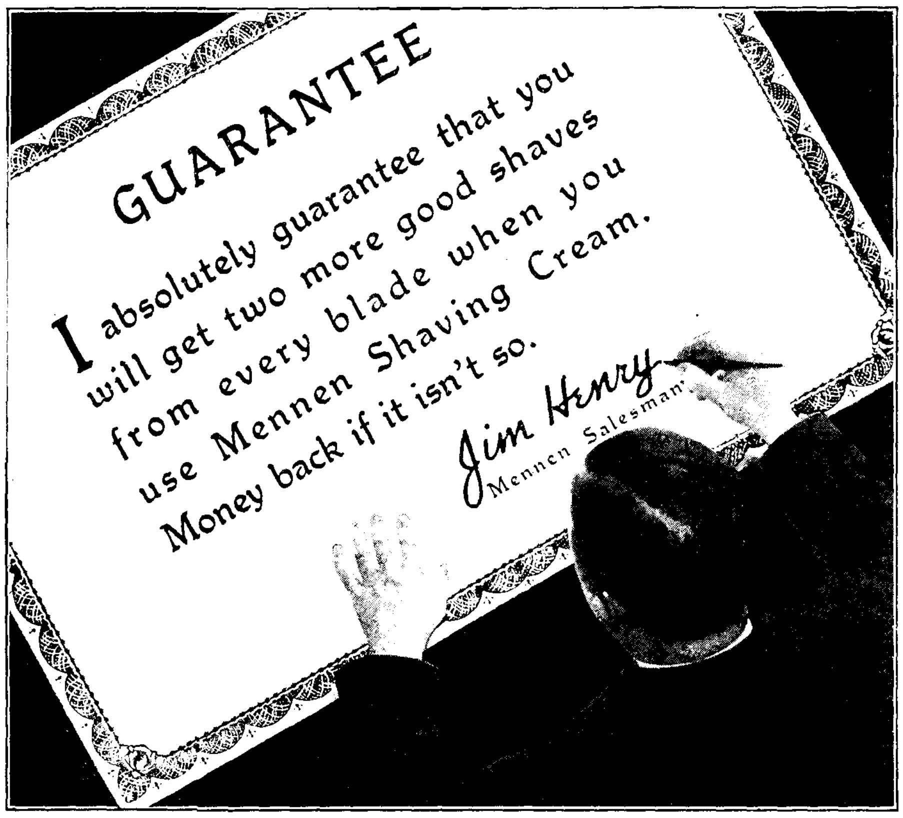
DURANT

A GOOD CAR


GUARANTEE
I absolutely guarantee that you will get two more good shaves from every blade when you use Mennen Shaving Cream. Money back if it isn't so.
Jim Henry
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2 MORE SHAVES per blade

(and I mean good ones)

That's My Guarantee. Jim Henry

HERE'S a sporting proposition to every man who *doesn't* use Mennen Shaving Cream. Step into your drug store and buy a tube of Mennen. Then slip a new blade in the old razor and use it day after day, until the blade begins to drag . . . Count up the shaves.

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2 Mennen Creams, Remember

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MENNEN Shaving Creams

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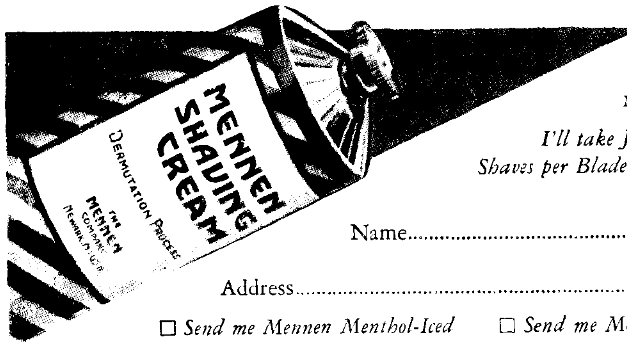

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☐ *Send me Mennen Menthol-Iced* ☐ *Send me Mennen Without Menthol*

Romance For Sale

Continued from page 19

Gemdom is full of story and rumor, but no rumor is more persistent than the Napoleon-Josephine legend. Every jeweler has stories to tell of some Napoleon-Josephine trinket he once possessed; every newspaper runs its quota of "discoveries," in the most dramatic circumstances, of some ornament Napoleon once gave Josephine.

And now a marvelous Napoleonic emerald cameo has come to light—or so the jewelers say, and it is not usually the jewelers who romance in these cases. It is an enormous oval emerald with the head of Cæsar incised thereon—just the sort of thing which Napoleon, who collected Cæsariana as we collect Napoleonana, would have doted upon. It is the work of the celebrated sculptor, Henri August Burdy—for sculptors, even Augustus Saint-Gaudens, frequently devoted the most painstaking care to gem carving.

When the love of jade gets into a man's blood he is doomed. Jade is the absinthe of the jewel world. Men have devoted their lives and their fortunes to the study, pursuit and collecting of this most mysterious and elusive, if not most precious, of stones.

Bubbles of Jade

There is jade and jade—all the way from imperial jade down to stuff that is scarcely more valuable than field stone—in color, sapphire blue (the rarest of all), yellow, gray, white and any shade you like of green. And the rarest and most expensive of the green shades is, of course, the emerald green, which only the expert can distinguish from emeralds.

More frequently than other gems, jade is carved—not only the qualities that are used for vases and various other bibelots, but likewise the true gem jade. One New York jeweler has a rare set of these carved gem jades, a collection which originally consisted of five ornaments but of which two rings have been sold, leaving only the pendant and earrings. With these, as they are shown you, is tendered a quaint old Chinese document—a bit of antique yellow silk with Chinese characters in black ink which relate the story of these gems. The red seal of the Ching Dynasty, like all imperial seals, is placed in the upper middle of the document, proving that the objects described herein are truly imperial.

The stones are so translucent, so brilliantly, wickedly green, so uniform and deep in color, that you would swear they were emeralds. The earrings are one inch long and are delicately overlaid with a carving of dragons' heads and tails, infinitely minute and perfect (Chinese workmen with the eyes of ants must have executed them), woven somehow, in the intricate, ingenious way of the Chinese, into two phœnixes. The pendant, also one inch in length, bears a symbolic melon vine and cricket design.

Imperial as are these treasures, they pale before a jade necklace which is said to be the most magnificent that has ever come out of the East, where jade is still the most precious of stones; and never, we may be certain, would this incomparable thing have been allowed to leave China had it not been stolen, bead by bead, probably by eunuchs. Each bead—and there are thirty—is a brilliant jewel, glistening as though freshly dipped in water. One jade lover, seeing it, speaks of its beauty thus: "Of the hue of an emerald, but surpassing that gem in depth, variety and splendor of color and translucent as only jade can be. Each bead is a ball of crushed ice in which a fleecy cloud of emerald green is imprisoned. Moss entangled in melting snow."

And most remarkable of all—incredible unless you have seen it—each bead, which is half an inch in diameter, has been hollowed out until only a bubble, thin as an eggshell, remains, and then the surface has been polished until it gleams like dew and actually feels unctuous to the touch. The years it must have taken, when the world was young and fairly toodles, to do this staggers the imagination; for jade is hard as only gems can be, and the entrance to this hollow ball, which is mathematically round, is not so big as a pin prick. Yet the hollowing not only added to the translucency and luster of the beads, but made them much lighter—and that was a consideration when one remembers that they formed part of the 108-bead string (the number in the rosary of the lamas) which the emperor wore on the most imperial occasions—when his costume was nothing short of a burden for a pack-horse.

That a single unmounted stone valued at $30,000 can be termed semi-precious strikes the layman as decidedly humorous; but since only four stones (the diamond, ruby, emerald and sapphire) and the pearl are technically rated as precious, this necessarily relegates all the other gems, of whatever rareness, beauty or value, to the semi-precious class. And so a star sapphire is necessarily semi-precious. There is one star sapphire in America today which is said to be the finest on sale anywhere in the world. This gem weighs almost a hundred carats and is practically as deep in color as the unstarred sapphire. The star does not exist in these stones when they are mined. It is by cutting them *en cabochon*, across the striations, and thus refracting the light in a certain way, that the pale, elusive, melting star in their blue depths is made to appear—a star that moves and twinkles as the gem is turned this way and that.

There are other antique and glorious gems—fit for a museum, fit for a queen, fit for an American millionairess: a magnificent emerald, over three hundred years old, with an incredibly perfect carving of the most beautiful bit of architecture in the world, the Taj Mahal, on one side; three black opals, said to be the finest in the world.

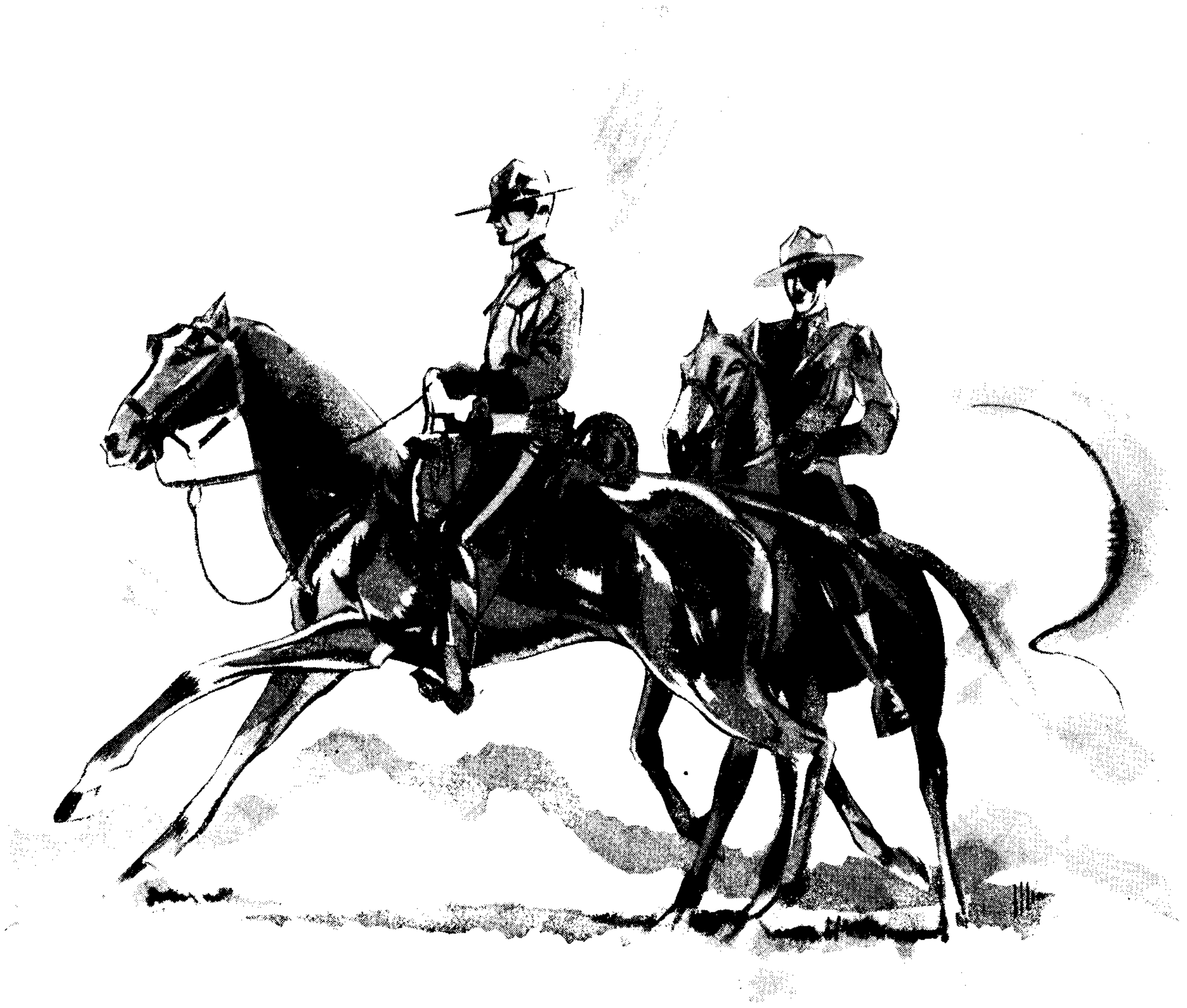
Pearls from Mexico

And there is that pair of pearl earrings of which we spoke in the beginning—the pair which belonged to the Empress Charlotte, wife of the Emperor Maximilian of Mexico, who would have been so much happier had he remained a simple Austrian duke. These earrings have an authentic record, having been sold by the luckless Empress herself to the jewelers who still own them and who hold them at $30,000. They are considered the largest fine, well-matched pair of pearls for sale in their original antique mountings, anywhere in the world today. Each pear-shaped pearl weighs one hundred grains and is about three quarters of an inch long, but the slender diamond chains on which they hang bring them far down on the cheek. Here is a pair of earrings which anyone who loves association with the romantic past can wear just as they were worn by that lovely Empress who went mad after her husband's execution during the most tragic days of Mexico's history.

Down from Canada came Tales of a Wonderful Beverage

CANADA DRY
PALE GINGER ALE

Like the clear, cold air of the great Northwest "Canada Dry" stimulates and refreshes



THIS IS A STORY of commercial romance, the story of a beverage, a ginger ale. Years ago visitors came back from Canada and said, "We were served a wonderful ginger ale, exquisite in flavor, dry, a bouquet like a rare old wine." When they visited with friends in the Houses of Parliament they had drunk it there. Stopping at famous hotels in Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, they had seen it gracing many tables. It was a favored beverage throughout all Canada.

Curiosity grew about the flavor, aroma and deliciousness

Their friends, listening, would smack their lips and ask, "Isn't there some way we can get this ginger ale in this country? Can't it be bought here?" But the answer was always "No."

Time passed; the stories grew; the demand became insistent. Finally this wonderful beverage was brought to this country. That was in 1922. That was the beginning of the success of this fine old ginger ale in the United States.

Immediate success awaited this beverage in the United States

Today, 1930, "Canada Dry" is known the wide world over. It has the approving nod of connoisseurs from New York to Paris, to Cairo and Calcutta. Its fame encircles the world.

"Canada Dry" has basic excellence. Its very foundation is "Liquid Ginger"—which we make from selected Jamaica ginger root by a special process. This process is exclusively controlled by us, and, unlike any other method, retains for "Canada Dry" all of the original aroma, flavor and natural essence of the ginger root.

In quality, in purity, and in the witchery of its matchless flavor, this marvelous beverage is indeed the Champagne of Ginger Ales.

"CANADA DRY"

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Champagne of Ginger Ales

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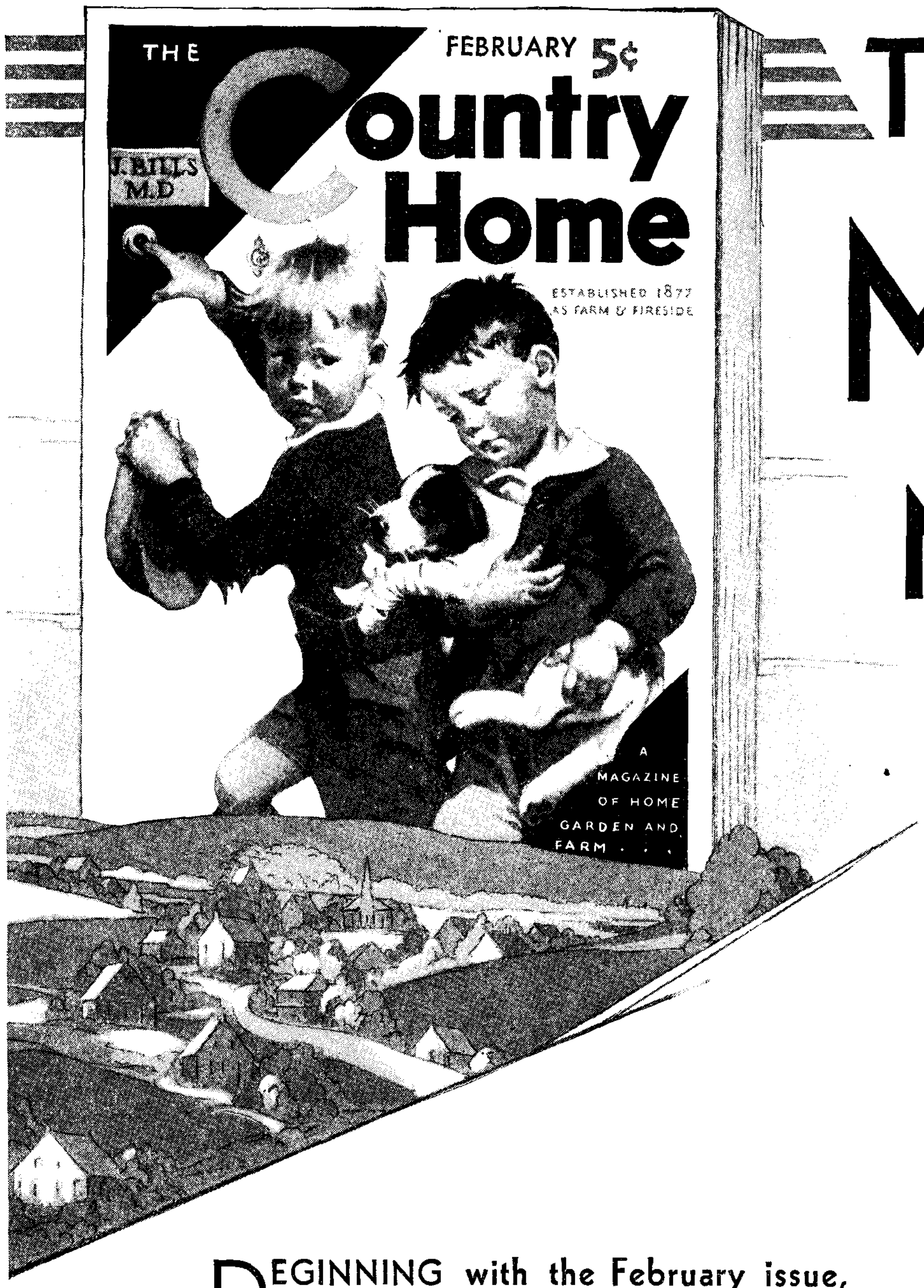

THE
Country Home
FEBRUARY 5¢
J. BILLS M.D
ESTABLISHED 1877 AS FARM & FIRESIDE
A MAGAZINE OF HOME GARDEN AND FARM . . .

The MODERN MAGAZINE of Rural America

BEGINNING with the February issue, Farm & Fireside appears in strikingly new and beautiful dress as THE COUNTRY HOME—the modern magazine of rural America.

THE COUNTRY HOME is addressed to the same audience of more than 1,400,000 rural families living on the best farms and in the smaller towns.

Its editorial pages strike a new high note in reader interest. Fiction and articles by well-known authors and writers are featured in every issue. No expense has been spared to create a finer magazine for rural readers.

Physical changes include new type dress throughout, beautiful illustrative treatment by leading artists, and four-color printing.

All these improvements are simply in step with the strides rural people have made in the last ten years in learning how to LIVE better than they have ever lived before. Hard roads, motor cars, telephones and the radio have practically ended their isolation. Easy contact with shopping centers has given them wider horizons and made them ambitious to enjoy more of the better things of life.

THE COUNTRY HOME reflects the great surge for finer homes, increased comfort, more beautiful gardens, labor saving appliances, better clothes and higher-type entertainment.

With its atmosphere of richer living THE COUNTRY HOME offers the advertiser an absolutely unique and vivid setting for his message to the rural home-owning market.

THE
Country Home

ESTABLISHED 1877
AS FARM & FIRESIDE

• ● •

A MAGAZINE OF HOME, GARDEN AND FARM

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY · 250 PARK AVENUE · NEW YORK
PUBLISHERS OF WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION · THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE · COLLIER'S · THE COUNTRY HOME · THE MENTOR

One Bark for "Yes!"

Continued from page 9

two hundred pounds of solid bone and muscle. His brow was low and his mouth was large enough to encompass an orange. He was sensitive, very, about that mouth, which did look much like that of a sedate, middle-aged catfish. Deep in his heart he felt that he would be quite a hit with the girls were it not for his mouth. . . .

Suzanne never heard the details of the scene that evening at the Overholt home when Bill told his parents that he was going to fight Gus to help raise money for the golf club. Even Bill could not tell exactly what happened.

Bill's father, it seemed, believed it would be a good thing for Bill and eventually won the argument although Mrs. Overholt muttered about it for days, her complaints gradually growing feebler as she no longer could think up bitter phrases.

So Bill hired a huge trainer named Spuddy McCue, who chased him up and down the country lanes in Bill's green roadster and who drove him through a routine of bag punching and rope skipping and then fought with him in rounds that to Bill at first seemed hours long.

THE Ridge Lake people just laughed when they heard the news that Bill Overholt was going to fight Gus. It was too one-sided to incite any interest except from Bill's personal friends, who bought tickets much in the mood of persons who go to a funeral. Bill's father, who was possessed of no small amount of sporting blood, bought ten tickets and for the honor of the family made a multitude of bets on Bill with other millionaires throughout the community.

Gus's efforts at training were confined to light work with a punching bag in his back yard and heavy boasting throughout the district.

Gradually the news began to drift around that Bill might have a long chance. Mrs. Overholt had announced that she would by no means attend but this was taken as a natural reluctance to see her boy suffer punishment. The seat sale slowly got under way but on the day before the fight the receipts were barely enough to cover the expenses and the "wise money" was betting 5 to 1 on Gus. . . .

In a heavy blue sweater, spiked shoes and white running pants, Bill ran down the slope toward Suzanne's pool. Behind him came Spuddy McCue.

"It's my last road work," he boasted as he stopped before Suzanne. "I'm in great shape."

"Good," said Suzanne, "but I have no time to hear about it. I have to get out and sell tickets. At present I'm about three thousand dollars in the hole."

"Whatcha need is some good press agent stunt," Spuddy advised. "Somepin to make 'em think it'll be a scrap. It oughta be a grudge fight." He turned to Bill eagerly, "How about passin' the word around that you an' Gus are sore at each other about a girl?"

"Ugh!" Suzanne shuddered.

Bill laughed, indulgently. "I'm afraid it wouldn't do, Spuddy," he said. "Won't you be a good fellow and go up to the house and find out what time it is?"

"I getcha," Spuddy agreed, grinning at Suzanne. "Sure." And he wandered up toward the house.

"Suzanne," Bill burst out. "I'm going to win this fight. And when I win it, will you marry me?"

"I'll make no promises like that, Bill," she said, warily.

He stretched out his arm. "Look," he boasted. "No booze, no cigarettes. I'm in great shape. What say?"

"Well—ask me after the fight."

"Then—" he began eagerly.

"Hey!" Spuddy came tearing toward the pool. "Gus is comin'!"

Sure enough. Lumbering around the corner of the house came Gus.

"How are ya?" he said agreeably to the three. He looked at Bill and Spuddy. "I wanta see her," designating "her" with his thumb.

"Right, Gus," said Bill and he and Spuddy walked toward the house and sat on the grass.

"Lady," said Gus, "there ain't gonna be no fight lessen I get one grand for the job."

"But that's impossible, Gus. And besides, you signed a contract."

"That don't mean nothin'. I get one grand or it's off."

Suzanne turned. "Bill," she called, and Bill came bounding down, with Spuddy following.

"Gus says he won't fight unless he gets one thousand dollars," she explained.

Bill argued. Suzanne argued. Spuddy argued.

"One grand or no fight," said Gus.

"All right," said Bill, finally. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll bet you a thousand dollars that I knock you out. How's that?"

Gus pondered for a moment, then held out his hand. "Shake hands on it," he said. Bill shook his hand.

"All right," said Gus, and started to leave.

"Wait a minute, kid," said Spuddy, and turned and whispered something in Bill's ear. Bill nodded and grinned.

"Ever see these seals do tricks?" Bill asked. "Look. Come here."

Gus strode to the side of the pool.

"They make a lotta noise, don't they?" he observed.

"They're hungry," said Bill. "They want fish. *Catfish!*" he yelled and he lunged into Gus and pushed him into the pool.

Gus came to the surface sputtering and swearing, all tangled up in seals. They thought he was playing with them.

"I'll murder you," he yelled at Bill, "you blankety-blank this and that and the other."

Suzanne fled, her hands over her ears.

"Tomorrow night's the night," said Bill. "Let's go. Good-by, Catfish! Good-by, Suzanne."

BY THE next morning the news was all over that part of Connecticut that Bill Overholt bet Gus $1,000 on the fight, called him "Catfish" and knocked him into Suzanne Morgan's pool. Here was a real grudge fight! Before eight o'clock that evening there wasn't even standing room for sale. And everybody's work was done except Bill's, who had to climb into the ring and win a fight from a hulk who would like very much indeed to commit a murder.

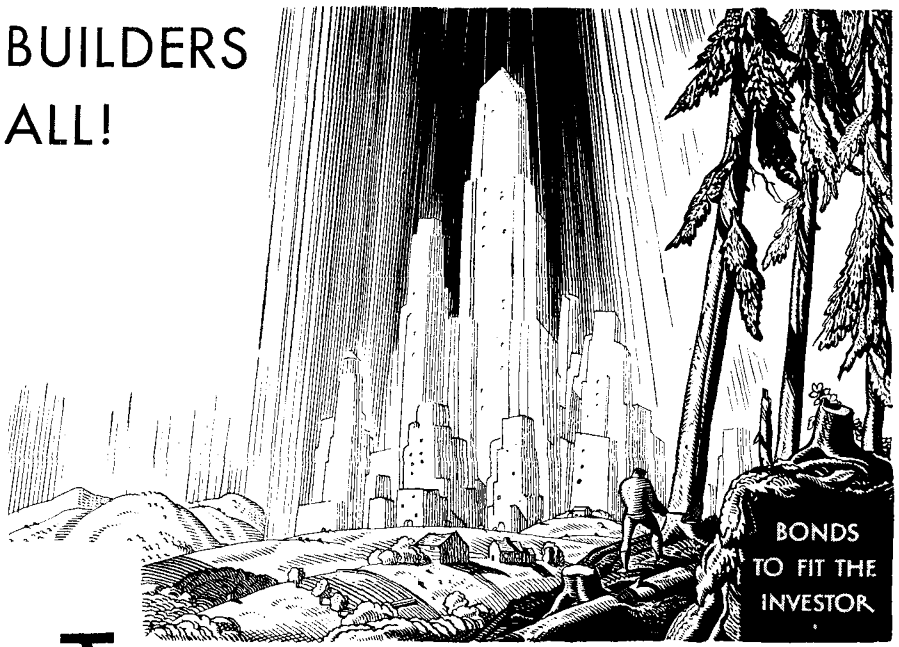
As Bill walked toward the ring, just before the battle, his father, standing beside his ringside seat, rose to meet him.

"You can do it, Son," old man Overholt said.

"I think I can, Dad," Bill replied, seriously, and climbed into his corner. A moment later Gus hopped eagerly into his place. How big he was! Bill's friends began to feel uneasy.

Suzanne came running from the clubhouse, where she had been counting up, and handed the referee a slip of paper. He held up a hand for silence.

(*Continued on page 54*)


BUILDERS ALL!
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THE HARDY PIONEER, cleaving his homestead from the rough forests, has almost vanished—but his daring and creative spirit carry on. Spurred by the same building instinct, the value of real property in this country more than tripled within two decades—now reaching over 175 billions—more than half our national wealth.

The same period marked a turning point in the living habits of our people. In 1900, six out of ten persons lived in the country. Now, more than half live, work and seek their recreation in the city. The change in habits has wrought changes in housing. Great hotels, office buildings and theatres are a fixed part of the modern city skyline.

The change also occasioned new trends in the financing of real estate. The individual mortgage is giving way to bond issues, bought and distributed by the investment banker. Halsey, Stuart & Co. has taken part in financing some of the country's noted buildings. Through group mortgage bonds, it has also extended its service to many small property owners. Thus it aids the builder, aids in the steady improvement of property, and provides the investor with safe securities of attractive earning power.

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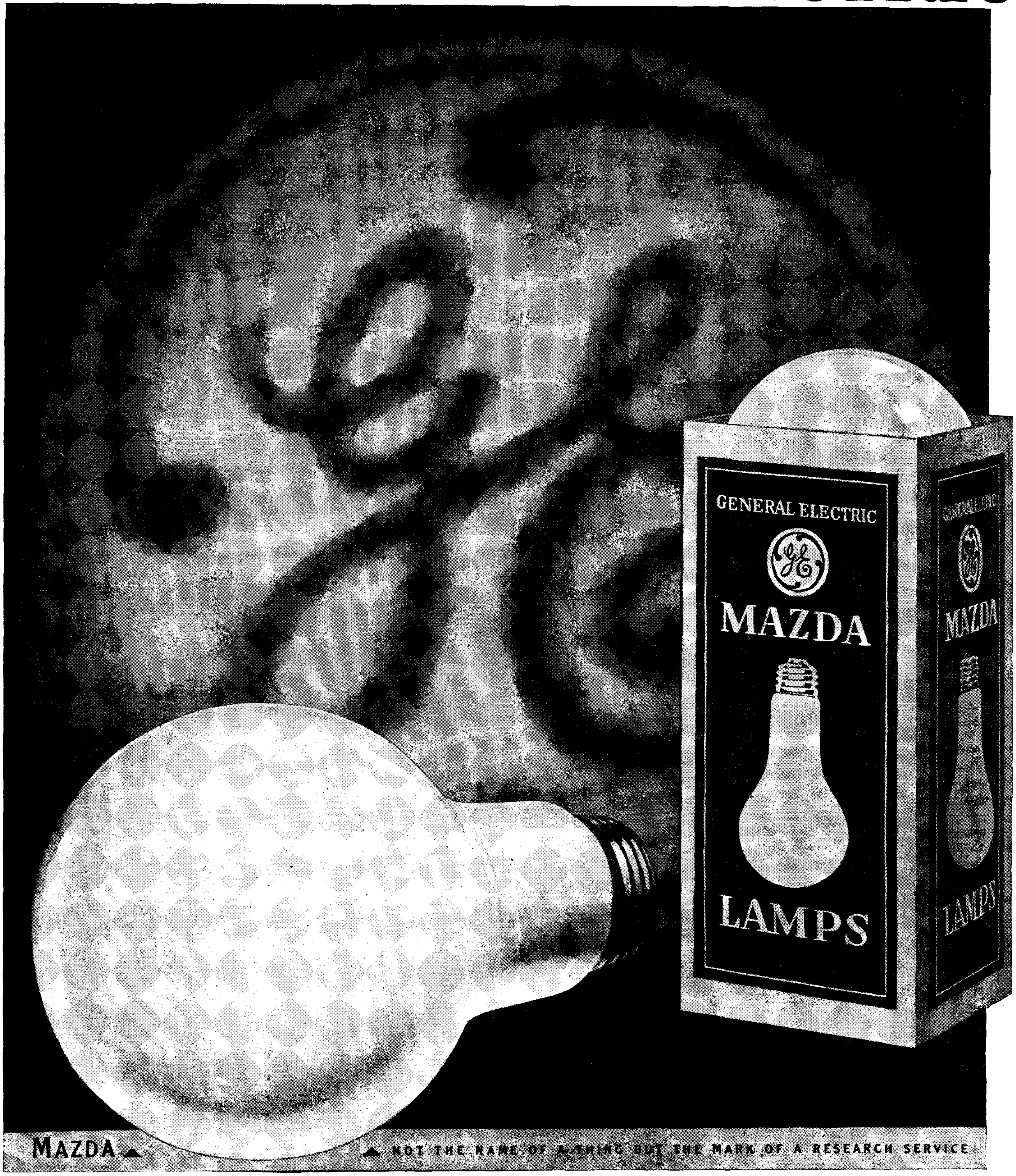
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NATIONAL MAZDA LAMPS—long a General Electric Product—now take the name of General Electric MAZDA lamps. ✻ Gladly a famous name gives way to a greater one and proudly we place on the familiar blue carton an identification more fully descriptive of the lighting miracles which it contains. ✻ Thousands of men, millions of dollars, the unlimited resources of the General Electric Company have poured improvement after improvement into those little bulbs of incandescent sunshine, which now give more light for a cent than the lamps of 1890 could radiate for half a dollar.

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To the incandescent lamps which Thomas Edison gave the world the General Electric Company and its MAZDA Research Laboratories brought tungsten filaments and gas filled bulbs that they might burn more brightly—beautiful colors, shapes and inside frosted glass that they might please the eye as they protect the vision—and great machines that they might be made to sell for less as they serve more.

Now we enter the golden age of light. We know that it is as necessary to life as the very air we breathe and we know that electric light now placed within the reach of all is serving all in an ever greater way. So for every lighting service there are General Electric MAZDA lamps . . lamps that are a step ahead:

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The economical 100-watt G. E. Inside-Frosted MAZDA lamp for your kitchen, garage, laundry and bathroom. The 60-watt for your reading and bridge lamps. The 25-40-50 watt lamps for the many places where less light is needed. They protect the eye from glare as they give more light for your money.

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Buy these 150-watt G. E. MAZDA Daylight lamps for the many tasks about the home that are best done under daylight. For detecting scorches, matching yarns, quicker shaving and many other uses. A companion to the 100-watt Inside-Frosted G. E. MAZDA lamps in the workrooms of the home. Daylight lamps are also available in 60 and 100 watt sizes.

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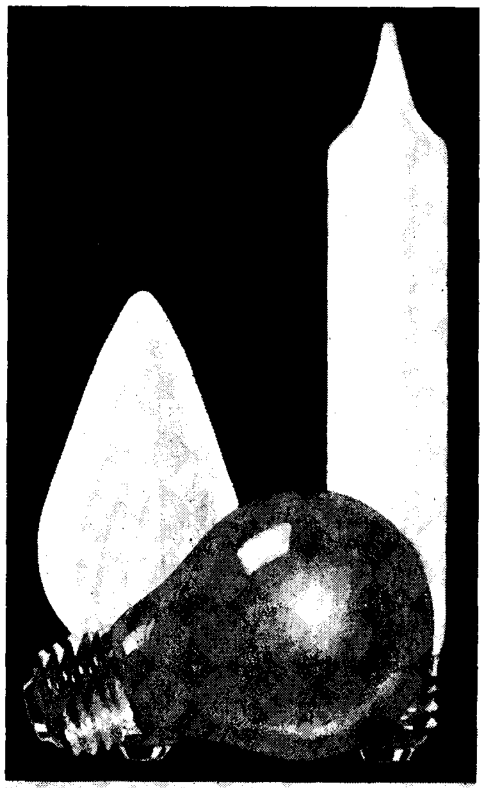
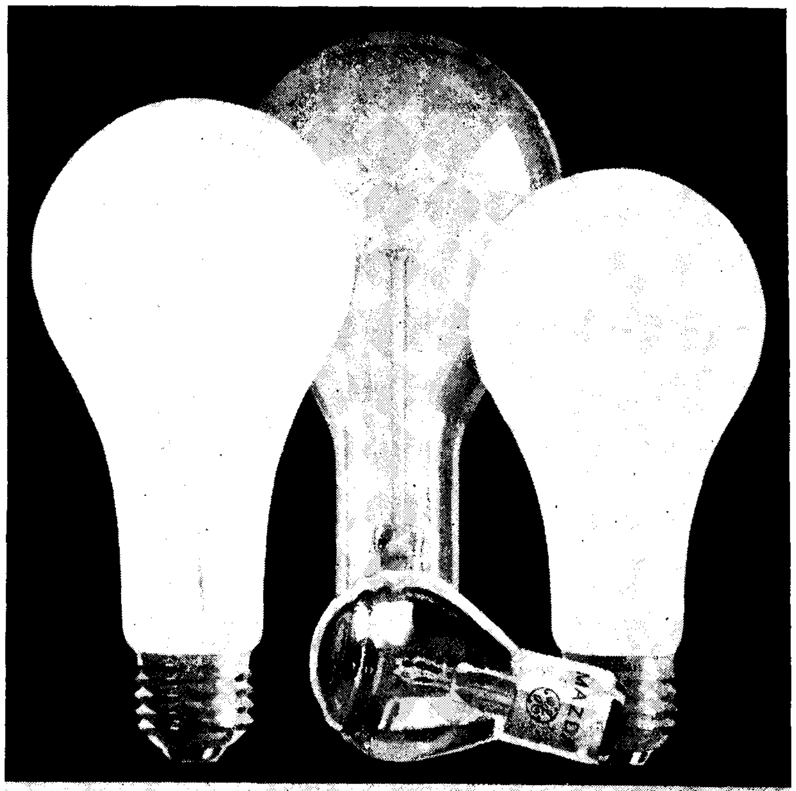
THE shape or the color of a bulb won't tell you any more about the inside of a lamp than the appearance of its case will tell you about the movement in a watch. But when you see "G. E. MAZDA" on a lamp and find it on the blue carton you can be sure that it will give a generous measure of light for every cent you spend. Now ask for General Electric MAZDA lamps and enjoy the light you live by

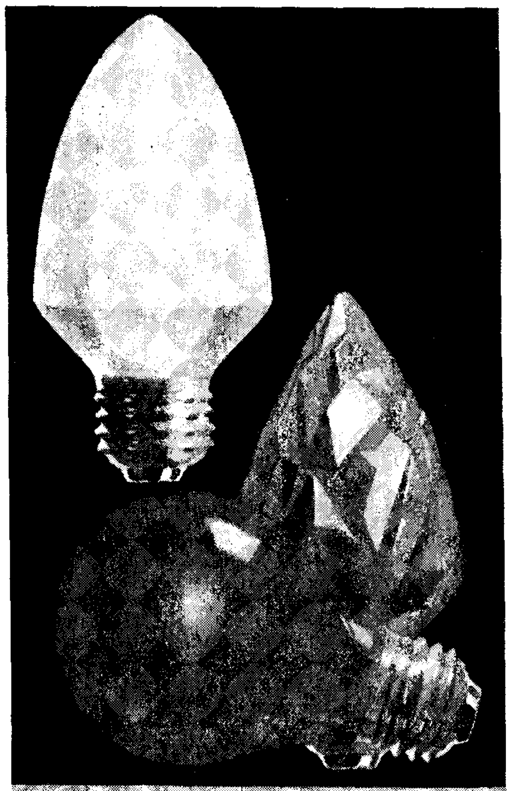
NATIONAL LAMP WORKS OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY · NELA PARK, CLEVELAND, OHIO



FLAME SHAPE FLAMETINT CANDLE



100 WATT DAYLIGHT AUTOMOBILE 60 WATT



GOTHIC COLORED MODERNISTIC

for protection against . . .

colds and flu

VAUX WILSON

observe these simple rules

GUARD against Acidosis at all times—*but especially during the season when colds and flu are prevalent.* That is the advice of medical authority.

Acidosis simply means that the body is less alkaline than it should be. It lowers resistance—weakens the body's power to throw off germs. With it come common symptoms such as chronic tiredness, headache, sour stomach, constipation, sleeplessness and nervousness—forerunners of more serious disorders.

Build up Resistance

Acidois is present with every common cold, and may even *cause* colds. Too many good and necessary but *acid*-forming foods (meat, fish, eggs, bread and cereals) lead to Acidosis, unless balanced by *alkaline*-reacting foods (oranges, lemons, other fruits, vegetables and milk).

Although acid to the taste, oranges and lemons have an alkaline reaction in the body. They are among the most potent preventives and correctives of Acidosis known to medical science.

Three full-sized glasses of orange juice a day, orange salads and desserts, and lemonade (also lemon in tea, in salad dressing and as a garnish)—all these are simple and delicious ways to build up resistance against colds and flu. And they are all recommended by high medical authority.

Corrective Measures

At the first sign of a cold, go home as quickly as possible. Take a hot bath and get into a warm bed at once. Then drink a full glass of hot lemonade. The "sweat-out" that follows will eliminate poisons. In the morning, pour the juice of one lemon into a half glass of water. Stir in a half teaspoon of baking soda. Drink it while it effervesces. Repeat three times a day until all cold symptoms disappear.

It is also wise to see your doctor before colds become serious.

Oranges and lemons not only help to prevent Acidosis. They aid digestion and combat constipation. And the generous quantities of liquid taken in the ways described are effective in checking fever. Also, they furnish essential minerals, and vitamins A, B and C.

To assure richest juice and finest flavor in the fruit you get, look for the name "Sunkist" on the skin and wrapper of Oranges; on the wrapper of Lemons. "Sunkist" guarantees uniform quality.

FREE BOOK

Send coupon now for free book, "Telling Fortunes with Foods," which gives detailed information about Acidosis, and lists normal anti-acidosis and Safe Reducing menus approved by an eminent diet authority.

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Please send me, without charge, a copy of your book, *Telling Fortunes with Foods*. You may also send your new free catalog of *Sunkist Health Hints and Household Accessories*.

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TELLING
FORTUNES
with FOODS
O
5

One Bark for "Yes!"

Continued from page 51

"I have been requested to announce," he said, "that this show has earned $4,387 for the locker and shower fund."

They yelled and whooped and cried, "Hooray for Suzanne Morgan!"

A voice came out of the darkness. It was the ticket-taker at the gate.

"Add five dollars more," he called. "Just sold another standing room."

There was more cheering. Suzanne smiled as she took her seat beside the timekeeper.

"I didn't think it was possible to squeeze anybody else in," she said.

THE bell rang. Gus and Bill touched gloves in the middle of the ring. Bill feinted, Gus charged, swinging savagely, and Bill found himself sitting on the canvas. A tingling in his right ear told him where Gus had landed.

The referee waved Gus to a corner and Bill rose on the count of eight, shaking his head to clear his brain. Gus rushed him.

Bill backed up, covering as much as possible, jabbing now and then, blocking swings, clinching.

When he sank to his stool at the end of the round, there was no applause. The fight seemed to be all over.

"Good boy!" said Spuddy, as he touched a cut with collodion. "You got him licked! He ain't got no wind. Three rounds o' this an' you can push him over."

But it was only in the seventh round that Gus began to tire. It was evident, however, that nothing but a knockout could give the decision to Bill.

Now Gus's swings lacked fury. Now Bill was able to step inside and hook rights and lefts to the body, or to duck and drive in blows that made Gus pant.

At the ringside Suzanne was suffering. This was the first fight she had ever seen. In the movies they were different, somehow. The man you wanted to win always did win and skill and right living and an honest heart conquered the villain. But here—

She cried out. Bill had rushed Gus to the ropes and was hammering his body. The crowd went wild.

"Get him, Bill! Get him!" they yelled.

Gus tried to clinch, but Bill beat him back. Gus's knees began to sag. His body was wavering.

"Clang!" went the bell and Gus staggered to his corner, saved.

Thirty seconds more—fifteen, maybe, and Bill would have won.

BETWEEN rounds some wise person in Gus' corner gave him sound advice. He started the eighth a cautious prize fighter, determined to take no chances. If he played safe through the remaining three rounds, he knew, the decision was his. Now he was in continuous retreat, covering, jabbing, never swinging, and he only grinned triumphantly when Bill said, "Stand up and fight, you coward!"

At the end of the ninth even Spuddy was low in mind.

"If you could just get him opened up," he moaned. "One to the belly and one to the jaw would end it. Can't ya get him mad?"

The bell rang to start the last round. As they touched gloves in the center of the ring Bill sneered, "So the old Catfish is scared, huh?" And he socked the catfish on the nose.

"I'll show ya," Gus roared. He drew back, then said "Oof!" and instinctively his tired hands dropped to cover his stomach into which Bill's right had driven home.

"Ook!" Gus said, as his head snapped back under a ramming left hook.

"Oomp!" Gus remarked as Bill's right found the stomach again and Gus sank relaxed and with no further thought of worldly things.

They carried him to his corner after the count of ten.

Suzanne found herself in the crowded ring frantically slapping Bill's leg which swung toward her from above. A dozen men had hoisted him on their shoulders. One of the men was old man Overholt himself.

At last they let him down and he ran over to shake hands with Gus, who sat limp on his stool.

"I'm sorry," said Bill, who wasn't sorry at all. "By the way, that bet is off, now. You needn't pay it."

"Uh-huh," Gus grunted. "O. K." He looked up with some admiration. "You're not a bad fighter, kid. Not bad. But listen," he lowered his voice. "Do me a favor, kid, will ya? Don't call me Catfish no more. I don't like it."

"Never again, Gus," he promised, and ran to the other side of the ring.

"Mother!" he cried.

Mrs. Overholt, smiling proudly, was standing at the ringside.

"Congratulations, Bill," she said.

"But—but I thought you weren't coming!"

"I just couldn't stay away. Almost didn't get in, as it was. That last five-dollar standing room that they sold—that was me. You did a good job, Bill. I knew you would."

SUZANNE, now in a little red bathing suit, was throwing fish to her seals. It was the morning after the fight.

She heard a motor car stop in front of the house and Bill came running down to the pool. He was dressed in a dark blue suit, with tan shoes. He carried a box under his arm.

"I'm going to New York to get a job," he said. "Will you marry me?"

"What would your father and mother say?"

He handed her the box. "Flowers from Mother," he said. "She cut them herself. A peace offering."

Suzanne exclaimed in delight: "Didn't I always say she was a nice lady?"

"I asked you a question," Bill reminded her.

"Bill!" she cried out, looking at the pool. "The seals! They're not barking at you!"

He put his hands on his hips and surveyed the seals. "Well, I'll be darned," he said. "I've made good after all!"

"It's extraordinary," she declared. "Remus," she called.

Remus waddled out of the pool and cast a kindly eye at Bill.

"Remus," she commanded, shaking a finger at him, her eyes twinkling. "Tell me true. One bark for 'yes,' two barks for 'no.'" She moved her toe to the proper spot. "Should I marry this wonderful prize fighter?"

"Roark!" Remus answered decisively, and Bill took her in his arms.

"It's amazing," Suzanne told her mother, later in the day, "how the seals changed. Now they like Bill."

Suzanne's mother smiled. "This is the first time he ever came here in anything but white flannels. Today he wore a dark suit."

"What difference would that make?"

"Oh, honey, don't you remember that stage hand in Seattle that kicked them? He wore a white duck suit. Ever since then they've been afraid of men in white."

The Lion and the Lamb

Continued from page 26

"He'll be there all right," Belle asserted, with her eyes searching the embers of the fire, "unless I stop him."

He flashed round upon her. He had been lounging a little limply against the sideboard, but his body had suddenly become tense. His eyes were like steel beads.

"What do you mean," he demanded, "unless you stop him?"

"Just what I said," she answered coolly. "Unless I stop him. I'm not frightfully keen on murder, you know."

"Don't call it by such a silly name," he snarled. "Dave's got to be put away. Any fool can see that. Lem nearly got him the other night. We can't afford to wait an hour longer. He's out to root up the gang—we know that, and he's truckling with the police already. We're not pincushion babies to sit still and find our way into the cells, and some of us to the swinging-room."

"IF YOU'D treated David on the square," she said, "he'd never have been your enemy."

"Oh, blast that!" the young man exclaimed. "He could have come back to us if he'd wanted to, or he could have played the square lad with the Blue Diamond and bought his way out. He didn't do either. He don't mean to. He's got to go, and don't you be getting cold feet about it. There isn't a man amongst the lot of us, Belle, who wouldn't bring out his knife or his gun for you, but we ain't going to be given away by Dave Newberry, and that's flat."

"Chatty tonight, aren't you?" she observed.

"Don't gibe at me," he almost shouted. "I know what Tottie was thinking of when he sent for me and ordered up that bottle of champagne. He was wondering what might happen to you up in the West End if his lordship came off his high horse and realized that there wasn't a woman up there with your looks or your figure. I could see the boss thinking that out. Suppose Dave came along with some of the soft stuff, eh? Where should we all be?"

"Up to the present," she confided, "David hasn't brought along any of the soft stuff. He treats me as one of the gang, and nothing else. I'll be honest—it might have been better for him if he hadn't. I asked him to come and see me here, and he looked at me as though I were a barman who'd asked the king to step in and take pot luck with him. Dave hasn't tried for salvation that way."

"That straight?" Reuben demanded.

She looked at him scornfully.

"It wouldn't be worth while lying to you," she rejoined.

"That's what I've come to find out," he admitted. "Tottie got a scare, and up I came. I'll just put you through it once more. Dave believes we're only bringing a dozen of the lads?"

"That's what he believes," she assented. "He thinks his boys are going to send that twelve straight into hospital, and you amongst them."

"He believes that we're coming without our guns or stickers?"

"He does that."

He thrust his face almost into hers—a face puckered and wrinkled, evil eyes blazing out of their cavernous setting.

"You haven't given the show away to him?" he thundered suddenly.

"Don't try to bully me, you fool," she replied. "I've told you the truth."

He stooped down, and apparently out of nowhere there flashed the blue steel of a knife.

"I'm soft for you—you know that, Belle," he said. "If I got you alone where you couldn't make a fuss about it, you'd be my woman, for all your haughty ways—church or no church. I believe I'll get you, too, some day, but if you go back on the gang, you'll go where there ain't no marrying or lovemaking, or anything of the sort. I'm straight with you, you see."

"Yes, you're straight enough, Reuben," she acknowledged. "If ever I thought of marrying a common gangster, or letting him lay his hands on me, you'd do as well as any of them, I suppose. But I don't. I never shall. I'm proud of belonging to myself. I can get along like that. You know what happened to Tom Logan?"

"That's right. You stuck a knife into him because he put his arms round you down at the cavern."

"I did, and I'll do it to anyone who tries to take me against my will. When I'm ready I'll give myself, but it won't be to you, or anyone like you. Now, what about it, Reuben? You've had your say, and you've got the truth from me."

He seemed for a moment about to step out of his waiter's clothes—a long, terrible figure of pulsating strength, a criminal, but a man. She faced him full of defiance. The struggle was fought out wordlessly. He took up the tray.

"I'll give Tottie the news," he said.

From the door he looked back. The tray was arranged under his arm in almost professional manner. In his way he was an artist, and there was even a touch of the waiter's subservience in his pose.

"Men have swung before now for women like you," he told her. "You're the sort they risk hell for. They generally get what they want first though."

An ungovernable fit of rage suddenly seized her. She flung the tumbler which she had been holding at his head and missed him by only an inch. She followed him out into the softly lit corridor with its orange and black decorations, furious and trembling. He went chuckling round the corner with his tray.

THE business of the afternoon over, and the will of his distinguished client safely signed, witnessed and disposed of in his dispatch case, Mr. Atkinson condescended to unbend. He accepted a weak whisky-and-soda and a cigarette, and in legal and uninspiring terms delivered himself of his mind.

"Your dispositions, Lord Newberry," he admitted, "are without a doubt in order and, in a sense, fair. You have made a great heiress of Miss Sophy, and you have left the title, I am bound to say, imperfectly provided for. Your nephew Clarence will have to go very cautiously to find himself living at Newberry."

"So he ought to," David declared. "I have heard a few things about him, and seen a few snapshots. He's too much like my sister to please me."

Mr. Atkinson coughed.

"The youth has not a pleasing personality," he confessed. "That is not, however, the point I wish to discuss with you before I take my leave. Since the reëstablishment of our relations, Lord Newberry," he went on, "it seems to be continually my fate to be taking liberties. I am driven to take another. Why this desperate hurry about making your will?"

"Isn't that a little unprofessional?" David inquired. "I thought it was your

(*Continued on page 56*)

GOOD NIGHT

The Book-Cadillac Hotel
DETROIT

Good night

It was early evening. A long night stretched still and far 'til morning. A bitter winter wind shrilled and whistled and stung. His rumpled and warm bed beckoned . . . and he hurried and he smiled and he called his floor and he locked his door and he sung and sang and made his room look like home and he piled his clothes in disarray and he sank with a grin into great and comforting billows of warm and woolly blankets to rest and *read*. And *he slept* . . . and in his dreams . . . he sauntered again into the offices of the men who could purchase the things he came to Detroit to sell and *he sold* all night long. And in the morning . . . rested, hungry, fit and fine, he cracks an exultant towel at another sunny day. See you soon. *Good night.*

The
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THE STREET OF FINE SHOPS
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Indigestion
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Unlike "bicarb", Gastrogen contains only insoluble antacids. It can't alkalize the stomach, hence it doesn't retard normal digestion. And it does bring welcome relief from the embarrassing gas and hiccups that soda-users know so well.

Gastrogen is harmless, spicy, aromatic, delightful to the taste. It comes in tins of 15 tablets for 20¢ or bottles of 60 tablets for 60¢. At your druggist's.

★ *Prove it yourself*
MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST

1. *Pour a little vinegar into each of two tumblers. (The vinegar corresponds to the acid in your stomach.)*
2. *Into one tumbler drop 3 or 4 Gastrogen Tablets.*
3. *Into the other drop a teaspoonful of soda bicarbonate.*

SODA BICARBONATE GASTROGEN

Note the fizzing, the foaming and the seething in the tumbler with the soda. Note how little gas is released with Gastrogen — actually *less than half* as much, while neutralizing the *same* amount of acid. You see why soda disturbs and bloats the stomach—and why Gastrogen brings relief quietly, comfortably and without retarding the normal process of digestion.

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73 West Street, New York City
Please send me your FREE introductory packet of 6 Gastrogen Tablets.
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(*Continued from page 55*)

duty to go about everywhere urging any client over the age of twenty-one to make or disturb the peace of the next generation of his relatives."

"Quite so, but you will forgive me if I speak plainly. I have had a great deal of experience in such matters. You are a young man, so far as one can see in perfect health. I am used to taking down the last testament of men in your position, who go through their task almost lightheartedly, feeling quite sure that they have twenty or thirty years to live, and that the whole thing is, after all, only a matter of form. I am also used to leaning over the bedside and taking down their last wishes from men who feel themselves upon the brink of the grave. You gave me rather the latter impression."

"Quite right, Mr. Atkinson," David agreed. "It will be touch and go with me in three or four nights' time, and most likely go."

"I knew it," the lawyer declared triumphantly. "I was absolutely convinced from your tone and manner that you were contemplating some enterprise of a hazardous character."

"Gave myself away, did I?"

"Not perhaps to an ordinary person," was the sententious rejoinder. "You may remember that we have had some previous conversation upon the subject of your future. You hinted at a certain crusade upon which you wished to embark before you settled down and took up your place in society."

"Don't let's go into it, there's a good fellow," David begged. "You know quite well that I'm as obstinate as a mule. What I have made up my mind to do I shall do."

He rose to his feet and, with the tongs, threw a hissing piece of log which had fallen into the grate back upon the fire. The room, a kind of annex to the main library, with its closely drawn dark green curtains, its heavy Georgian furniture and general air of somnolent luxury, seemed the last word in masculine comfort.

"YOU are a pig-headed young man, Lord Newberry, if you will pardon my saying so," the lawyer pronounced.

"Pig-headed is excellent, if adequate," David concurred. "Still, remember this, Atkinson, I have common sense. I have suffered too much in life not to know when my lines are cast in pleasant places. I may complete this little task I have set myself within the course of a few days, and I promise you that if I do, exit Dave Newberry, the outcast and criminal, and enter the Earl of Newberry, quite willing to be patted on the shoulder and patronized by his more moral brethren for the sake of the life which belongs to him. You can take it from me that I am not going to fool about with these guttersnipe a day after I have got my own back from them. That may be very soon."

"I think I told you," Mr. Atkinson continued, "that Sir Earnshaw Roberts, of Scotland Yard, was a friend of mine."

"I think you did," David agreed. "If not, I'll take it for granted. I'll bet you I know a little chap from there, though, worth two of him."

"Sir Earnshaw is a very distinguished man," Mr. Atkinson said stiffly. "To be Chief Commissioner of the Police requires, as I am sure you will acknowledge, exceptional qualities. Sir Earnshaw possesses them. We meet every day at my club. It has chanced, without my introducing the subject, that our conversation lately has turned upon the theme of gangsters. Sir Earnshaw ridicules the idea of London ever becoming a second Chicago. He admits, however, that there is one gang in London today who have so far eluded capture, and with regard to whom they are a great deal at sea. These are your friends, I suppose."

"I expect they are," David assented. "They're the most obvious-looking lot of louts when you get close to them, but they're as clever as paint all the same. I could tell you all about them."

Mr. Hugh Atkinson, J. P., a member of the Carlton Club and the Athenæum, the associate of bishops, trustee of church societies and a man of surpassing dignity, broke through the custom of a lifetime. He swore.

"Then why the—hell—don't you?" he demanded. "You'd get your own back that way, save your life and do your duty to society."

"Your profanity inspires me to tell you the truth," David confessed. "It sounds so much more human than when you were talking about residues and remainders. Here is the plain truth—or at any rate a portion of it. I could give away that band of gangsters to Sir Earnshaw Roberts tonight or tomorrow, but twelve good men and a coroner would be gathered round my body within twenty-four hours. They're a nasty lot, Atkinson. Believe me, they're a nasty lot, not to be trifled with. You wouldn't think it to look at them, but if one of them heard you talking to me like this, they'd think no more of cutting your throat and mine than you would of bringing down a rocketing pheasant."

"Surely," the lawyer pleaded, "you could rely upon Scotland Yard for protection? Give them all the information you have in your possession. Take a trip to Paris, or farther. Don't come back until the whole gang have been thoroughly cleared up. I don't mind telling you, Lord Newberry—you mustn't consider it a liberty, because the House of Newberry is of sacred importance with my firm—I have tentatively discussed this matter with Sir Earnshaw Roberts. He appreciates the whole situation. I have come almost as an ambassador from him.

"IT'S the headquarters of this gang they're mystified about—one man—one man's identity they want to solve. You are in the position to offer them the greatest assistance. A few words from you, and Sir Earnshaw is willing to give his sacred pledge, not only that your safety shall be assured, but that the men against whom you have that special grievance shall be arraigned with the utmost severity. . . . There, I ought not to have disclosed that promise. You may call it an immoral one, but Sir Earnshaw is out to save lives. Every undetected murderer is a black mark upon his sheet."

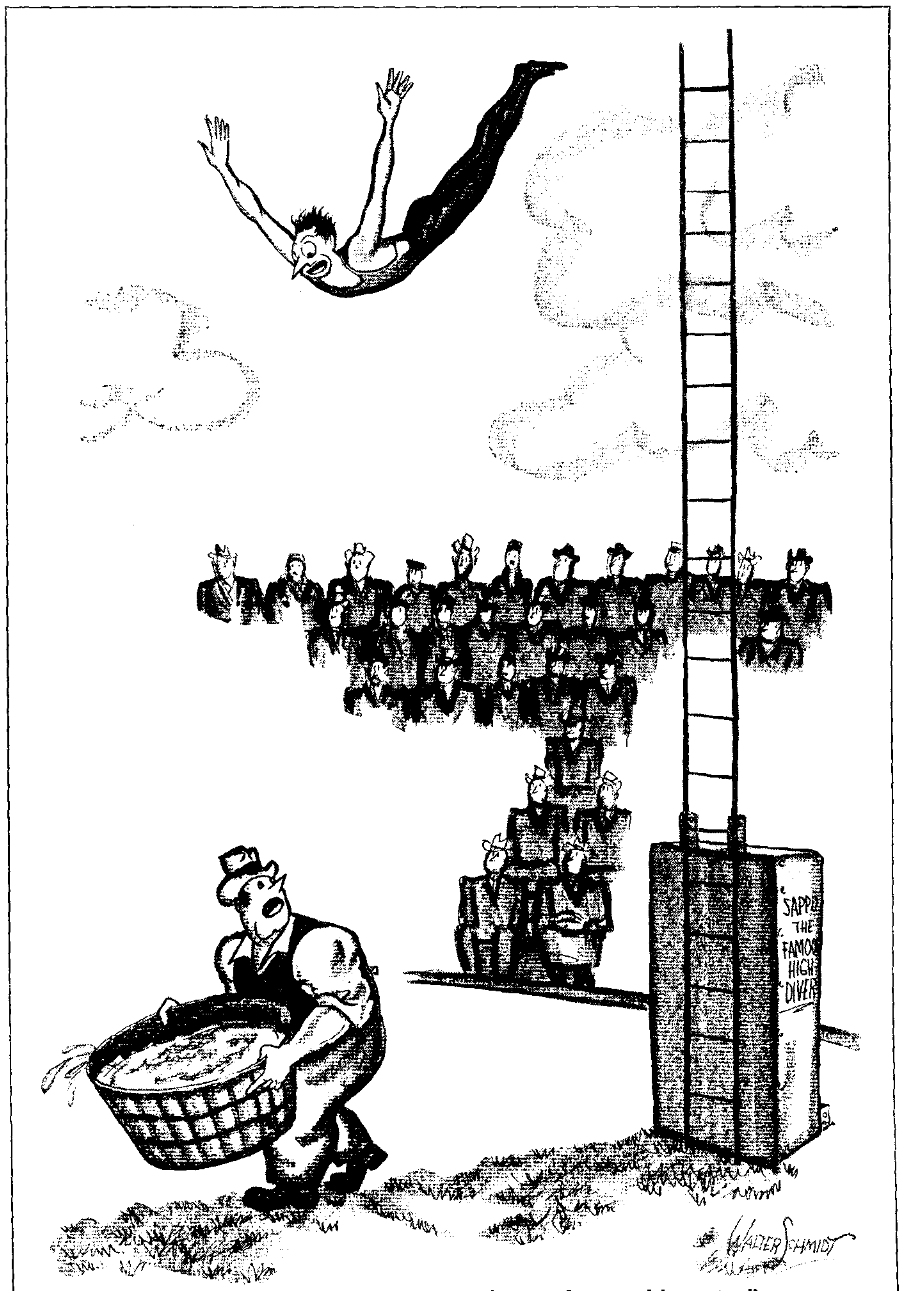
David rang the bell.

"Dowson will call you a taxi if you have not your car here, Mr. Atkinson," he said. "In the meantime, if you care to bring Sir Earnshaw Roberts to lunch with me on Sunday next at one-thirty I shall be delighted to make his acquaintance."

Mr. Atkinson, as he picked up his dispatch box and shook hands with his client, had one moment of inspiration.

"That means," he concluded, as he took his leave, "that there is something afoot on Saturday night."

(*To be continued next week*)



"Hold it just a minute, Herb, while I change this water"

Uncle Sam

Continued from page 16

still she was only submissive, she was afraid of his passion, or had none of her own to give back.

These were the stages of his romance, as he remembered it in after years, fragmentary stages, colored with varying emotions. It wasn't all that he wanted, but he didn't blame her, and if he had been inadequate, he didn't see where. He was middle-aged before he gave up the idea that his was a peculiar case.

The thought of losing Priscilla over the summer saddened him to such a degree that she relented and promised to tell the neighbors before she left. This kind of announcement, she believed, should be made at a public gathering, preferably at a dinner. She persuaded the reluctant Mrs. Martin to let Sam once more draw up at the taciturn board.

Mr. Martin had no formal greeting, neither had the men, nor the children. He felt as though he were the returned prodigal, returned but still under suspicion. He had a place beside Priscilla, and across the table, if he was so disposed, he might contemplate the expressionless features of Ethan's lady love. He thought best to eat his way through the meal with his eyes down.

Mr. Martin, finishing the soup, looked at Priscilla.

"We're counting on you to take the school again next winter. I haven't said anything about it, but I suppose it's agreeable to you. At the same salary, of course."

"Why, yes, Mr. Martin, I'd like to—for one more year."

"And longer than that, we'll hope."

"No, that will probably be the last. Next spring I'm going to be married."

They all gaped. Mrs. Martin was the first to suspect the extent of the disaster.

"Are you going to marry Sam?"

"Yes."

"Well—"

The sentence went unfinished. He had expected no compliments, and was rather amused at the disapproval he inspired. He caught Elizabeth's eye. If he wasn't mistaken, there was a flicker of cordiality in it. Otherwise the silence was splendidly gloomy.

"It costs a lot," said Mr. Martin at last, "to keep a family."

Priscilla flushed. "We shan't be the first to begin poor. Sam and I can manage."

"Not on woodcutting you can't! It's worse than peddling."

SHE didn't wait for Sam to defend himself. "He's through with peddling and woodcutting. He has bought a farm."

"Bought a farm!" Martin didn't believe her. "Whereabouts?"

Sam described the location.

"The piece of woodland? Man alive, you'll have the devil's job making anything of that!"

They finished the meal without another reference to the marriage. Yet when he went away, an hour later, Mr. Martin shook hands with him, and found words for what may have been, in the circumstances, good will.

"I'm sorry you haven't a real farm. When you get into trouble, I don't mind helping."

Though the summer was lonely, as he had expected, still he enjoyed it. In a small area where the trees were few, he made room for his garden, and started the less difficult kinds of vegetable. The dilapidated house he propped up, mended and painted, and he tidied the ground about, to suggest a home. His letters to Priscilla were enthusiastic—she hadn't realized he had in him the capacity for such high spirits.

What he didn't write her were some of the thoughts he mulled over while at his solitary labors. He asked himself, for example, just why he was marrying—a question which does not arise for a heart utterly lost.

Perhaps he wanted a home. If he had remembered a childhood with parents in it, he might have understood himself better, but he wasn't clear as to the sort of home he wanted. A house for Priscilla and him to live in. Children, probably. Interesting things, children. A garden to work in, a spot of earth all his own, fruitful because of his toil. Perhaps that was what he was marrying for. Perhaps, but he wasn't sure. As he worked and dreamed, he was aware of other possibilities. In the nomad condition of the peddler there had been something agreeable. To change one's work, from time to time, might be sensible. He wished he were certain that beneath Priscilla's steady resolutions there might develop a disposition to try something new.

IF HE kept these thoughts to himself, they were less sobering than they sound; they came to him mingled with pleasant outdoor sensations, with sunlight and summer breezes. In the autumn Priscilla found him brown, almost handsome; he showed already, she said, the good results of a proper occupation.

During the winter his comrades, the lumbermen, reduced the tangled landscape to a wilderness of stumps. He hadn't anticipated so many stumps. When Priscilla came out to inspect the progress, she was panic-stricken. Her effort to find the bright side was admirable but obvious.

"We'll be all the happier," she would say, in many variations of phrase, "because we are pioneers. I'm glad you're beginning with the forest itself. Whatever we accomplish will be all our work, and some day, when we have grown old, we'll look at the beautiful home you will have made, and we'll remember this."

For weeks Sam had saved up a secret, to tell Priscilla when she should cross the threshold as his bride. When he finally opened the door and held it for her to come in, a stronger emotion than he had ever known rose in him, a mingling of love and gratitude, of worship and desire. Never before had she appeared to him utterly perfect.

"Sit down beside me a moment," he said, "where I can look at you. My wife!"

He squeezed her hand, and she smiled at him.

"I've something to tell you—something you'll like to hear. Look at me—I want to see your joy! Priscilla, I've sold the farm!"

She drew back hurt, stunned.

"Sam! The farm? Our home?"

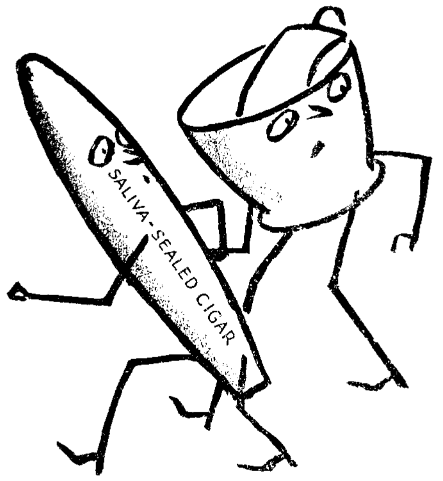
"Yes. There's a land development coming—I heard of it one night at the village. They took our place for three times what I paid for it, so there's no more mortgage, and I'll send Antoinette the money I owe her, and we can buy a real farm, farther south. How's that for luck?"

She kept looking at him, dazed and suffering.

"But this was to be our home—I put up these curtains, and—and—"

He was quite at a loss. She actually didn't like his good news!

(Continued on page 58)



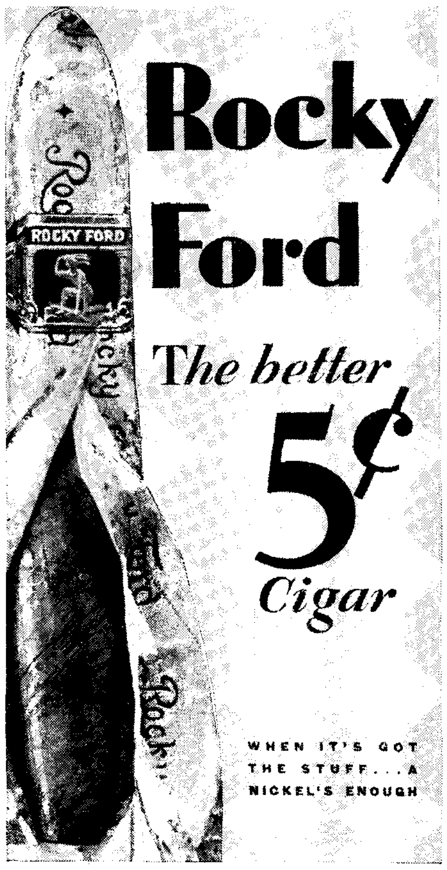
Spit-Tipped Cigars and Moustache Cups disappeared long ago

Propaganda against tandem bicycles, bustles, or moustache cups, would be laughed out of existence.

And it's just as senseless to cry "wolf" over "spit-tipped" cigars . . . That particular wolf was dead and buried long ago.

Today, every reputable manufacturer of a popular-priced cigar uses the utmost precautions to safeguard purity and cleanliness.

ROCKY FORD is as pure and clean as a modern loaf of baker's bread. We make ROCKY FORD in Richmond, Virginia, in a vast, sunny factory which is the pride and show-place of the city. Sanitary machines cut and roll the long domestic filler. Sanitary machines place and seal the choice Sumatra wrapper. Sanitary machines even fold your ROCKY FORD in the humidor-foil that seals in its goodness. The first hands to touch it are yours.



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Keeps Hair Neat

Rich-looking—Orderly

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Just rub a little Glostora through your hair . . . once or twice a week . . . or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day . . . just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes it pliable. Then—even stubborn hair—will stay in place of its own accord.

Gives Well-groomed Effect

It gives your hair that natural, rich, well-groomed effect, instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as pastes do.

Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

Try it!—See how easy it is to keep your hair combed—any style you like—whether brushed lightly or combed down flat.

If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.

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WARNER LIQUID SOLDER
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By Wasting Anti-Freeze

Guaranteed not to clog circulation and absolutely harmless. Works equally well in combination with alcohol or other anti-freeze solutions.

Prevent the danger of water from cooling system seeping past cylinder head gasket, into your motor. Repair all leaks in hose connections (as well as radiator) by using Warner Liquid Solder.

WARNER PENETREEN VALVE LUBRICATOR

$2.50

Complete with can of oil; installed in 20 minutes.

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LUBRICATES
STOPS SQUEAKS
KILLS RUST
LOOSENS RUSTED NUTS
WARNER-PATTERSON CO.

The can and lubricator head are enlarged out of proportion to show details.

Stop Valve Sticking

The valves of your automobile's engine move up and down billions of times; get white hot; warp, become noisy; stems "gum up", stick; motor gets sluggish; all because valves get no oil. This lubricator sends oil to valves, each time you push accelerator. Dissolves "gum"; stops valve sticking; softens carbon. Simplest, lowest priced, most effective. Get one today from garage, accessory, hardware store.

Sent prepaid if your dealer cannot supply you.

WARNER-PATTERSON CO.
913 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

(*Continued from page 57*)

"Priscilla, I thought this would make you happy! As a farm this place is worthless. Martin knew what he was talking about."

HE COULD see she was trying to take the blow courageously. He noticed the effort.

"Sam, I thought you had more sentiment. I didn't think you'd sell our home."

He stared at her, completely puzzled.

"But I never intended to stay here in the woods for life!"

"But somehow, Sam . . . It's our wedding home!"

"Oh, yes, we don't have to move till I find the other farm."

She drew a long breath.

"I'll put away my hat, Sam, and—and—make myself at home, temporarily."

He sat there, trying to think it through. Evidently he had made a bad start, but he couldn't see what was wrong. It wasn't what you'd like to think of your bride, one hour after the wedding, but perhaps she was a little unreasonable. She had failed to sympathize with his first success.

He had occasion many times to review that scene, those hours. Never could he understand why his good news had nearly made her cry.

Nor why the ecstasy of their wedding night was subdued.

(*To be continued next week*)

In Queen Victoria's Day

Continued from page 13

on the eventful day in front of so many of his relatives. The Duchess, however, took a calmer view. 'After all, it would not be so dreadful if he did cry, George," she said placidly. "Babies do." The baby, however, was perfectly good.

He was called David from the first, chiefly on account of the sad memories connected with the name Eddy. He was a most healthy little fellow and his two grandmothers rivaled each other in petting him.

Soon after the birth of his son, the Duke of York began to busy himself with State duties and take part as the eventual heir to the throne. So much of his life had been spent in the navy that it was not easy for him to settle down to the desk routine which his new life necessitated. But the Duke was nothing if not conscientious and in time he grew to love the very work he had hated, owing to his forgetfulness of self.

His study at York Cottage was a cheerful room very like its owner. The big windows, except in the very coldest weather, were wide open. This was not a characteristic of the age, and it told visitors at once that the Duke was used to winds and the coldness of a seafaring life. A large desk occupied a great part of the room, but there were comfortable armchairs for visitors.

"A man can never talk naturally when he is sitting bolt upright on a chair which is much too small for him," the Duke once said, and visitors were encouraged to sit back and be comfortable.

On December 14, 1895, a second son was born at York Cottage and was christened Albert Frederick George. The Duke led the procession to the church carrying little David in his arms. The Duchess came next, followed by the nurse with baby Albert, or Bertie as he was generally called. Bertie was not so strong as his brother and the Duchess spent many worrying hours with her small son. After the first year, however, he entirely outgrew any trace of bad health.

David was introduced to his baby brother by his father, but it was not at all a satisfactory meeting, for the baby, liking the look of a rather gaudy rattle that David was never parted from, tried to snatch it and there were many tears on both sides.

The babies grew up healthily among the rich marsh meadows and the wild heather of their Norfolk home. The Duke of York, watching them, determined that their life should be as free and happy as his own had been; and that determination has never wavered, though he always insisted that he never "gave in" to his children. In fact, he would tell people that he was afraid he erred on the side of hardness. Consequently little David upset his father's ideas one day and made him actually blush in public.

The Duke and Duchess were entertaining at tea and the Duke remarked that he was a strong believer in discipline for children. At that moment David, looking very cherubic in his white sailor suit, came in with his nurse.

"Whom do you like best, darling, Father or Mother?" asked one misguided lady.

"I like them both the same," said the little boy after some reflection, "but I think Dada spoils me most."

Already a Sportsman

The little Prince's early love of animals was encouraged by his mother and father, and he had many pets at York Cottage. Cæsar, King Edward's dog, was a great favorite with him and it was a pretty sight to see them playing together. Once David was asked what he would do if he were King. The reply was an amazing one: "When I am King," said the small boy, "I shall make three laws: no one shall cut the tails of the little dogs; there shall be no more fishing with hooks; and no one shall use bearing reins to hurt the horses."

The Duke picked up his small son and kissed him. He was so exactly what he wanted him to be—already a sportsman who hated cruelty in any form. The Prince had yet to show signs of his love for the sea, but his father felt sure that this would come, and his hopes were justified.

About this time the Duke and Duchess began to make what is, I believe, a unique collection. It consisted of comic pictures of children of all ages, including posters advertising various foods. The Duchess used to paste the pictures in a large album and the "Babies Book" was always much in demand.

The Duke of York was now able to turn again to his hobby of stamp-collecting, which he had begun as a boy at sea. The Duke bought and exchanged stamps in the ordinary way, studying dealers' catalogues and advertisements for rare specimens. Once a young man in a city office advertised that his stamp collection was for sale and could be seen at his lodgings. A young man called at these lodgings on a foggy Saturday afternoon, chose some stamps and made an offer which was accepted. It was not until the purchaser was going out of the house that he was recognized.

The greatest joy that the Duke and his elder son shared during these early days was their interest in the Zoölogical Gardens. They were often to be seen walking hand-in-hand around the cages.

DIXON TICONDEROGA 1386-No 2
A businesslike nation is businesslike about its pencils — and America writes with Dixon's "Ti-con-der-oga"

DIXON'S TICONDEROGA
An extraordinary five cent pencil
JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY
Jersey City, N.J.

BRIMMING FULL OF
EXTRA COMFORT

THE
DOUBLE-
ACTION
SHAVE

YOU CAN'T realize how natural . . . how comfortable . . . how alive your face feels after a double-action shave until you try Squibb's Shaving Cream.

Because Squibb's now contains a newly perfected shaving ingredient, a Squibb shave is entirely different —extra comfort-full!

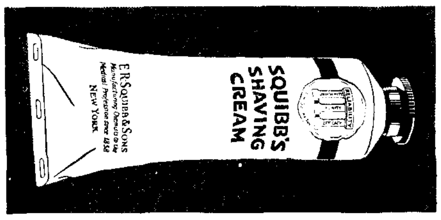
This ingredient has *two actions*. It shields your face with a protecting coat of softness. Your razor seems to glide on velvet. And, at the same time, it *restores the delicate oils essential to the skin.*

These vital oils are your natural protection. They keep your skin supple and healthy. All soaps (and most shaving creams are really soap) remove these oils. That's why your face often feels parched and sensitive after shaving.

But Squibb's is different. The *double-action* shave with Squibb's restores these necessary oils. The new ingredient actually keeps your skin just as soothed and healthy as Nature herself.

Buy Squibb's Shaving Cream at your druggist's tonight and lather up for a double-action shave tomorrow. Only 40c for the extra-large tube.

© 1929 by E. R. Squibb & Sons



SQUIBB'S
SHAVING
CREAM

When they reached something that interested them they would stop, and a long series of questions and answers would follow. David expected his father to know everything. The Duke of York seldom failed to answer his questions. I have often seen him stop suddenly in front of a toy-shop and, with wrinkled brow, examine the working of some mechanical toys.

"You see," he would say, "my children expect me to be such an expert, that I have to rub up my knowledge from time to time."

"I Like Sisters"

An eventful year for York Cottage was 1897, for on April 25th a daughter was born to the Duke and Duchess of York. Like her mother, she has been the only daughter. The Duke was delighted. From the day of her birth everyone could tell that the little girl was going to be the pet of her father. She was really a lovely child with the pink and white May-blossom complexion of her mother.

Prince David was an early visitor at the side of the crib.

"That's your little sister, dear," said the nurse, gently. The Prince remained staring at the newcomer for a long time in silence and then he remarked reflectively, "I like sisters."

The Princess was christened in Sandringham Church, receiving the names Victoria Alexandra Alice Mary. Out of all these names Mary was the one by which the little Princess was called universally. She was known as the Jubilee Baby, for the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria's reign was celebrated by the Empire on June 22d.

Although the Duke of York did not play such an important part in the Diamond Jubilee festivities as his father, the Jubilee influenced his mind considerably. He realized as never before how great and how wide-stretched was the Empire over which his grandmother ruled and over which he in time would rule.

The year 1898 was happy and interesting for the Duke of York, for it was during the summer of that year that he had the joy of going to sea again. When he heard that he was to command H. M. S. Crescent during the summer naval maneuvers, he was boyishly excited. He and the Duchess went down to Portsmouth before he took command to arrange the furnishing of their cabins in the Crescent and they had a great deal of fun in making their plans. Naval people are, by general consent, the jolliest in the world, and the Duke and Duchess were extremely popular at Portsmouth during the time he was in command.

In October, 1899, the Boer War broke out. It was particularly sad that it should come during the last months of Queen Victoria's life. It was difficult to keep her from getting depressed.

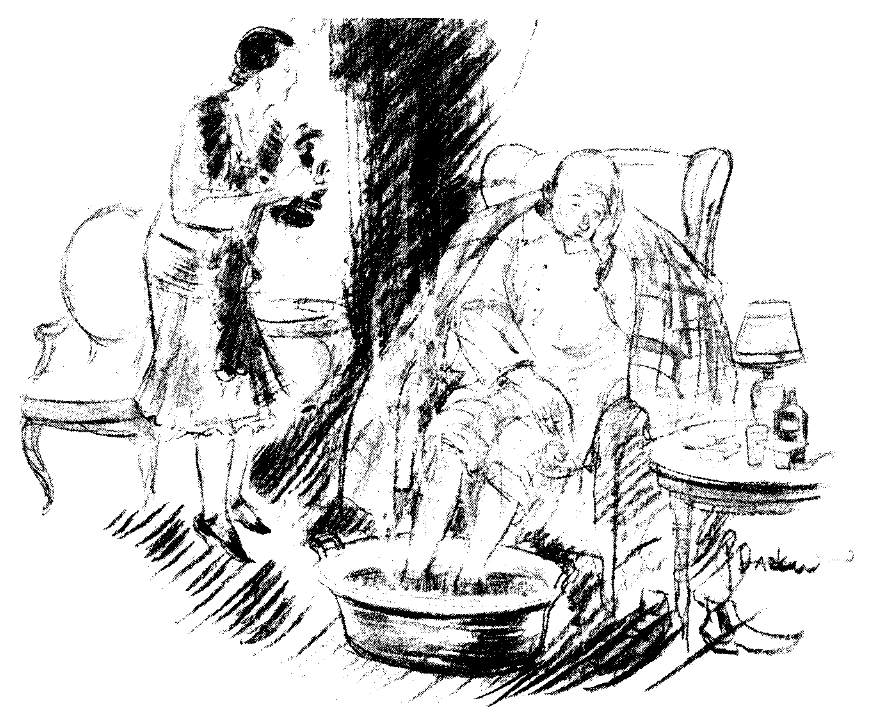
The Princess of Wales and the Duchess of York threw themselves actively into war work. The Princess of Wales Hospital Ship was the first of the kind that ever sailed under the sign of the Red Cross. At Baffingly, near Sandringham, the Princess turned the little private hospital into a convalescent home for officers and this was visited constantly by the Duchess of York. The Duke was kept busy inspecting and seeing off troops.

On March 31, 1900, Prince Henry, the fourth child of the Duke and Duchess, was born at York Cottage. He was christened in the private chapel of Windsor Castle, being given the names Henry William Frederick Albert. On being informed that he had another baby brother, the six-year-old David ejaculated, "What, another?" And that was the only remark he volunteered on the new baby's arrival.

The Boer War continued its dreary course, although a ray of brightness pierced the gloom in 1900 when the inauguration of the Australian Commonwealth was celebrated. It was an important step toward Queen Victoria's dream of imperial federation and she was therefore greatly pleased when it was suggested that the Duke and Duchess of York should make a tour of the Commonwealth and open the new Federal Parliament. So great was the enthusiasm shown that the program was extended to include Natal, the Cape and Canada. It was estimated that the Duke and Duchess would be away from England for nearly eight months and the date was fixed vaguely as the "spring of next year." The tour would comprise a sea voyage of some 35,000 miles and it was decided that H. M. S. Ophir should make the important trip.

However, before the spring of next year an event occurred which put all ideas of the trip into the background: Queen Victoria died. The Empire was broken-hearted. It was the end of a great reign, and, more than that, it was the end of the Victorian epoch.

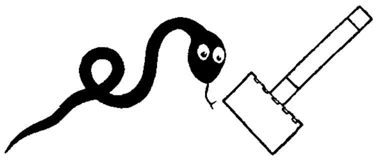
(*Continued on page 60*)



"I think I'll call that young Dr. McIntosh. He has such a charming bedside manner"

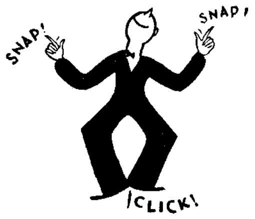
TO MEN
SUFFERING FROM
NEW RAZOR
COMPLEX:

It comes on a man suddenly, like a cold. One morning he is serenely happy with the razor he has been using for years. And the very next morning he will turn on it like a snake.



The immediate reason may be a dull blade, or a little nick under the nose. But the real reason lies in the regrettable fact that shaving itself is a bore and a nuisance, only bearable as long as a man can get a mild kick out of the use of his shaving tool. Let him tire of it . . . let it fail him just once too often . . . and the stuff's off.

This mood may be on you now. Or it may come tomorrow. So here is a suggestion. Indulge your new razor complex, but indulge it moderately and wisely. Go to any store where razors are sold and get yourself an Enders Razor. It will only cost you a dollar, with six blades. And who knows . . . may be it will turn out to be the best razor you ever owned. Many hundred thousands of men are of that opinion.


SNAP!
SNAP!
CLICK!

At any rate, we can assure you of this: if you will take it lightly in your fingers and let it come down your face with a light pulling motion, you *will* get a kick out of the feathery, effortless way it takes the whiskers off. And we can also assure you of this: Enders blades are hair tested (among other tests) at the factory, and if you ever get a dull one, we'll replace it with thanks to you for checking us up. Enders Razor Co., Inc., 105 W. 40th Street, New York City.

Enders
RAZOR

The Hair Test

New Enders
Razor with
6 blades . . . $1.00.
Blades, 5 for 35c.
If you cannot find an Enders locally, send purchase price to us.

Good new Pipes are

Ready for Edgeworth

MEN dread breaking in new things—new hats, new shoes . . . most of all, new pipes.

But *good* new pipes are friendly toward strangers. They come through a process that mellows the briar before it ever gets to you. No need to take a hazing nowadays, with good new pipes.

So much the better for Edgeworth, the friendly tobacco that will not bite. Edgeworth gets the chance to prove itself in *pipes* that don't bite, either.

You haven't tried Edgeworth? Use the coupon, man! The postman will bring you, with our compliments, a generous glad-to-meet-you packet of the genuine Edgeworth. Try it, like it—and thereafter you'll find it always the same, all around the world, unchanging and good!

EDGEWORTH
EXTRA
HIGH GRADE
READY RUBBED

Edgeworth is a combination of *good* tobaccos—selected carefully. Its quality and flavor *never change.* Buy Edgeworth anywhere in two forms—"Ready Rubbed" and "Plug Slice." All sizes—15¢ pocket package to pound humidor tin.

EDGEWORTH
SMOKING TOBACCO

LARUS & BRO. CO.
100 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va.

I'll try your Edgeworth. And I'll try it in a *good* pipe.

My name____________________

My street address________________

And the town and state________________

Now let the Edgeworth come! H-3

(*Continued from page 59*)

Something of what Queen Victoria meant to the people whom she governed beyond the seas was shown by the remark of a Zulu chief when he heard the sad news: "The great white Queen is dead? Tonight I shall see a new star in the heavens."

Behind the Angels

Little Prince David received the news of his great-grandmother's death seriously and seemed much depressed, but a short time afterward astonished his nurse by asking, "Do you think Grannie will be happy in heaven?"

"Of course she will be—much happier than when upon earth," was the reply.

"I don't think she will be," persisted David, "because, you see, she will have to walk behind the angels and she won't like that."

The Duke of York did his utmost to help his father through a very sad and difficult time. It was thought unlikely by the general public that, now he had attained to the position of heir to the throne, he would be able to make the tour that had been planned for him. King Edward thought differently, however, and although naturally reluctant to part with his only son, he cabled to Lord Hopetoun, Governor-General of Australia, that, sharing the wishes of her late Majesty, he had decided that the visit should take place as arranged.

Accordingly the royal yacht was due to sail on March 16th and the previous day the Duke and Duchess (it having been decided not to invest them with their titles Prince and Princess of Wales until their return) drove from York House to Victoria Station, the Duke wearing the uniform of a rear admiral and the Duchess being in deep mourning. I was near them and could see that the tears were pouring almost unhindered down the young Duchess' face. She had just said good-by to David, Mary, Bertie and Harry, and she would not see them again for nearly eight months.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra traveled down to Portsmouth to say good-by, accompanied by members of the royal family. The King gave a luncheon on board his own yacht, the Victoria and Albert, and proposed the toast of the day, "Success to the trip!"

At four o'clock the signal was given and H. M. S. Ophir glided away from the jetty with the Duke and Duchess standing on the fore bridge. The last words they heard from the shore came from King Edward, who called out after them: "We will take care of the children for you."

"Grandpa"—all the children called King Edward that—was at his very best with small children, and he lavished a wealth of affection and care upon the three little grandsons and granddaughter. It was only Grandpa who could make the first lessons really interesting and King Edward, with "his babies" hanging round him, could often be seen in the schoolroom helping them secretly with their lessons. The King and Queen took the place of their parents so far as was possible and did their best to make up for their temporary absence. Queen Alexandra spoiled them as grandmothers always will. Prince David learned this early and if there was anything he wanted particularly to do, he would say in confident tones, "I shall ask Grannie."

The Ophir was escorted from Portsmouth to Gibraltar by two first-class cruisers, and directly she got out to sea the crew of the yacht settled down to the routine of a man-of-war. The Duke and Duchess soon became acquainted with most of the ship's company. The Duke was the most popular man aboard. The quiet, shy young Duchess, with her gentle smile, was loved by everybody.

Such a trip as had been arranged for the Duke and Duchess could be carried out successfully only if there were absolute sympathy and understanding between the two chief members. It was because King Edward knew how perfectly happy the married life of the young couple was that he allowed them to undertake the trip.

"Mary is so understanding," I heard the Duke remark one day and it was because both of them worked in perfect coöperation that this Australian tour was one of the most successful that had ever been planned or carried out.

The Duke and Duchess both did splendid work for the Empire, but when the voyage was over they were only too eager to shed the position of Duke and Duchess of York and become Father and Mother again. They wondered whether their children would recognize them; whether they had grown very much, and whether they had altered. The day the Ophir landed at Portsmouth the Duchess could not bear to take her eyes off the children for a minute.

Directly the travelers reached London, the titles of Prince and Princess of Wales were conferred on the Duke and Duchess by King Edward.

The year 1902 was memorable, the main feature of it being the coronation of King Edward VII, which was a tremendous event, for few people living could recall the last. June 26th was to have been Coronation Day but because of a serious illness of the King it had to be postponed until Auguth 9th.

The most beautiful part of the ceremony was when the Prince of Wales, taking off his coronet, knelt down before His Majesty and pronounced the beautiful words of homage:

"I, George, Prince of Wales, do become your liege man of life and limb and of earthly worship, and of faith and truth. I will bear unto you to live and die against all manner of folk. So help me God."

Then he touched the King's crown with his right hand and kissed him on the left cheek. This was the formal custom, but after it was over the King and his liege man became father and son. With infinite tenderness the father drew his only remaining son into his arms and in the sight of all his people, kissed him.

Stop that Noise

The little Princes were rather tired after the Abbey service and during the ride home in the carriage they decided that there was not enough room to be comfortable, so David and Bertie bundled their small brother Harry under the seat. The child began to howl loudly and, at Prince David's suggestion, a cushion was pushed after him to "stifle the noise." Upon arriving at Marlborough House the tiny Prince was allowed to come out. His white sailor suit was very much crumpled and very dirty but otherwise he had quite recovered and had apparently been asleep. Prince David's remark was characteristic: "The carriages look so beautiful outside that nobody would think they were dirty under the seat."

The coronation over, King Edward and Queen Alexandra left London for Cowes and the Prince and Princess of Wales settled down for a rest in quiet domestic life with their children.

Mr. Dent's third article, We Always Call It Home, will appear in next week's Collier's

THE EARS HAVE IT

Sunday evening your ears have their inning.

Favorite characters straight from the pages of Collier's live and speak in your living room. Breathless drama, stirring music, famous men and women—weave a magic spell of romance which only your ears can follow.

Collier's Radio Hour brings you the most thrilling and original entertainment on the air today.

Tune in next Sunday evening and give your ears a real holiday.

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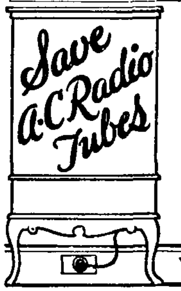
Stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company

8:15 P. M. *Eastern Time*
7:15 P. M. *Central Time*
6:15 P. M. *Mountain Time*
5:15 P. M. *Pacific Time*

Collier's Radio Hour



DON'T WAIT until your horses have been stolen before you lock your barn! Sudden voltage surges in your house current mains are far more subtle and numerous than horse thieves. Equip your set with the correct Ward Leonard Voltage Reducer today. Installed in a minute! At your local dealer for only $2.00.

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IRON GLUE

AN ELEPHANT FOR STRENGTH
Quick to stick — mends celluloid, toys, furniture, books, leather, bric-a-brac, etc. 10c & 15c sizes. Sold by 10c stores, hardware, drug and grocery stores, or 15c size by mail. Tubes and bottles. McCormick & Co., Baltimore, Md.

DO YOU WANT a new business profession of your own, with all the trade you can attend to? Then **become a foot correctionist**, and in a few weeks earn big income in service fees—not medical nor chiropody—easy terms for home training, no further capital needed, no goods to buy, no agency. *Address*

Stephenson Laboratory, 4 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.

Learn ADVERTISING at Home

Greater opportunities now in advertising. Learn easily and quickly in spare time. Practical work. No text books. Old established school. Low tuition—Easy terms. *Send for free booklet of interesting information.*

Page-Davis School of Advertising
Dept. 2771, 3601 Mich. Av., Chicago

KEEPS RAZORS KEEN BETWEEN SHAVES!

Moisture and oxygen in the air cause corrosion that seriously damages the tiny teeth of the razor edge *between shaves.* Razor pulls—face burns—temper blazes! And the remedy is so simple!

After shaving, wipe blade dry and draw between thumb and finger moistened with 3-in-One. This forms an impenetrable oil film that keeps air and moisture from attacking blade.

Sounds reasonable, doesn't it? Better still [illegible] it!

Also enjoy the smooth passage of razor over skin resulting from 3-in-One on blade.

Sold everywhere by good drug, grocery, hardware, sporting goods and general stores. Two size Handy Oil Cans and three size bottles.

Manufactured since 1894

Three-In-One Oil Co., 130 William St., New York, N. Y.

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FREE: *Generous sample and illustrated Dictionary of Uses. Request both on a postal.*

Prevents Rust - OILS - Cleans & Polishes

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If You Strop Your Razor

rub 3-in-One onto strop [illegible] ally. Keeps it soft and [illegible] it to "take hold" of razor better, producing keener edge.

Amateurs and Pros advise Hickory Shafts for all clubs ...they know there's no real substitute for live Hickory

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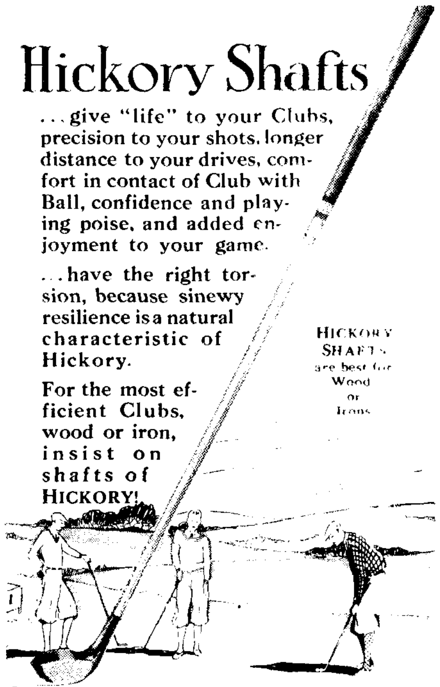
...give "life" to your Clubs, precision to your shots, longer distance to your drives, comfort in contact of Club with Ball, confidence and playing poise, and added enjoyment to your game.

...have the right torsion, because sinewy resilience is a natural characteristic of Hickory.

For the most efficient Clubs, wood or iron, insist on shafts of HICKORY!


HICKORY SHAFTS are best for Wood or Irons

"How to Select a Good Golf Shaft" is a booklet of interest to all Golfers. It's free

HICKORY GOLF SHAFT ASS'N
Memphis, Tennessee

The Money Machine

Continued from page 18

held in awe by the viselike grip Mr. Hankey laid on his wrist.

"What have I done, Officer?" bleated the stern Negro. "You ain't got nothin' on me!"

"Step!" said the detective.

He thrust the stern Negro before him. Without another glance at Hankey or his reveling customer, he marched his prisoner from the place.

"Knew that big nigger was a crook," Mr. Hankey commented.

But time was precious and his prospect hot. He seduced the sobering yellow youth with two rapid drinks, then secluded him in the rear room. Within ten minutes the high-yellow had peeled his roll of two hundred dollars and chortlingly departed in a taxicab.

Mr. Hankey settled back for the evening's events renewed in humor, confident that the human race was a little worth while, after all. Customers found him beaming with old-time geniality.

About two dozen faces of mixed tincture—various shades of brown and black—were alive with gusto and hot liquor, when Mr. Hankey, puffing a cigar, pouring drinks, and snagging silver, was startled. Pushing before him the high-yellow youth with one hand, while beneath his other arm he bore the brown tin box of hapless memory, entered the thickset detective. He plunged into his subject immediately, permitting Mr. Hankey to lead him to the rear room, a move the customers welcomed by raiding the bar—that is, those of the customers who did not discreetly withdraw at the appearance of a plain-clothes cop.

"This mug says he bought this contraption from you, Hankey," the detective accused.

"I ain't complainin', Mr. Hankey," piped the high-yellow.

"How about it?" snapped the detective, fixing Hankey with knifelike eyes.

"Never seen that tin box before," lied Hankey. "All I done was sell that nigger drinks this noon. Tha's all."

"Don't know nothin' about this, eh?" the detective growled.

He set down the machine and twisted lever and wheels. A bill emerged, a crisp five-dollar bill.

"That machine sho' 'nuff make money," piped the high-yellow. "I done got fifty bills already."

"Shut up," snapped the detective. He turned on the quivering Hankey, while idly playing with the money wheel.

"This lad was picked up in a drug store, drunk to the ears, making five-dollar notes. He got this machine from you. That means trouble, Hankey."

Even as the detective spoke, another five-dollar bill emerged, new and inviting.

The detective seemed surprised. Hankey was overcome. The high-yellow bleated:

"I tell you that machine done make loads o' dough."

"Where'd you get this from?" the detective fired at Hankey.

Mr. Hankey writhed mentally. To claim the machine might mean advantage. There before his eyes it had cogged out two brand-new five-dollar bills, not fraudulent ads of a dingy burlesque troupe. To claim the machine might, also, mean immediate disadvantage. Hankey knew the cuteness of precinct detectives in dealing with colored men. He was resourceful.

"You chargin' me with somethin' an' I'm goin' to call my lawyer," he said. "I don't answer nothin' 'til I see my lawyer."

IN THE barroom there was boisterous whoopee. The detective peeped through the rear-room door. Discreetly, he gathered up the box, prodded the high-yellow youth and marched him out through a crowd of dangerously drunk customers.

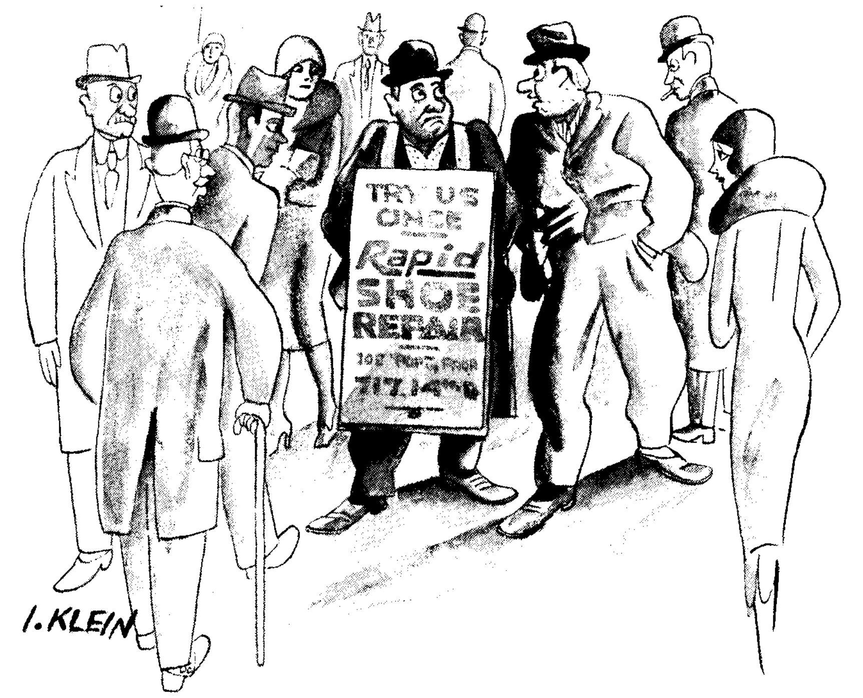
Outside the café door he waited until a patrolman approached. Him he signaled and instructed to prevent Mr. Hankey's departure until the legal detail of a warrant had been attended to, for this particular detective had had collisions with Harlem's sepia politicians before.

The high-yellow youth, the money machine and the detective disappeared in a spurting taxi.

Mr. Hankey, behind his bar, was soberly aware of a uniformed figure guarding his portals. He knew why.

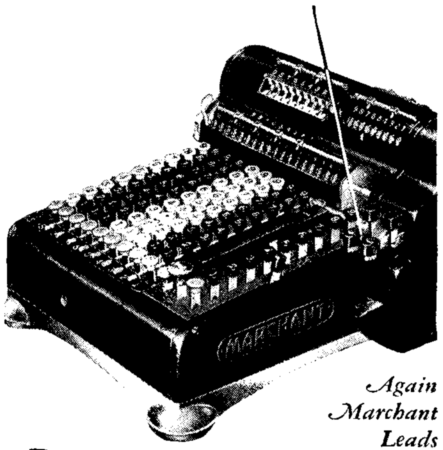
It was dawning on him that a cobbler was foolish to leave his last and engage in shady deals when, his nickel duly deposited, the suave voice of his at-

(*Continued on page 62*)



"How does it feel being always in the public eye, Jerry?"

NOW *the* ONLY *Calculator that is* 100% ELECTRIC



Again Marchant Leads

BY adding this big, exclusive feature—*automatic electric carriage shift*—Marchant has become the *only* calculator that is *100% electric.*

The slight pressure of a button shifts the carriage in either direction at will, greatly increasing speed of operation while eliminating work.

Now you can operate the Marchant entirely with one hand, and by touch, while keeping your eyes on your figures. All the *work* is done electrically.

Whatever your figuring problems, you should investigate this remarkable new model at once. Ask our local representative to explain this new feature and the *five exclusive improvements* that place the Marchant in a class by itself.

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PENS
Tipped with a "shock absorber"! The Oval Point makes writing effortless.

Ask for 788 at your stationer's. Or send 10c for assorted samples to find *your* personal pen. Esterbrook Pen Co., 42 Cooper St., Camden, N. J. *or Brown Bros., Toronto*

(*Continued from page 61*)

torney demanded details. They were given, and the attorney glibly instructed his client to be prepared with one thousand in cash for bond.

Gloomily back at his bar, Mr. Hankey considered this misfortune.

"Closin' up, gents," he bawled suddenly.

There were growls and high mockery. Mr. Hankey lifted his eyes to the curtained window of his establishment. The uniformed figure was still there—and another, a large, stern-faced Negro. He entered, ignored jovial epithets from the customers, strode to the bar, and leaned over.

"C'mon in that there room," he bade Mr. Hankey.

Mr. Hankey obeyed. As he and the intruder vanished behind the door the uniformed figure without moved leisurely within.

The stern Negro shot swift eyes to the fumed-oak buffet.

"Where's that box what was there?" he demanded.

"What for you want to know?" asked Mr. Hankey.

"What for? See here," the stern Negro grasped Mr. Hankey's copious throat. "Ah dropped a wad o' dough in that contraption when that flat-foot come after me. Where's that dough?"

"Let me be," gasped Mr. Hankey. "Let me be."

The stern Negro's eyes blazed.

"You got that dough!" he barked.

MR. HANKEY spluttered. With one swift, graceful motion the stern Negro whipped something from his right hip, whizzed it in a flying arc and it dropped on Mr. Hankey exactly one hundredth of a split second before Mr. Hankey dropped.

"Okay," said the thickset detective to the patrolman ten minutes later as Mr. Hankey, muttering in heavy sleep, was lifted into the wagon. "Put the big dinge up front with him. I knew them fives was out of that pay-roll stick-up. If this ain't killing two blackbirds with one stone!"

The Unmentionable Ghost

Continued from page 21

perience," he told her. "Personally, I would sacrifice my desire rather than that you should suffer disquietude. But I can hardly let Monsieur Champeroux down; I cannot leave Monsieur Champeroux to go alone." He regarded her with a silent prayer that she would say that he could.

But she only said idiotically, "Well, it is ever so sporting of you both! No, of course you are right. It is certainly better there should be two of you."

Gosselin drew nearer to her emotionally. She wasn't so divine in his eyes during this scene as hitherto—in fact, she was exasperating him; but she was very, very pretty, and, for good or ill, he was in love with her. If she were to accept him at once there wouldn't be any need to flaunt his temerity! He could say grandly that, as her future husband, he took no chances.

"LISTEN," he exclaimed. "I embark on this diversion with tremendous zest; to investigate a haunted house has always been an ambition of mine. Nevertheless, I recognize that there is an element of peril—one would be foolish to ignore it. It is possible I may not escape alive. While I am still with you there is something I must say. I love you. Ah, you cannot have been blind to my devotion—you cannot have failed to see what your beauty and your charm have done to me. I am no longer the same man; the dry-as-dust notary is transformed. I think of you constantly. The thought of you comes between me and my cases till the practice suffers. Have pity! I beseech you to be my wife."

"My friend," she murmured, moved. "How shall I answer? I have the warmest regard for you, the greatest esteem—never, indeed, have I respected you so highly as now, when I find that you are fearless . . . but . . . I am not sure. Perhaps, one day. . . . Give me time to reflect."

That was just what he couldn't afford to give her.

"It is that Champeroux who has come between us," he burst out resentfully "—the man I am going to protect! Before you knew him there was a chance for me."

"I have not said but what there is a chance still," she replied with dignity.

"You are all my world. Your decision means more to me than you know!"

"I entreat you to give me time," she pleaded.

It was a good thing the day was Sunday, for there was no room in his head for clients when he left her. He must communicate with Champeroux! It couldn't be avoided. Of course he could pretend to have understood that it was Champeroux who was to suggest the appointment, and might make a show of temper that he hadn't done so, but—would she credit the defense? It was painfully thin. And even if she did, Champeroux would win all the glory!

He did not rush to communicate, on that day or the next; but in his little salon, when Augustine, his *bonne*, had done pulling the curtains straighter and fiddling with the lamps, he went to the telephone at last. And he hoped that Champeroux was out.

"*Hola, hola!* Monsieur Gosselin speaking. . . . Ah, it is you, monsieur! I ring up to thank you for your amiable message. It is perfect."

"I shall arrange with the agent to lend me the key of the house," boomed Champeroux's tones. "And he must supply a chair or two. What night shall we decide on?"

"Ah, but any night you please," said Gosselin, wet with perspiration.

"It is a little difficult just now," said Champeroux; "I am terribly hard-pressed. One moment! I will have a look at my engagement book. Shall we say some night the week after next?"

It was a respite! "One can wait till then," assented Gosselin.

"Let us say Saturday then. Does that suit you?"

"Quite." If the conversation lasted long, he feared his voice would fail.

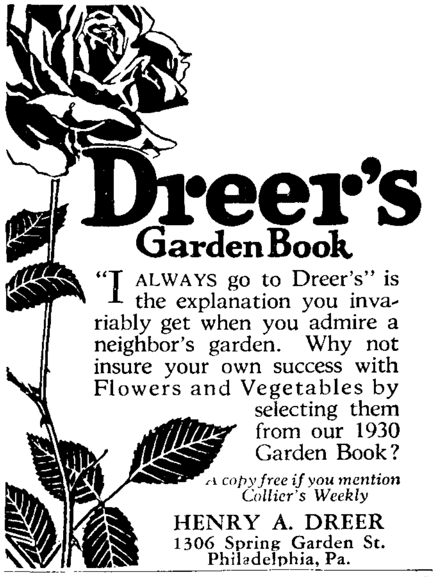
"*Bien.* By the way, he will have to give us a fire, too. Come, the thing may not be uninteresting, *hein?*"

"I confess I am hopeful," responded Gosselin.

"Well, we will settle everything later on. I shall speak to him in good time. *A bientôt, monsieur!*"

"*A bientôt,*" panted Gosselin, laying his head on the table.

Champeroux replaced the receiver with sharp annoyance. He had not really wanted to learn the address, nor, when it was told to him, had he meant to do more than make an elaborate note of it in Madame Balbi's presence. To find his facetious invitation to Gosselin accepted took him wholly aback.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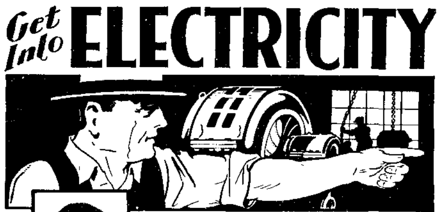

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The more he thought of it, the less it appealed to him; and he thought of it frequently as the days went by, though he neglected to approach the agent. As the formidable Saturday drew nearer he began to wonder uneasily whether he could scare Gosselin into backing out. At any rate, the experiment was worth trying!

Meanwhile the lady looked forward with the keenest curiosity to their reporting what happened on Saturday. And Gosselin had begun to derive some hope from the long silence. When Champeroux's masterful voice boomed over the line again, asking him to call, the disappointment was deep. He was an abstemious man, but he absorbed brandy bountifully before he went.

"Well, I have good news for you," said Champeroux cheerily. "We shall not be risking pneumonia in that room for nothing. I hear it is mildewed, by the way. I have been inquiring into the matter, and there is no doubt that something very weird goes on there."

"So?" said Gosselin, clenching his teeth, in case they chattered.

"I DISCOVER I was wrong in mocking at that story of the surgeon; it is established that there *was* such a tenant. It appears that he never rallied from the shock. He was removed to an asylum. Not that I anticipate that happening to *us*," he added, with a laugh; "we are not nervous subjects. All the same it seems certain we shall have a view of something out of the ordinary to compensate for the pneumonia."

Gosselin felt desperately in need of a cigarette, but his hands were shaking so much that he was ashamed to take them out of his pockets. In spite of his funk, and the brandy, he was not wholly befuddled, however, and he questioned why Champeroux should relate the loathly details to him with such gusto. Whether they were true or false, his legal intelligence found the gusto suspicious. He said in his own mind, "Your aim is to frighten me out, and have all the kudos yourself, rascal! The dodge won't work." And aloud he said:

"Fine! Besides, with luck, we may escape the pneumonia."

"*Parfaitement.* The right spirit!" cried Champeroux heartily. And he reflected, "You are trembling in your shoes, you humbug. Wait! I shall see you turn tail yet."

"You have made all arrangements with the agent?" asked Gosselin.

"So far, no—I have not had the time," replied Champeroux a little irritably; "I mean to do so tomorrow. I will let you hear. Yes, my inquiries have been encouraging; all that was told to us has been fully substantiated. The villa is shunned, absolutely. Long before the surgeon had been driven insane, there was some morbid individual that took the Villa Fernande specially to investigate the mystery. He was a bachelor, and an orphan, and had no one to consider but himself, and he had his bed put in the room. He slept in it once only. When the *femme de ménage* went in with his coffee next day she fell over his body, lying broken behind the door—he had evidently been trying to get out. The contusions on the body indicated that it had been gripped by something that had fingers, of human shape, eleven inches long."

Gosselin was livid. "It is incredible," he gasped.

"Ah," rejoined Champeroux wildly, "do I not say so, myself, in moments? I say to myself, 'It is beyond belief that such things can be!' But—what will you? We cannot ignore the evidence of the body! However, nothing that I have learned suggests that the man was provided with a pistol; he foresaw a ghost, not a monster. Since the creature is tangible, it can be shot!"

Mentally he exclaimed, "Good business! I bet I shall hear from you tomorrow that you have changed your mind. And on Sunday I shall tell her that I went alone!"

Intensely Gosselin wanted to change his mind. But jealousy forbade him to do it. And when Champeroux telephoned, in high hopes, to say that arrangements were progressing, he found the message met with feigned composure.

"Ah, it goes too far," raged Champeroux, banging the receiver back. "He forces me really to approach the agent now—I shall actually have to suffer in the infernal room!"

Nevertheless, when he rang up again on Friday, hope was still lingering in his breast.

"*Alors,* I have talked twice with the agent over the phone today," he announced. "All is well. I am promised chairs, and that there shall be a fire, of sorts. I suggest we should arrive tomorrow at midnight; I shall call for you about eleven-thirty. We shall go in my car, of course."

"That will be delightful," quavered Gosselin, perhaps a second late.

Champeroux made a furious and insulting gesture. He went on, less buoyantly. "By the bye, the agency seems to be within a stone's throw of your own apartment—it is No. 9 Avenue Léonard Merrick. I wonder if it would trouble you to look in there and take the keys? The name is Besier."

"With pleasure," said Gosselin, "I pass that agency twice a day."

"*Trop aimable.* There should be two—the keys of the door, and the garden gate."

"Depend upon me."

"At eleven-thirty then?"

"At eleven-thirty."

"*Bien.* Do not omit to bring your revolver. Well, my friend—till tomorrow!"

"Till tomorrow, my friend!"

They turned from their telephones, hating each other.

Gosselin knew no sleep that night. He was temperamentally unfit to monkey with the supernatural, and when he rose in the morning he was as pale as a ghost himself. He thought he could read grave misgivings in the agent's face when the dreadful keys were passed across the counter; and as the day developed the poor man's stomach became so much disordered that only brandy would stay down.

BY THE afternoon the wobbling of his knees threatened collapse before midnight. And as the evening lengthened the sudden bellow of any passing car set him dithering with the fear that he had been fetched too soon. Only love, and pride, and brandy restrained him from giving in now. No lie within the scope of human ingenuity could disguise the fact that he had been afraid! How Champeroux would swank and *she* would freeze!

"*Ah, mon Dieu, mon Dieu,*" he wailed. "I should be throwing her into his arms!"

The thought nerved him to a fresh display of courage. By a supreme effort Gosselin raised his head firmly and resolved to see the thing through. Then he grabbed his overcoat, jammed on his hat, and thrust the keys in the servant's hands. "A gentleman is coming. Give him these!" he gibbered. "Say I regret I had to go out."

He was disgraced! The night air blew on his fevered brow refreshingly, but it did nothing for the hot shame in his heart. His shame was as deep as his relief as he slunk along the sidewalks till, feeling too weak to walk, he dropped onto a *café* chair, and sat cowering before the abasement of the

(*Continued on page 64*)

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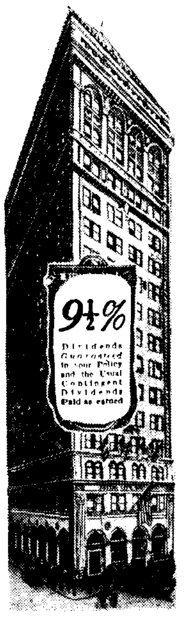

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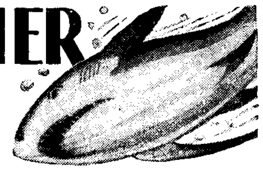

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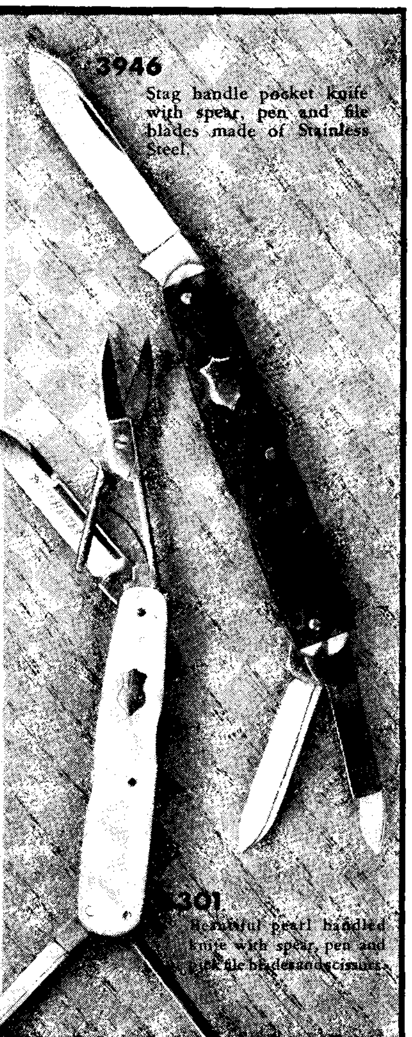
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(*Continued from page 63*)

morrow. When he realized that a waiter was standing patiently before him, he asked for coffee. Then, remembering that he had eaten nothing all day, he ordered a sandwich, too. But the coffee was cold before he thought to sip it, and the sandwich lay unbitten when the noise of the orchestra drove him distractedly away.

He longed to be in bed, but he could not conquer the misgiving that, if he didn't stay out for a long while, he might find Champeroux waiting for him when he went back. So he crawled about the streets till his protesting legs compelled him to put in time on the terrace of another *café*.

At last, by two o'clock, he felt it must be safe to return, and, immersed in misery, he dropped into bed without having cleaned his teeth or wound his watch.

Augustine, with his breakfast tray, brought him back to hideous realities. He eyed her haggardly, as she creaked to the window and let the feeble sunshine in.

"What did the gentleman say?" he groaned.

"*What?*" she asked.

"What did the gentleman say when you gave him the keys?"

"Nobody came," said Augustine stolidly. "There is a letter for monsieur on the tray."

A full minute passed before his startled gaze was withdrawn from the window—he lay motionless, with his mouth open. Then, turning his head, as in a trance, he saw that the name of Champeroux's financial rag was printed on the envelope. He snatched it. The letter was brief:

"A thousand apologies for my nonappearance. I am suddenly detained. Between ourselves, the Foreign Exchange rate threatens a crisis in the *Chambre*, and Poincaré phones asking to confer with me. This is strictly confidential. I am profoundly grieved to miss our excursion, but the sacrifice must be made. My paramount duty is to France."

Gosselin drew a long, slow breath, and lay staring into vacancy again. Champeroux had been afraid! All the time Champeroux had been afraid, too! The intensity of the little man's relief was equaled by the violence of his resentment. He thought of his long, terrified anticipation, of the agonies of yesterday, the tortures of last night. And it had all been needless! Champeroux had never meant to go. All the time Champeroux had been bluffing him! Were they merely to cry quits now? No!

He replied by a penciled scrawl:

"I survive! I rejoice, for your sake, that Poincaré withheld you. The horrors I have looked upon surpassed our worst imaginings."

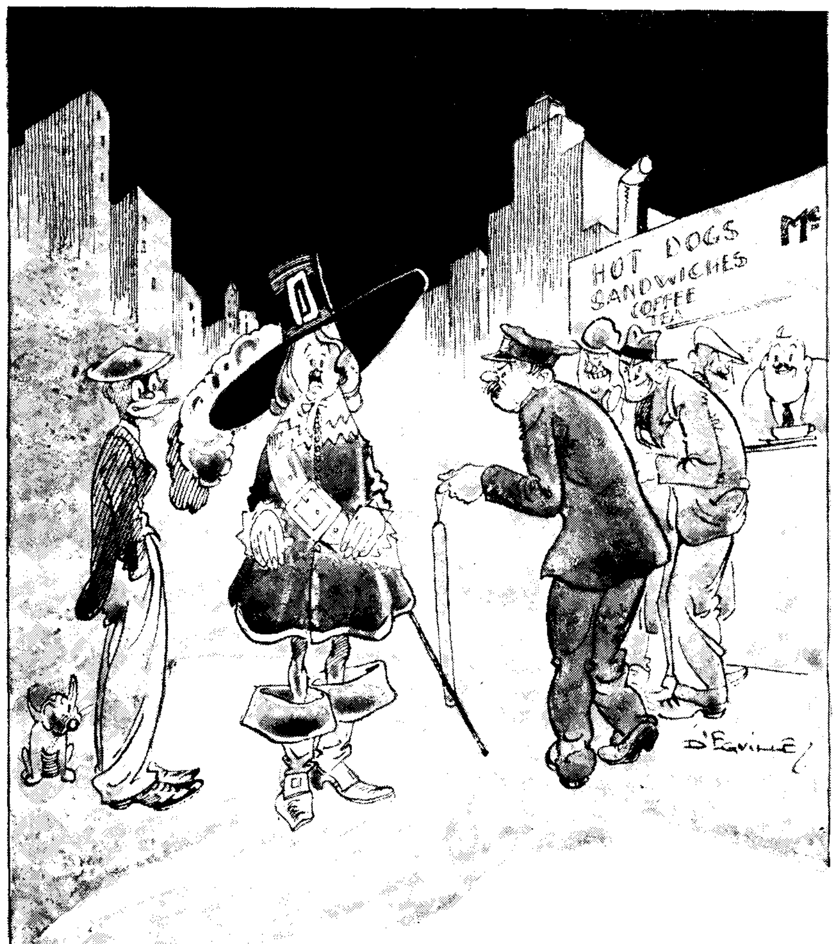
CHAMPEROUX threw the note into the waste paper basket. "You have got the best of it," he said savagely. "But nothing would ever persuade me that you went."

Madame Balbi took an unfavorable view of his defection, saying that, in any case, Poincaré could "very well have waited for a day." And when Gosselin described to her his lonely entrance into the forbidding room, and frankly admitted he had been nervous, all her woman's heart went out to him.

"And what is the secret of the footsteps?" she whispered, awestruck.

"Dearest," said Gosselin solemnly, "that you must never ask me! Help me to forget. The surgeon was right—*there are things that should not be spoken of.*"

But whether there really was such a surgeon, or even whether there were any mysterious footsteps at all, can only be conjectured. Some people may think that the whole story about the villa was false. Certainly, when Gosselin returned the keys, the agent, who appeared to be telling the truth, said mirthfully that he had never heard of the yarn before. On the other hand, house agents will say anything.



Uncomfortable feeling of a gentleman unable to get a taxi at 5 A. M. on way home from fancy dress ball

Killer's Luck

Continued from page 22

nearly all Southern sympathizers Ferd Patterson became very prominent and popular. But, as always happened, he very shortly had to go and do something to ruin it all.

This time there was a woman involved, a woman of the underworld, and although Ferd Patterson never knew why he did it, and neither do we, still we are of the opinion, and we hope our readers will agree with us, that it was *the liquor Pat was carrying and not his* natural self that caused our hero suddenly to decide, while he was doing a dance with Portland Annie in a honky-tonk, that what he needed more than anything else in the world was the girl's scalp.

No Sooner Thought than Done

For Pat, when he was properly saturated, to need anything was tantamount to his having it, and so out came the *shining* bowie and off came the shining locks. Naturally this piece of outrageous rudeness met with the violent disapproval of the entire community, and therefore Pat, who was first locked up and then released on bail, decided that the best thing for him to do was to skip.

Hence he beat it, his bondsmen settled up, and the next time we cut our gentleman's trail is when we run into him over in the gold diggings at Idaho City where, having reformed, he is industriously wielding a pick.

But it didn't last long. In Idaho City there was a small brewery, the ownership of which, like unto the ownership of Portland Annie's scalp, suddenly became essential to the happiness of our hero. He wanted the brewery just as he had wanted the girl's hair, but not having the money with which to buy it he merely whistled to a few thirsty souls to fall in behind him and went and took it anyhow.

It was a bloodless capture, and for a few days, because the rightful owners were law-abiding men who detested being slaughtered, the affair was a complete bacchanalian success. Pat and the gang got lordly drunk on their own brew, went to sleep, and while they were thus happily unconscious, Mr. Pinkham, leader of the opposition and deputy United States marshal, appeared and rolled them all out into the dust of the road.

Following this piece of colossal impudence on the part of the leading Yankee in Idaho City, all of the Southerners in the town said, "Well, it won't be long now."

A few months went by and then, although *not* in company with each other, Pinkham and Patterson went on simultaneous jags. Both men, to say it in modern English, got stewed to the gills, and, as Fate would have it, in order that they might be properly boiled out and sobered up, they were both conducted by their friends to some hot springs in the neighborhood of Idaho City.

Mr. Pinkham, who arrived first at the resort, had had his bath and was standing at the bar in the saloon laying the foundation for a new jag, and singing:

"We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree," when in walked Mr. Patterson.

"Will you draw, sir?" shouted Pinkham.

"I will, sir," replied Pat, and, being from Texas, he did so and pulled his trigger just a fraction of a second ahead of his adversary. That fraction meant a lot. Pat's bullet caught Mr. Pinkham in the shoulder, Mr. Pinkham's two shots went wild, and Mr. Patterson's second rendered it entirely unnecessary for the Pinkham physician to do anything more than certify to the cause of death. He did this; Ferd Patterson was arrested and, once again perched upon a pinnacle as a hero who had disposed of a detested Yankee, he was triumphantly escorted to the lock-up by a host of admiring Southern followers.

In the meantime, however, the op*position was not idle.* The Pinkhamites themselves wanted to do something in honor of Mr. Patterson, something big. And so, in order that all details of the entertainment might be properly discussed, a mass meeting of all who were in favor of giving our hero a first-class lynching was called for a certain evening.

News of this meeting was, of course, promptly relayed to Mr. Patterson, who, being struck with the humor of the situation, immediately made up his mind to be present thereat. He put the proposition up to the sheriff. That obliging official agreed that it would be a good one on the other fellows to have Pat himself report the proceedings to the authorities.

The meeting was held in a woody ravine a short distance from Idaho City. It was a starlit night. Several hundred men were assembled. A Methodist preacher opened the session with prayer. Several frothy speeches were made. The honoree's name was freely taken in vain. Resolutions were adopted. Committees were appointed—and finally a program, climaxing with Pat swinging at the end of a half-inch rope, was agreed upon.

Everything was nice and regular. It was a properly conducted meeting, and through it all, not fifty feet away from the pulpit, but behind a bush, sat Mr. Patterson himself.

The meeting adjourned, and Pat, in full possession of all the details of his prearranged execution, hurried back to the jail to report.

"That's the first prayer," he said, "that I've listened to in twenty years, but"—and he grabbed a bottle and swallowed a half-pint of liquor—"here's hoping that the Lord wasn't listening as close as I was." And evidently the Lord was not, because nothing in the way of any omnipotent interference developed to deter Pat, who from his stronghold in the jail sent out a call to his friends to rally to his defense.

A Change of Intention

They rallied too. They came in a drove. They held a jubilee meeting. So did his enemies, who, equipped with a long rope and a lot of human intentions, set out the next day to lynch our hero. But, finding themselves face to face with Pat's jovial, well-armed and thoroughly steamed-up friends, they suddenly changed their minds and went home.

This left Pat to be tried by a jury of his peers, who acquitted on the first ballot.

A day or two later, Mr. Patterson left for a near-by town. His life here, however, was very brief. One morning, while he was seated in a barber's chair, a stranger walked in and said, "Ferd, you and I can't live in the same place!"

Ferd jumped from the chair and reached for his gun. But he was too late. The other fellow got him, and thus, not only with his boots on but with a towel around his neck and lather on his face, did poor Pat meet his Maker.

rain-
snow-sleet
and then-

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Storm comes zipping down out of the Arctic — rain, snow, sleet — it stings your face, blows down your neck — soaks your legs — no wonder it makes trouble for tender throats.

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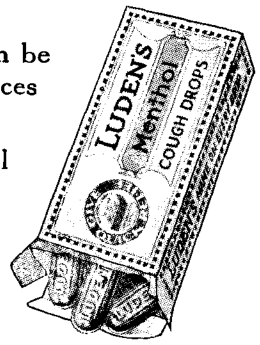

LUDEN'S

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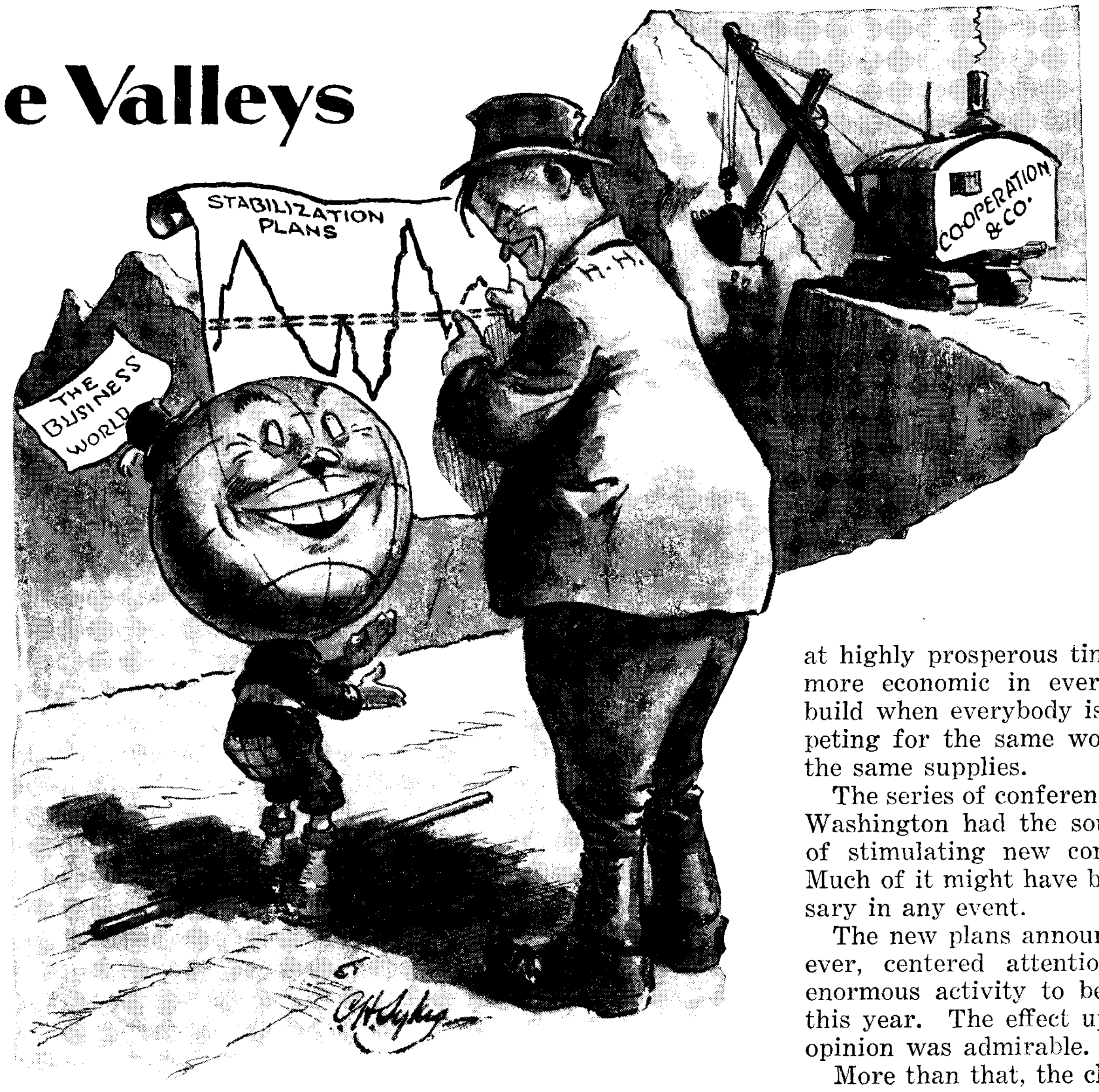

AFTER the stock panic last fall we heard much derision about the Hallelujah chorus of Pollyanna singers who were chanting about good times in order to turn our attention from depressing realities.

Undeniably we have professional optimists and they usually make themselves heard. Also, professional pessimists are present and voting and they are not dumb. The whole truth lies with neither.

A few years ago we began to be told about business cycles. Good business years were succeeded by poor times. Everything went up and down endlessly.

The business cycle seemed to be superhuman, like the visits of Halley's comet, the trips of meteors through space, or the recurrence of sun spots. One year we would buy and the next we would refrain from buying and not even a fortune teller could tell the reason why.

Of course the business cycle is real enough. Things can't always move in the same direction. Prices don't forever go up or down. Prosperity doesn't eternally increase or diminish. There is progress and recession.

The point is, however, that the business cycle, the succession of good and bad times, is subject to control. This winter, for the first time in this country, a serious and intelligent effort is being made to regulate the business cycle. President Hoover is the leader in this effort.

The historic depressions of previous years have been attributable to perfectly definite causes and in the earlier years certainly no organized national effort was made to overcome obvious dangers.

There was no more mystery about the business depression of 1921, certainly, than there was about the stock panic of 1903. Definite evils produced their consequences and business suffered.

The stock depression of last October and November was as clearly foreseen. Business men knew long in advance that common stocks were too high. Their only uncertainty was as to the time of the destined drop.

Business had the opportunity to protect itself against the forecast storm and business used its opportunity. Commodity prices were not high. No great stores of unsalable goods had been accumulated. Since 1921 the railroads had learned much about speeding deliveries and merchants had protected themselves against overstocking their shelves.

To a very great extent business discounted the menace of a drop in the prices of common stocks.

It is not to be denied, however, that the losses experienced by so many speculators might have had a serious effect upon the buying power of the nation. If no precautions had been taken a severe business depression might have been experienced. Midwinter is not normally a time of high employment.

The opportunity which lay before President Hoover and the leaders of industry was to stimulate construction so that more might be employed.

Building by the government, by public utilities, railroads and other large organizations can better be done at slack rather than at highly prosperous times. It is more economic in every way to build when everybody is not competing for the same workers and the same supplies.

The series of conferences held at Washington had the sound result of stimulating new construction. Much of it might have been necessary in any event.

The new plans announced, however, centered attention on the enormous activity to be expected this year. The effect upon public opinion was admirable.

More than that, the clear promise of employment of so many skilled workers at good wages is an actual assurance that business will be good.

By taking thought in this fashion President Hoover has not abolished the business cycle of prosperity and depression. The cycle still exists but the mountains are not so high and the valleys are not so deep.

This is a natural procedure. It is in line with our entire scientific development, which is man's effort to understand and to control natural forces.

Years ago men accepted malaria and typhoid fever fatalistically. Such scourges seemed to be a part of the natural order.

Today, preventive medicine saves millions of lives which in an unscientific era would have been lost. So in the business field foresight and preventive measures can save us from evils which long were believed to be inescapable.

Never before in any country has a more intelligent effort been made to stabilize business and to assure prosperity. On the foundation of work actually done we can look hopefully to the future.